THE DEVIL IN ROBES OR THE SIN OF PRIESTS

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The devil in robes

"THE DEVIL IN ROBES"

. . . OR . . .

"THE SIN OF PRIESTS."

THE GORY HAND OF CATHOLICISM STAYED.

THE PRAYERS OF PROTESTANTS HEARD.

MILLIONS OF HUMAN SOULS HAVE THE YOKE OF BONDAGE LIFTED FROM THEIR BLEEDING NECKS.

Homes of Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands united, and the baleful influences of Romanism forever removed from wives and daughters.

How dare a priest pollute our homes?
How dare he set a snare
And weave his meshes tightly round
Our wives and daughters fair?

TRUTHS THAT SHOCK THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

Every Page a Story of Ungodly Acts of the Priest-Craft and Upheld by their Superiors.

Compiled from facts told by eye-witnesses, which includes soldier and civilian, who have given their lives to liberate the unhappy natives of these Islands, and rebuke abhorent Catholicism.

. . . INTRODUCTORY BY . . .

REV. J. SCOTT CARR, D. D.,

Traveler, Lecturer and Preacher.

Containing nearly 500 pages, including about 50 full page **engravings,** that vivify and electrify the reader.

The Menace Publishing Co., (Inc.)
AURORA, MO.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

We beg to say that we have no apologies to make to the Catholic world for bringing out this volume, for if it is not an American duty to throttle and expose Romish cunning and Popish pollution of American institutions and American morals, then we are in the wrong for laying bare the slimy doings of Rome and her benighted cohorts; but if it is right, why should we bow down to Pope, bishop and priest and say, "We have done it, but beg your pardon?" *Never;* we want to say to the American and Protestant world that we have *hewed to the line,* and if Pope Leo and his "Scarlet Horse" don't like it, stop your infamous practices. We are Americans first, last and all the time, and no true American can be a patriot and bow down to an Italian Pontiff, and hold himself in readiness to do his bidding. Every American knows that there is not a single Catholic dignitary but what considers the fundamental principles of the American Government wrong, as they consider that the Pope and the Catholic Church are the rulers of the universe, and secretly make their threats that at no late date in the future Catholicism will rule America. We have compiled this work and placed it before the American people, believing that it will arouse slothful Protestants the world over, and will open the eyes of American Catholics and help them to shake off the tyrannical yoke of the priestcraft that smirches the character of their wives, sisters and daughters, whenever it is within their power to do so, and feeling that their ungodly heads may not suffer for the imposition.

We are glad to know that a large number of Catholics have begun to look upon the confessional box as an intrigue to help along the lustful inclinations of priests, and have begun to realize that there is danger of trusting their jewels alone in the presence of lustful man, with the superstitious cloak of unerring sanctity about him in order that he may make innocent women believe that no act of his can defile or pollute. Let us repeat, that we may be assassinated, we may be ushered before our Maker by some treacherous hand who worships the Pope instead of God, we may be hounded by courts placed in power by the priestcraft, and gullible Protestants who would *"sell their birthright for a mess of pottage,"* but should this happen, we will never lower our colors, and the words "Protestant America" will be inscribed at the top of our banner, and the inscription upon our armor shall be *"America for Americans,"* and the inscription shall be engraved so deep that the rumblings from the Vatican shall never deface it, and its luster shall grow brighter until the Archives of future centuries shall have become ancient.

Yours in the name of America,

THE PUBLISHERS.

INTRODUCTION

BY

Rev. J. SCOTT CARR, D. D.,

Traveler, Lecturer and Preacher.

PASTOR PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
SAINT LOUIS, MO.

In presenting this authentic history of Romish rule in the isles of Cuba, Porto Rico and Philippines, we come before the public with an entirely new work, new engravings, new everything, but the fact of the curse of Romanism in our world. The title is well chosen and fitly illustrates the work, "The Devil in Robes, or The Sin of Priests." For if anywhere in modern times the blackness of the darkness of Roman hellishness or Jesuitical ingenuity in torture of humanity for the enrichment of the "Man of Sin," or the enslavement of the masses to Popish priestcraft has been manifested, it is certainly in these islands, under papal rule for the past four centuries.

Never before in the history of America has the subject of Roman Catholicism commanded so much attention or has it been as aggressive as at the present. The insidious encroachments of the papal system against our national institutions, our free school system, our American Sabbath and republican form of government have only recently become evident to the people at large. The American Protective Association has been an important factor in presenting to the American people the true relation of the Roman Hierarchy to this country. All the ingenuity and craft of the followers of Loyola have been called into action to cover up their real intentions. Ireland's declaration, "We can have America in ten years. I give you three points, the Indians, negroes and the public schools. With these in our hands the America of the future is ours," is the watchword of that Church (?) which has caused more tears and shed more blood than all the armies of the earth. What that America of the future is if Ireland's wish is gained, is placed before you in the following pages, in the unveiling of priestcraft in these unhappy islands, for "Rome never changes."

This work is not a rehash of past history under a new title. but a clear presentation of facts gathered during the past two or three years. With the past we have naught to do more than to say that volumes have been written on the history of this "Mother of Harlots" in her iniquitous work in Spain, France, England and elsewhere, every page of which is stained with the blood of so-called heretics, or illuminated by the fires of the "Auto-de-fe." We leave that to the historian of the past, and call upon the people of free America to take cognizance of the history of the Roman Catholicism of the present. There has come to our attention so much evidence of the Romanism of to-day being a reproduction of the Romanism of the past with larger facilities for carrying on its unholy warfare against all who have not the mark of the "Beast and False Prophet" upon them, that we are led to send forth this volume of facts. Am I wrong when I say that all the strikes that have occurred in the United States during the past decade, strikes that have been the cause of such vast expenditures of wealth, such loss to life and property and stagnation of improvements have all had their origin in the Church of Rome; these anarchial—socialistic demonstrations, whence came they if not from the Romish Church? Note the nationality of the hordes of immigrants to this country, among whom strikes engender, learn their religious tendencies and you will find that they all are the offspring of the "woman who sits on the scarlet colored beast."

The horrible pictures disclosed in the following pages of priestly rule in the islands which form the subject of this book are true pictures, and reveal unto us the "Devil in Robes" under the guise of a church of Jesus Christ, debaunching women, desolating homes, orphaning children, ruining virtue, enslaving communities and dyeing its soul with murdered innocence.

Americans! Protestant Americans ! Is it not time that "ye awaken out of your sleep?" Look well to the portals of your national and individual liberties. The "Devil in Robes" is in our midst, eating the very vitals out of our system of government Learn from this volume what he has in store for you, unless ye arouse yourselves, shake off the Monster's grasp, and banish priestcraft from our shores.

It is only necessary to add that the compiler has endeavored to avoid all unnecessary controversial matter. He has written as a member of the great Protestant family, not as a member of any one particular branch of that family. It is his belief that all Protestants should unite in the conflict with the "Devil in Robes" as the great enemy of God and humanity; it has been his aim to furnish from the armory of truth weapons for that conflict which shall be alike acceptable to ministers and laymen of every name and order who are not ashamed of the name of Protestant American.

Yours for America,

Rev J. Scott. Barr

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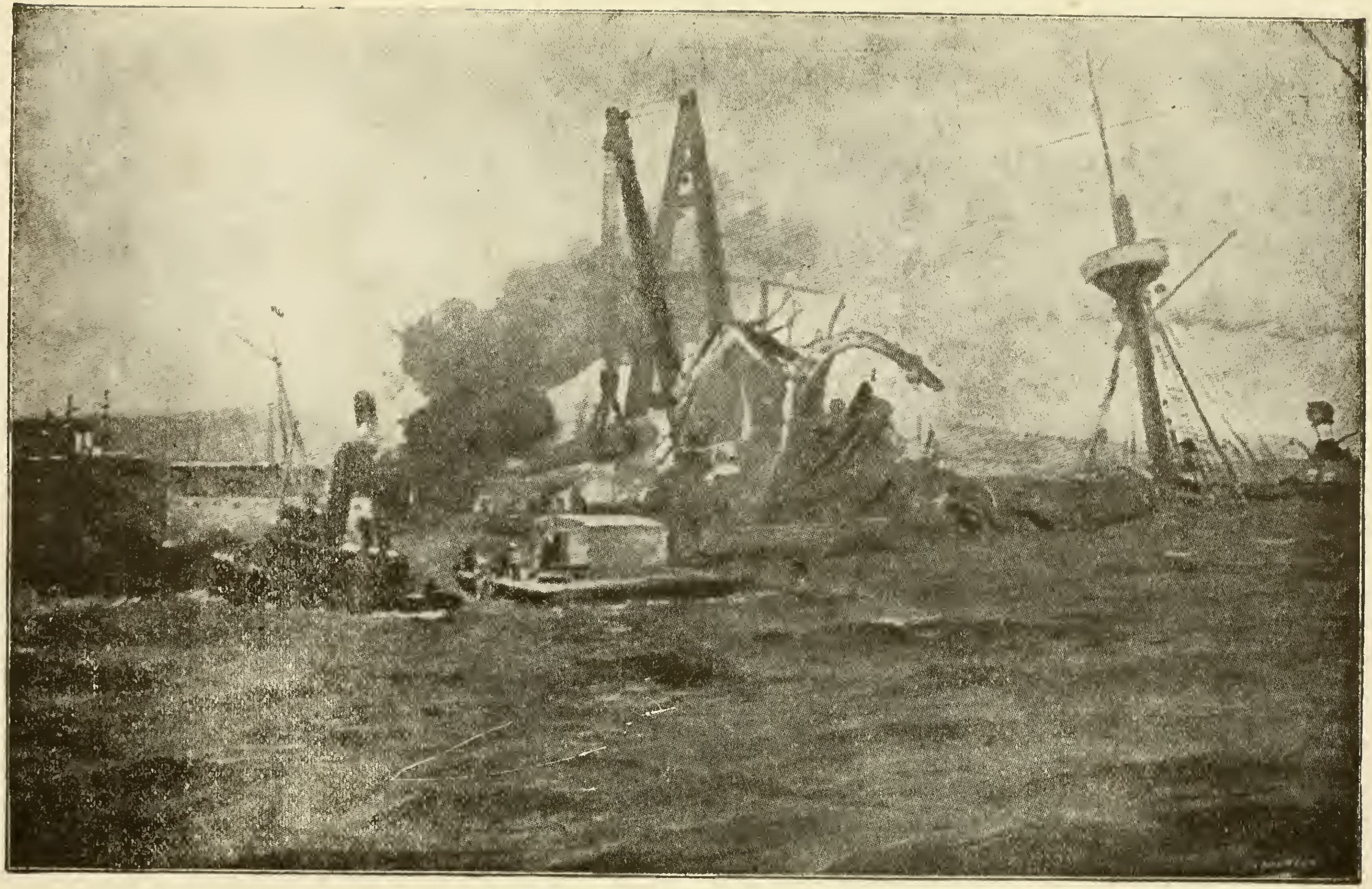


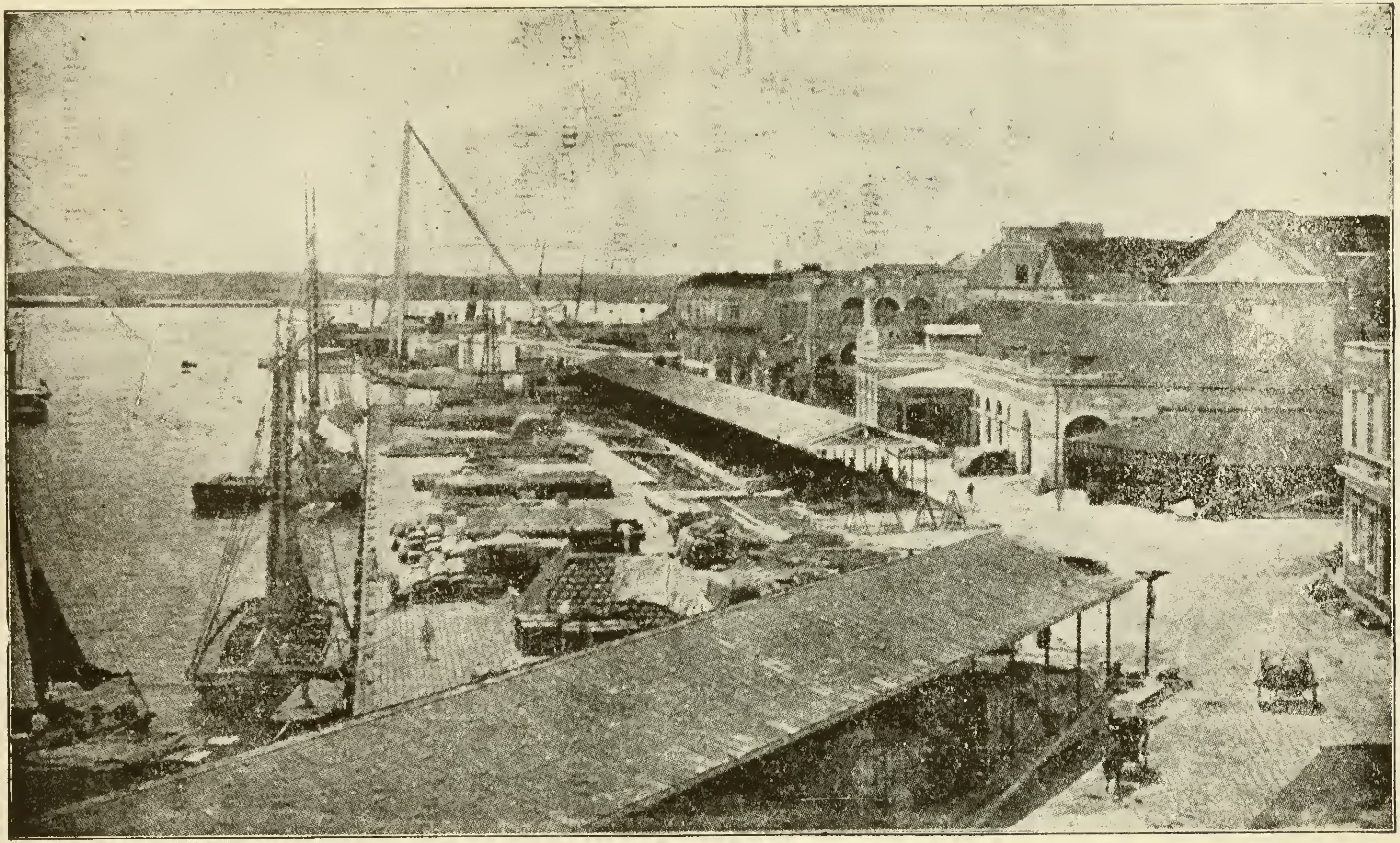
The Wreck of the Battleship Maine three days after she was blown up in the Harbor of Havana.

Chapter I.

The Beginning of the End.

In the stillness of a tropical night, the battleship Maine rocked calmly in the harbor of Havana; brave seamen peacefully slumbered in their hammocks, dreaming of mothers, wives and sweethearts, and the visions of dear ones carried them home once more, to gaze into the eyes of loved ones, and feel the tender hand of mother upon their brow, and press warm lips of wives and children; they dreamed of their furloughs, and thought they could see mother with streaming eyes to welcome them home; they could hear the joyful shouts of the little prattler, as they called to mamma that "Papa is coming;" they were living over again in vision's realms, what they hoped to be a reality; but could they have scanned the harbor shore at that moment, they would have seen a dark figure move with cat-like tread towards the deadly electrical machine which was so soon to bring their fond dreams to a close, and usher their souls before God. A **crash!** and the air is rent with the screams and groans of the would have succeeded had it not been for the pure, unadulterated, God-loving and fearless, pure-blooded Protestants of America. From every hillside and valley came the ever-conquering spirit of our forefathers, crying for vengeance. And when the Protestant Churches, the next Sunday after the Maine was blown up, sang in public worship, "America," the die was cast, and the old Mosaic law had once more been revived, and the cry was, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Young Americans from every walk of life, from the plow, from the factories, from the dry goods emporiums, from colleges, from the counting-room, and from the homes of idle elegance were fired; the old veteran of many wars wept for youthful vitality once more, in order to lash the nation of stinging serpents, who would dare spill the innocent blood of our gallant boys of the Maine. President McKinley endeavored to appease the American public by pleading that this nation was not ready to fight. which was in a measure true,—that is the machinery of the nation was not strong enough to handle her "fighters," for no time since we trimmed up the "red coats" of England did the American nation ever contain so many fighters. The writer remembers one day, the first of May, after the destruction of the Maine, while standing on a street corner in Chattanooga, Tenn., a squad of boys about nine or ten years of age, were talking of the war, and one little fellow remarked that he was a fighter, and from fighting stock, and he expected to "jine" the army the first "pertunity" he had. One of his companions told him that he was too young, that they wouldn't have him. This seemed to worry the little patriot for a minute, but as quick as a flash he brightened up, and with his big boyish blue eyes swimming in tears said: "Well, I may be too young to 'jine' the army, but I can lick any boy in this crowd that will holler, 'Hurrah, for Spain!' "

I said to myself, God bless the old red, white and blue flag, for as long as she had such boys to make men of, this would continue to be the greatest nation on earth. I walked across the street to where the boy was, and inquired his name and where he lived. He told me, and I went at once to the number designated by the boy, and found an old man making baskets, hobbling around upon one natural leg and a wooden one made by himself. I inquired how he lost his limb, and he told me that it was shot off by a Yankee ball. I then informed him that I had met his little son, and related what the boy had said. As quick as the flash of powder this old, grizzled Southern war-horse straightened up, seemingly under the impression that I had come to find fault, and gave me a look that would have frozen molten lead, and said: "Young man, did that boy say that?" I assured him he did, then he pointed his old, bony finger at me and said: "Well, I can whip any —— foreigner, or anybody else that says he can't." At this my soul simply flooded with tears and I actually hugged that old, battered veteran and exclaimed: "God bless you and your boy; I may look like a foreigner, but you and your boy are the only two Americans on earth that are better Americans than I am. It is a wholesome sight to see father and son both ready to fight the battles of their country. Americans love their country because their country loves them. Catholicism does not teach patriotism, but only obedience and servitude to an overbearing and detestable set of puffed-up, lustful dignitaries. Can you expect patriotism from the priestcraft who swears obedience to the Pope, and vows vengeance against everything Protestant.



This Shows the Havana Harbor where the noble Battleship Maine, and her gallant crew, were blown into eternity by the treacherous hand of Catholicism.

Chapter II.

The Oath Which Every Priest Must Take.

If the oath that Catholic priests must take was taken by any secret order in America its members would be arrested for treason, but still the American people sit idly by and allow their worst enemies to come right among them and build institutions that are a shame to civilization, and permit these institutions to be run by an oathbound set of men who both secretly and openly swear vengeance against our Free American institutions, and brand our public schools as "Nurseries of Hell." If every pure American will read and reread the following oath that each Catholic priest *must* take, then they will have some idea of their crime when they cast a vote for a Catholic to fill any office within the gift of the American people:

THE JESUITICAL OATH.

I, ————, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles, St. Peter and Paul, and all the saints, sacred hosts of Heaven, and to you my Ghostly Father, the superior general of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatus Loyola, in the pontification of Paul the Third, and continued to the present, do, by the womb of the Virgin, the matrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear that his holiness, the Pope, is Christ's vicegerent, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or universal church throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by my Savior, Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially the Lutheran Church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the now pretended authority and Churches of England and Scotland, and the branches of the same now established in Ireland, and on the continent of America and elsewhere, and all adherents in regard that they be usurped and heretical opposing the sacred mother church of Rome.

I do now denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state, named protestant or liberals, or obedience to any of their laws, magistrates or officers.

I do further declare that the doctrine of the Churches of England and Scotland of the Calvinists, Huguenots and others of the name of protestants or liberals, to be damnable, and they themselves to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his holiness' agents, in any place where I shall be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or liberal doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agent's councils from time to time, as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my Ghostly Father, or any of this sacred convent.

I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own or any mental reservation whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (perinde ac cadaver), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America, without murmuring or repining, and will be submissive in all things whatsoever communicated to me.

I do furthermore promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly or openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Liberals, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth;

and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle, and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same can not be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulating cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the person or persons, whatever may be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do, by any agent of the Pope, or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, my soul, and all corporeal powers, and with dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood, in testimony thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the Pope cut off my hands and feet and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth and my soul be tortured by demons in an eternal hell forever.

All of which I, ———————————— do swear by the Blessed Trinity and Blessed Sacrament which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep this, my oath.

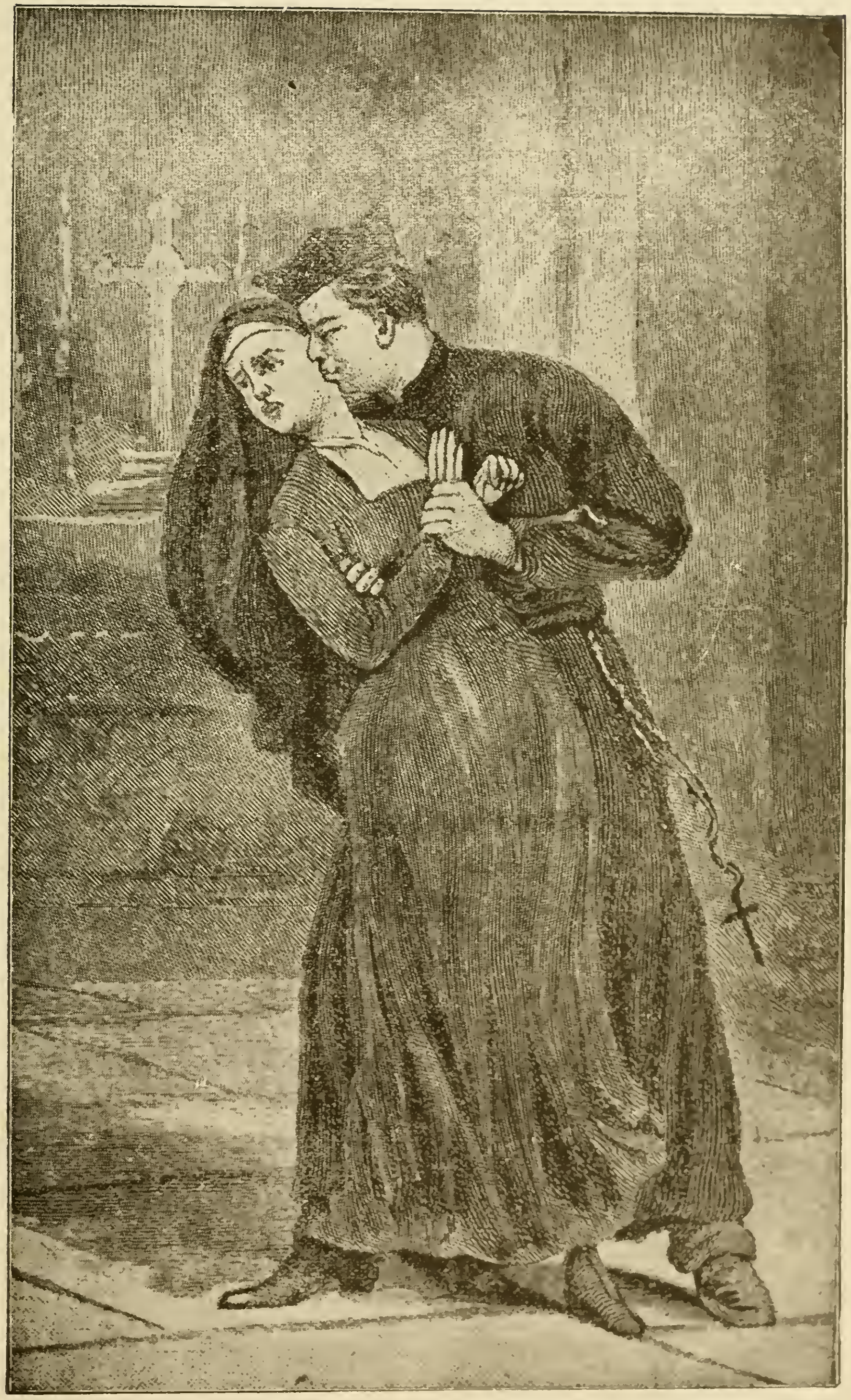
In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal in the face of this holy sacrament.

[He receives the wafer from the Superior and writes his name with the point of his dagger, dipped in his own blood, taken from over the heart.]

If the above oath does not make the blood of every true American boil with righteous indignation, he or she is surely lacking all the elements of patriotism. The priest first swears his allegiance to Catholicism, and places behind him every thought of God and his country. Can a man or set of men worship a God that is full of love and pity and swear that he will persecute unto death all that does not coincide with his belief? Each priest swears eternal vengeance against Protestants wherever found; and still weak-kneed Protestants will cast their vote for a Catholic who is bound by an oath subscribed in his own blood to destroy every vestige of Protestanism. The Catholic religion disowns the right to be governed by any power, only that which comes through the Pope, and was it not for the overwhelming majority that the Protestants have in America, our free and God-given institutions would be ruthlessly brushed aside by Romanism, and in their stead the idolatrous institutions of Catholicism would rear their brazen heads.

The Catholic Church despises secret orders with all the venom that it is possible to bestow upon an object of hatred, and at the same time every fabric of the Catholic Church is bound together with a cord of secrecy. Our blood congeals when we think of a sect, who pretend to worship a living God, declaring that they will resort to every means known to the bloodthirsty, uncivilized tribes of the earth in order to exterminate the Protestant race. The *Catholic World* declares that the great and noble race, the Protestants, are all illegitimate offsprings of the devil, as they aver that there is no power upon earth that can legitimately unite man and woman in holy matrimony outside of the power of the Catholic Church. They declare that your son and daughter who play at your hearthstone are bastards, and have eternal damnation written upon their brow, simply because their fathers and mothers were not united in wedlock by one of their abominable officials.

We ask the Protestant world, in the name of a living God, in the name of your dead fathers and mothers, in the name of your dear wives who are as pure as the lily of the valley, how long will we sit idly by and have these insinuations thrown in our face? Look well to the portals of your homes, and see that Catholicism does not gain a foothold by her insidious intrigues. Be ever ready to throttle the enemy, and make diligent inquiries in regard to whom you are going to cast your vote, as a Protestant vote cast for a Catholic is an amen and a huzzah for the Pope and his army of traducers of American and Protestant homes.



Priest Narcinti Assaulting a Sister.

Chapter III.

A Puerto Rico Confession.

In the latter part of May, 1898, just before the famous battle of Santiago, a Miss Amherst, of the United States, had gone to Puerto Rico in order to gather information relative to the character of the Puerto Rican women, and had become very much attached to a beautiful native girl of 18 years, and on many occasions this girl would spend a day and night with Miss Amherst at her hotel, as she had learned to speak English fairly well, and was a companion to the American lady. Miss Amherst had learned from this girl that she was a devoted Catholic, and had questioned her on many occasions about their mode of worship; and especially the confession of her sins to the Priests, but had been unable to lead her very far on this subject as there always seemed to be something that this girl did not care to talk about, but Miss Amherst knew the effects of money upon the native Puerto Rican, both male and female, and bought Zona many trifling trinkets, and in this way gradually led her to the talking point on any subject that she might approach. It had been noticed by Miss Amherst that Zona had to go to confession every other day, while it was not customary for the average Puerto Rican to confess but once each month, and determined to learn why this girl was an exception. She knew that Zona was one of the most beautiful women of the island, but had not dared to dream that her beauty was her ruin, but in order that she might learn why Zona was required to confess so often she again resorted to money, and told the girl that she would give her ten one dollar gold pieces if she would hide her in the church near the confessional box on the night before she (Zona) went to make her confession; this the girl hesitated to do, saying that the priest had told her that to repeat anything divulged to him during a confession was sure to call down the wrath of God upon the confessor; she also told Miss Amherst that the priest she confessed to had told her that any one who should look in upon one while confessing was sacrilegious, and that he had known scores of persons who had been struck dead in their endeavor to see and hear what might transpire in the confessional box, thus Zona cautioned the young lady for her own good, as this simple native girl actually believed what this treacherous and lustful priest had told her.

Miss Amherst assured her that she was not afraid, and led her to believe that she had known many who had been secreted near the confessional box and had not suffered any bad results. But this did not seem to satisfy Zona, and at once this American lady thought that she could detect something that was not altogether for fear of dire vengeance from a supreme being, and set about to learn the true cause of her not wanting her to be near when she made her confession. She had upon many occasions overcome all obstacles with money, and concluded that there must be some amount that would tempt Zona to either hide her in the church and let her be near at the time of her confession, or else hire her to tell exactly what took place during same.

Miss Amherst was afraid to press the subject too persistently for fear that her anxiety might frighten this girl, as she was possessed of no little native cunning, so the subject was dropped for the time being, and all presents to Zona were cut short by Miss Amherst, but at the same time she redoubled her attention to the girl, and encouraged her to spend what money she had from time to time given her. She did this in order to reduce the girl to a certain degree of want, knowing that money was a great deal more tempting to one in want than to one who has the means to supply their desires. In a short time Zona had spent all the money she had, and occasionally would ask to borrow a few cents from Miss Amherst. This the lady would often refuse, but would grant the request just often enough to keep in the good graces of the girl.

There was to be a party in the city in the near future, and the most beautiful women of the island were to attend, and nowhere in the world do women vie with each other in regard to dress to a greater extent than in Puerto Rico, thus Miss Amherst at last saw her chance to gain the information she so much coveted. One morning Zona approached her in a shy, hesitating manner, and informed her that there was going to be a gathering of the most select of the island, and requested that Miss Amherst attend, as the greatest feminine beauty of the island would be there. This American lady replied that she would attend with her, but this girl, with tears in her eyes informed her that she was not going, as she had not suitable wearing apparel.

This greatly astonished the American lady, and she declared to Zona that the gathering would be a failure without her, and suggested that she try to borrow the money of some of her friends, in order that she might dress herself in accordance with her wishes. The girl hesitated for a moment and said, "I have no friends whom I could borrow the money of, as I have no gentlemen friends of wealth, and the ladies I know who have money are jealous of my beauty, and would not loan me money to appear in public and overshadow their beauty."

Miss Amherst asked about what amount of money it would require to prepare for the gathering in the style she would desire. She was informed that thirty dollars would array her in good taste. The American lady asked her if she did not think she could take fifty dollars and outshine any lady in Puerto Rico. Zona replied that fifty dollars would dress her far superior to any lady ever seen at a gathering of this kind. The suggestion was made that perhaps the priest to whom she confessed might loan her the money, but to this remark Zona only shook her head, and replied that all favors in that line came the other way. At this, Miss Amherst took up the thread she had dropped, and brought Zona back to the confessional, and proposed that she would give her the fifty dollars to prepare for the ball if she would secrete her near the confessional the next time she went to confess her sins, and further agreed to give her an extra twenty-five dollars should she need it, but made Zona promise that the priest was not to know that she was hid in the church, and that she (Zona) was to act just the same as though there was no one in the church, and also informed her that this money was not to be given her until after the confession was over.

The girl hesitated for some time, but the thoughts of the

A Church of Puerto Rico, which has many elegantly furnished rooms in the basement, which are used, we learn, for many things foreign to the worship of God.

fifty or seventy-five dollars was not an easy matter to forget, as she could see social prestige after that gaudy display of raiment and female charms, so she told Miss Amherst that she would do as she requested, if she would promise her that she would *never, never* tell what she might see or hear. This she assured the girl should not happen so long as there was any danger to her by divulging it. This perfectly satisfied Zona, and on the following evening, when both priest and parishioner were spending the evening in some cafe or place of amusement, Zona and Miss Amherst stole away from the hotel, and in a roundabout manner reached the church, and easily found an entrance to the basement of the church, from which they clambered up a dark stairway to a side door that Zona unlocked, which she said afterwards was the door that she had often passed through in visiting the priest, as he had furnished her a key to come and go at her will.

We will now let Miss Amherst repeat what she saw and heard in her own language:

"When the door to that great building called a church opened, and I looked about me, my heart stood still with fear, as on every hand was visible bones which Catholics claim were at one time parts of living saints. Lighted tapers cast an unnatural light over every thing, and I almost faltered in my undertaking, but I made a desperate effort to compose myself, and bade Zona good night after she had shown me where I could secrete myself to be near the confessional box next day when she called. It was far into the night when we arrived at the church, as I wished to shorten the night as much as possible. When Zona's footsteps were heard to leave the church, a most miserable girl was I, and had I known how to have escaped that idolatrous place I most surely would not now be chronicling what I saw and heard.

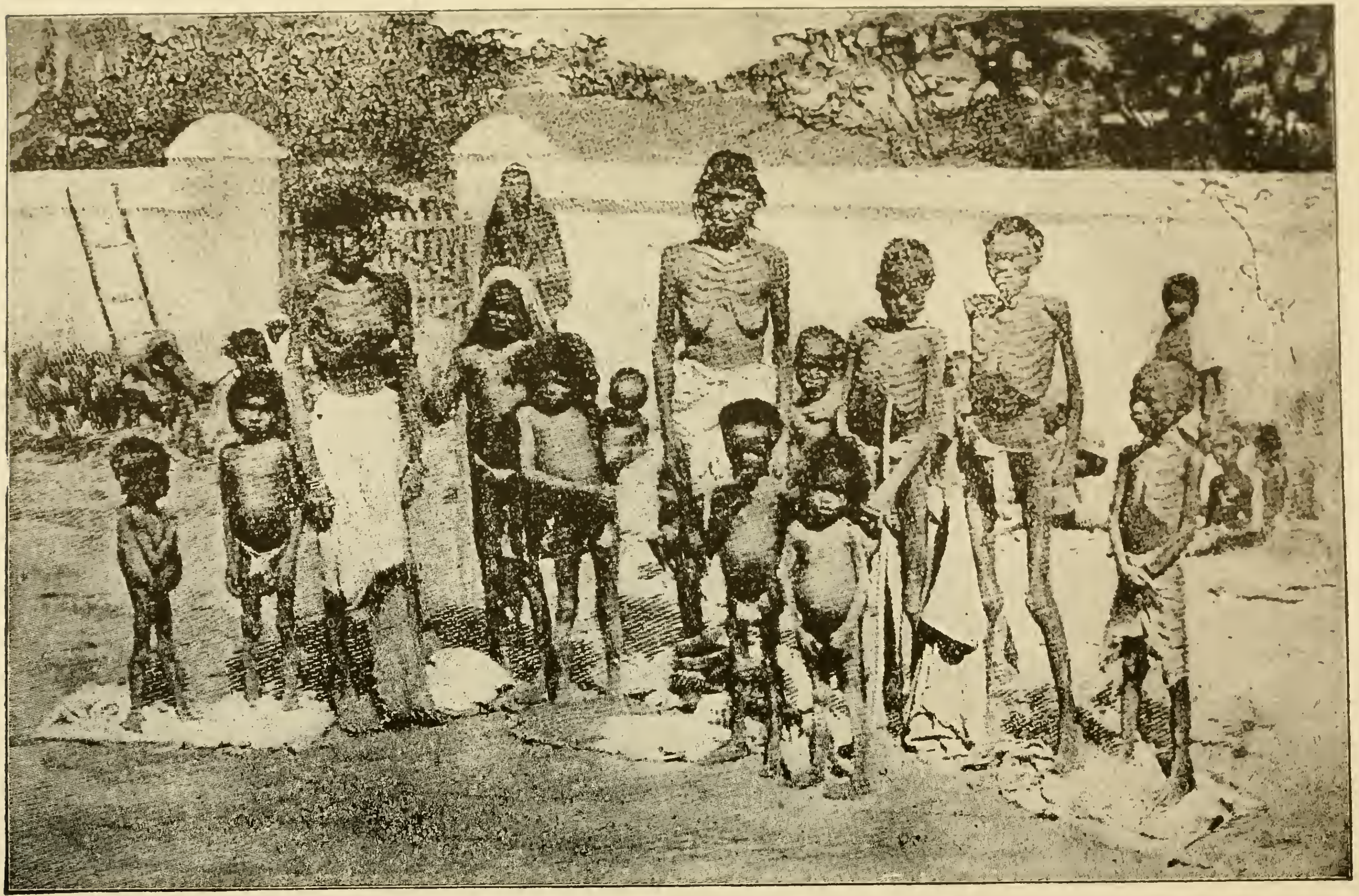
"I spent the night in wretched wakefulness, and imagine my delight when the first streaks of coming day penetrated the stained windows of that church. Promptly at six o'clock the church was thrown open, and the sexton grasped the cord that reached to the belfry, and the thundering peals of that bell still ring in my ears. In a very short time, the inhabitants began pouring in, but before these the priest had arrived and glided about the church with cat-like tread. His members consisted of the rich and poor, high and low, in fact, every class and condition in life were represented, but I noticed from my hiding place behind the drapery that the rich and beautiful ladies received the greatest attention from this priest. It was simply disgusting to see these miserable, deluded creatures mumble unintelligible nothings at the feet of this priest, and kiss his hands, and often would embrace his knees.

"Mass was over within an hour, and the church was again closed, and then my actual suspense began, as half-past ten o'clock was the time that Zona said she would call to make her confession. These hours slipped by sooner than I expected, and about ten o'clock a side door was opened, and the form of the priest was seen to enter the church, and take his seat, not in the confessional, or the seat set apart for the priests to hear the confession of their members, but he drew a cushioned chair up near the altar, and imagine my surprise when he drew forth a fragrant Havana cigar and began smoking, as though he was in a corner grocery. Nor did he stop at this, for within a very short time he had hummed several familiar ditties, and even in a low strain had whistled several tunes that I only supposed was known by the very semi-decent of any country.

"The time had arrived, yes passed, for on looking at my watch I discovered that it only wanted fifteen minutes till eleven. Great beads of sweat gathered upon my brow when the thought struck me that Zona had played me false, for how could I ever get out of that awful place alone, and to make my presence known was to call down upon my head sure death. I simply gasped for breath and wrung my hands in anguish. The seconds grew into minutes, and the minutes into hours. The priest had evidently been disappointed, as he had begun to grow restless, and walked up and down the aisles in impatience. I had about made up my mind that I had been deceived, when I heard a click of the little door that Zona and I had entered the night before, and in another instant the priest rushed forward and greeted Zona with the same ardent and affectionate caresses, and sweet nothings that a betrothed lover would the idol of his heart's affections. Placing one arm about her shapely waist, he led her to the cushioned chair beside the altar, and if there was any cause for confession to be made, it was most surely upon the part of the priest. I will acknowledge that I have in my time read several novels where the lover used extravagant language, and swore that his love was as pure and abiding as heaven itself, but never before had I ever heard such appeals made to mortal woman. He declared that he would strangle a nation to gratify one whim of hers; that he would denounce the world, yea even risk his soul in defense of one wish or demand she might make. It was evident that his love was animal, and did not emanate from the deep, God-given spring of pure emotions that bind human souls together with a golden cord that only death can sever.

"I draw the curtains for a space of time. * * * I find myself alone once more, the church is still as death. My mind was a cyclone of thought. Had I been dreaming, had I heard and seen what rushed through my mind, or was it a miserable nightmare. No, I realized that I lived, and how I longed for two o'clock to come, which was the time that Zona was to call for me. The time at last arrived, and Zona shamefacedly called, and led me into the open light of day once more. Not a word was said until we reached our hotel, when Zona spoke first, saying, 'Now, my dear Miss, can I get the money?' Imagine my utter amazement at this child not having the least apparent hesitancy in demanding so quickly the bribe offered for exposing both herself and the priest. I pitied her; my very soul was embittered against the name Catholicism. I paid her the money, and often after that I gave her sums of money to be used by her for the necessities of life, but not another penny to buy gew-gaws that she might outrival some native beauty, as her beauty had already been her ruin. She attended the ball, and I never before nor since have seen such an exquisitely beautiful woman. She remained with me many weeks but on each occasion that she was to go to confession, I bade her to remain with me, and to my certain knowledge she never was in that church but once after that eventful day. I am glad to know that I showed her the evil of Catholicism, and she now lives in the island, a loved and petted wife, and her husband is a true Protestant, but not a Christian.

"The last time I ever saw Zona, she was as true a Protestant as any American woman that lives, and her beauty had increased instead of fading. Light on Catholicism and her insidious doings, makes Protestants in every land."



A Group of Starving Cubans.—The above is a photograph of the remnants of three families who were confined in a convent to keep them from furnishing information to American soldiers.

Chapter IV.

Why Cuba Suffered.

The benighted and oppressed masses of Cuba, are to be pitied, for they were led by idolatrous leaders—leaders whose every thought was self. Ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of Cuba could neither read nor write, and those who could, only had superstitious literature, conjured up by the selfish and lustful Priest-craft that they might more securely bind their already ignorant subjects. The following is a prayer that the head of each Cuban family who belonged to the Catholic Church was compelled to read each day, and if he could not read was forced to memorize and repeat to his family each morning before beginning the day's labor and each evening before retiring, and failure to do so meant severe punishment by the Parish Priest.

The Prayer.

"We thank the Father (here the name of their Priest), and God for allowing us to live, our own bodies are thine, the bodies of our wives and children are thine, and should we ever complain of thy treatment before man, or even dream in our sleep that thou couldst do wrong, we ask the Pope, who is the ruler of the whole earth, and who holds the keys of heaven, to cause us to be burned alive. Father (here name of the Priest), all that we have is thine, we know thou art pure, we know thou art a part of God, and we submit our all to thee, even unto our lives, even unto our children, and will flee our beds that we may prove to thee that we know that no act of thine is impure. We swear this by the fore-arm of St. Anne, and the bones of the Virgin Mary, and the holy teeth of St. Peter that we will always love thee dearer than our own families."

Cuba suffered, but the hand of God was seen in her sufferings, for the Protestant world had to be aroused before the chains of Catholicism could be broken from the bleeding ankles of the natives of these unhappy islands. The substance, the backbone, the vitality from which the Catholic Church draws her existence comes from the densely ignorant of all nations. We make this declaration without the least fear of a successful contradiction. We are aware that there are many intelligent Catholics, but they are only Catholics in name, and because their early training binds them with a recollection of father or mother being a Catholic, but when it comes to the conjuring devices that are practiced upon the ignorant, they become disgusted. But these silly mumblings are not practiced in the presence of the more intelligent Catholics, as the priestcraft know that their heathenish practices will not go with intelligent persons, so they cater to this better class of their members in order that they may give some semblance of dignity to their doctrines, and the more easily hoodwink the ignorant.

There is not a nation on earth where the Catholic religion predominates but what you will find dense ignorance, with no love of country, and with no more patriotism than the American Indian had one hundred years ago. We do not have to visit Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the Philippine Islands to demonstrate the fact that Catholicism is based upon ignorance, and her fundamental principles are superstition. Let us visit any of our large cities in America, and take the census and compare the results. We will classify the inhabitants into two classes, one Protestants and the other Catholics, and then learn from inquiry the per cent that are educated, and uneducated, and from statistics we learn that in the City of New York 78 per cent of all the Catholic inhabitants can neither read nor write, and upon the other hand, there are but 15 2-3 per cent of Protestants but what can both read and write.

In the State of Illinois there is but one Catholic family out of every twelve that takes a newspaper, and in the same State there is but one Protestant family out of every twelve but what *does* take some kind of a newspaper, thus you see we do not have to leave our own shores to find ample reasons why ignorance is a fundamental and necessary principle of Romanism, for as soon as the cobwebs of superstition are brushed from the benighted brain, the intelligence of mankind rebels against things that are so grossly diagonal to human reason.

Priests tell their members that *they* are called by God to do the thinking for you and your families, and that they alone are responsible for your salvation, and that you should bow the knee to them in humble confession of your sins. If we are not men and women of reason, and have no power to save ourselves through our own actions, then we are not above the commonest dumb animal that exists.

To convince one's self of the narrowness of the Catholic religion, and how their subjects are inferior in everything to Protestantism, visit a school completely under the influence of papal power and one run by the free and untrammeled powers of Protestants and question the scholars, and you will find the knowledge of the children of Catholic schools confined to the narrow and biased teachings of Romanism, and not even an elementary understanding of the things that make a nation great by the knowledge of its people, while upon the other hand the small boy and girl at tender ages in the public schools of this country are taught everything that tends to make patriotic, useful men and women, men and women who have lifted America head and shoulders above every other nation on earth.

Chapter V.

A Priest's Confession.

I was a Priest, I am an ex-Priest, but I never was a Priest in the meaning of the Romanism of to-day. I was a Priest because my aim was to serve God, and help save fallen humanity, and not be the cause of polluting innocent girls and leading astray loving wives.

In the beginning of my priesthood, I was not a little surprised and embarrassed to see a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, whom I used to meet almost every week, entering the box of my confessional. She had been used to confess to another young priest of my acquaintance; and she was always looked upon as one of the most pious girls of the city. She disguised herself, and began by saying,—

Dear father, I hope you do not know me, and that you will never try to know me. I am a desperately great sinner. Before I begin my confession, allow me to ask you not to pollute my ears by questions which our confessors are in the habit of putting to their female penitents: I have already been destroyed by those questions. Before I was seventeen years old, the chaplain of the nunnery where my parents had sent me for my education, though approaching old age, put to me, in confessional, a question which, when understood, plunged my thoughts into a sea of iniquity till then absolutely unknown to me. As a result, she was ruined. She became the counterpart of the priest. She fell so low that she declared 'I had a real pleasure in conversing with my priest on these matters, and enjoyed his lustful talk, as I had been connected so long with these people that I had fallen so low that my soul enjoyed nothing above the most debased.

I was amazed; my soul rebelled against the Catholic Church, against all and everything that pertained to the papal intrigue, but I had been reared by Catholic parents, and my life was a complete bundle of deception, but I had fought against arriving at the conclusion that the Catholic Church was not *the* church. I ask the world to forgive me for what encouragement I have extended this body of conspirators, and believe that I will be liberally dealt with when the liberal minded consider how hard it is to shake off a belief that was instilled into my very soul from babyhood, but, thank God, I was lead into the light, and as soon as I was thoroughly convinced that I was a promulgator of everything that leads humanity down instead of up, I threw myself upon the All Wise Ruler of the universe, and was lead out into the blessed light of liberty.

When this poor girl had expressed herself as she did, I resolved to learn of others, if they had ever underwent such trying ordeals, and had been made spoils for ungodly men under the guise of spiritual instructors. As my parishioners would come to make their confession, I would bluntly ask them if they had ever been asked questions that had been repeated to me by this poor girl who had fallen so low through the influences of the priestcraft. I only asked these questions of single girls, as I knew that the married ones would not give up a secret of this kind, and I did not want to be forced to believe that mortal man who went under the cloak of religion could fall so low as to creep into the affections of a man's wife, and after he had gained her confidence, with one awful blow destroy all that is dear to mankind—honor. I began by requesting each young lady who called upon me to repeat exactly what questions other priests had asked them, as I did not want to pollute their ears with any thing which they were not accustomed to.

Very distinctly I remember one morning a girl of about twelve or thirteen years of age called to confess. She was a girl of unusual beauty and development for one of her age. I began by asking her who was her confessor previous to myself; she readily informed me. I asked her if he was not a young man, which I knew was the case; she replied that he was. Then I asked her to tell me what questions he had asked her. Imagine my surprise when she told me that the first time she had ever confessed to him that he had asked her 'Why she wore her dresses so long, as it was a shame to hide such beautiful ankles.' She further told me that each time that she confessed that this priest would always treat her to wine, and if it was cold weather, he would make her a warm drink out of whisky. I lectured this child, and told her that this priest was a miserable man, and that God was very much displeased with him, and instructed her that no priest should talk as he had done. This lecture seemed to mystify the poor girl, as she told me that what a priest said or did could not be a sin, as it was impossible for a priest to sin.

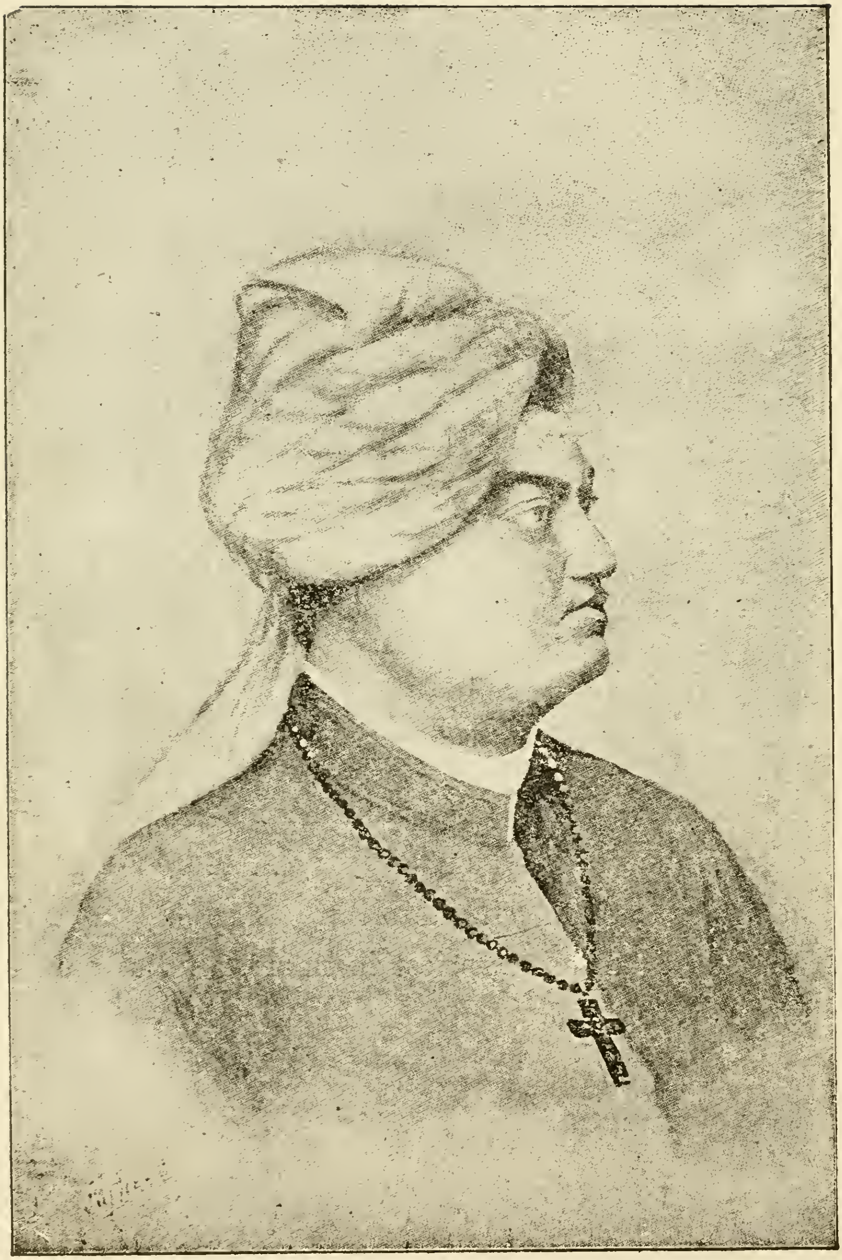
My mind reeled with fear. I was disgusted with myself; disgusted with my life; in fact, disgusted with everything that pertained to the priesthood. I had four dear, sweet sisters, all of whom were Catholics, and my mind flew back to my native home on the emerald isle, and I thought, was it possible that some priest had dared to throttle the womanhood of one of these dear girls. My wrath knew no bounds, and I made up my mind in that moment, that if I lived a thousand years, that when I left the church that evening it should be the last time so long as I lived that I would ever again put upon my back the robes of a priest.

I dismissed this girl with the instruction to tell her parents whenever a priest dared to ask her improper questions. This was the regular confessional day, and before its close, seventeen unmarried women had called upon me, and thirteen out of the seventeen had repeated to me what the world could not hire me to send broadcast through the land. Think of it! Out of seventeen girls who, perhaps, had never entertained an idea that was not pure, had been interrogated upon subjects that would put to blush the cheek of any respectable man, much less a girl of tender years. The remainder of my unmarried confessionists that day, I must say, were, indeed, everything but good-looking, so I suppose this was why they had escaped the foul mouths of these licentious priests. As each one would rise to go, I would instruct them that no priest had any right to ask such questions as they had been asked, and I further informed them that they should go to their Father in Heaven, and not earthly men.

I had quite a number of married ladies call upon me that day, and I wondered to myself how many of these wives and mothers had been insulted by some ruffian priest who parades in the robes of the church.

I left the church that evening with my mind fully made up that *never* again would I enter a Catholic church as a priest, and on my way to my boarding place that evening I met a brother priest, and related my experience to him, and he laughed at me, and called me "feminish," and assured me that priests as well as other mortals were blood and flesh, and why expect to find heavenly thoughts in earthly bodies. I was paralyzed at the thought of this gray-haired priest giving sanction, in fact, encouraging what to any right thinking man was the greatest sin possible to commit. I reached my room in perfect disgust. I tore my unholy robes asunder. I asked a living God to pardon me for the part I had played in being made a part of a gigantic machine that polluted virtue, and led astray daughters of fond parents, and alienated the affections of loving wives, and darkened the threshold of happy homes.

I am an American to-day. I am Protestant for all the word implies. I am married, and have a loving wife and three daughters that I would as soon see go to their graves as to enter the confessional box. Yea, it would be with more pleasure than to see them left to the lustful, unfeeling and inhuman care of a Roman priest. I am an ex-priest in name, and an ex-Catholic through the love of God.



Priest Gonzello.

Chapter VI.

Blood of the Innocent Shed for Revenge.

Priest Gonzello, of the Philippine Islands, is one of the most blood-thirsty priests of modern times, and until recently had boasted that no man, woman or child who lived within the bounds of his parish dared to displease him, as he had long since taught them that he was their superior through and by the power of the Pope, therefore both their souls and bodies were his to do with as it might please his priestship. In the early part of 1898 he summoned all of his parishioners together, and instructed them that the American Government had threatened to invade their Island, but assured them that he that morning had received a message direct from God giving him the power to strike dead every American who dared come within a hundred leagues of their shores, and in order to impress his people with his power he singled out a young woman in the audience whom he had ruined, and who had endeavored to denounce him to a party of English tourists, and had her bound hand and foot with steel wire, one end of this wire leading to the platform where he was standing, which concealed a powerful battery charged with electricity. After fastening one end of this wire to the battery, which was not understood by the natives, he demanded of this poor girl whom he had ruined to publicly declare that she had lied. This the girl stubbornly refused to do. Then this fiendish priest who declares that he is the vicar of God, in order to do away with his accuser, asks the audience if they would believe him, if he should command God to strike her dead, and his command was obeyed. Of course the reply on every hand was yes. He, stretching his hands toward heaven, with his foot on the button called upon God to strike him dead if what this girl had accused him of was true. As soon as the audience saw that this great calamity he had asked to befall him was not answered, he then in a similar tone of voice, but affecting to be very contrite in spirit, offered up a prayer for this girl, and asked the Divine Being to show her the error of her way, and cause her to repent before it was everlastingly too late. He affected to be in great earnestness, and seemingly prayed in great earnestness for quite awhile, then turning to the girl asked her if she would publicly acknowledge that she had lied before he called down the wrath of God upon her. This she stubbornly refused to do. It seemed that he hesitated to commit the awful crime that he was about to do, and asked his audience if he should let her live. He had aroused the morbid curiosity of these natives, and they insisted that if he had the power to destroy her, and that if she had lied, she should be punished.

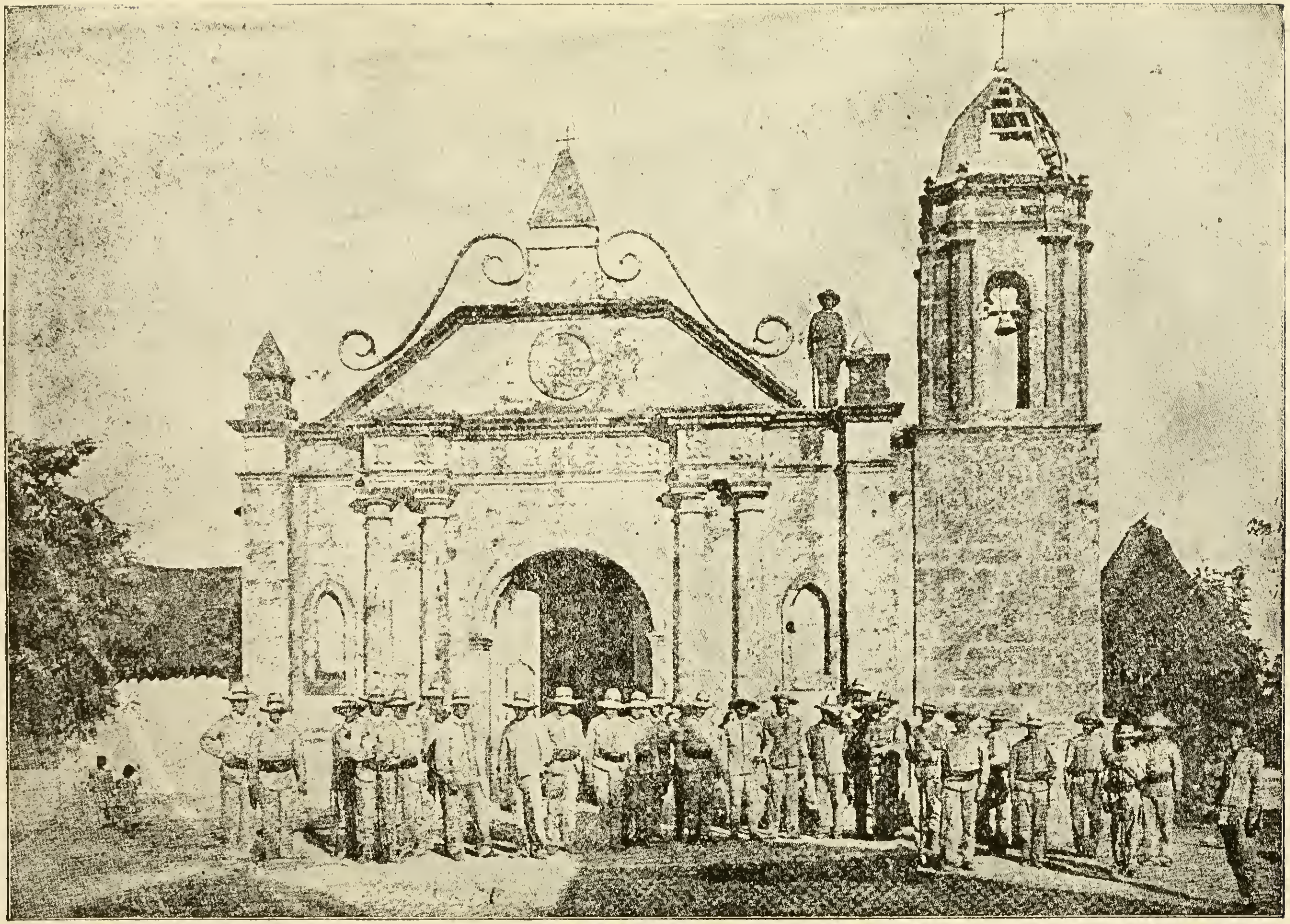
He had gone too far, as to turn back now was to acknowledge that he could not do what he claimed, so he wished to have the sympathy of all the natives, and gave this poor girl another chance to declare that she had falsely accused him, but he found her as resolute as before. By this time the natives were inclined to believe what she had said, and had begun to doubt his power to demonstrate his influence with the Supreme Being. This priest, in an unintelligible mumble, chanted a lengthy lot of silliness, and had his audience cross themselves, and then solemnly called upon his Maker to witness the destruction of an enemy of the cross, at the same time pressing the button, with the toe of his sandal, that opened the valve of this electric battery and sent a current of death-dealing electricity through the body of this poor girl. This ungodly and murderous priest solemnly stood with closed eyes, and uplifted hands towards heaven, pressing a current of death into the body of this wronged girl until she was literally roasted alive. When the natives saw what had happened, they were thoroughly convinced that Priest Gonzello had direct power from God, and from that day to this, his every wish has been obeyed with fear and trembling. When any of his parishioners become stubborn, or hesitate to obey his tyrannical commands, it is only necessary for him to threaten to call down the wrath of God upon them, and his demands are at once complied with. It was this priest who threatened to burn the world up unless he was given a certain amount of money by a certain time, and his parishioners were so confident of his power to do this that each and every one made a personal sacrifice in order to raise this money, and within three days from the time he made this demand, the fabulous amount was laid at his feet, which he took, and left the island for Spain, and has never returned. He did this in order to evade meeting the stern and unrelaxing hand of Protestantism, which he knew would soon place its foot upon the neck of superstitious and idolatrous Catholicism.

The same blind, superstitious, abhorrent methods are resorted to in every land where Catholicism exists, but only in different forms. Right under our noses, in America, the priestcraft make demands that their followers are afraid to refuse, for fear of some dire calamity befalling them. You will see a Catholic enter a saloon and get reeling drunk, and should there be a brawl started and some one draw a revolver, this inebriate follower of the Pope will cross himself; this he does in order to evade danger to himself. All Catholics wear a picture of a holy being around their necks, resting upon their breast. This they claim wards off disease, and makes them immune to danger.

All followers of popish doctrines carry beads, and pray to these beads with as much assurance of a blessing as the enlightened man or woman would go in secret to a living God. You do not have to leave your own State to find blind, and heathenish, and even hellish practices that ought to have been buried in the time of Josephus.

The writer remembers one evening sitting in his office talking to a friend, when an old, decrepit Irish woman walked in, and asked for a dime. I asked why she was not in some home for the poor, as there were a number of places where she could have the necessaries of life, and not be exposed to all the elements that made the young and vigorous quake. She replied, "that she was in a Catholic institution, but that the priest of her parish had instructed all of the inmates that they must each raise $2.00 that day, in some way, as his parish must send so much money to the Vatican at Rome, and the old and infirm could be more successful, as they would be objects of pity, and the public would donate through sympathy." I asked her how much money she had secured during the day, as it was then nearly four o'clock in the evening, and she broke out in tears, her poor, old form shivering with cold, and replied "fifty-five cents." In my heart I inwardly cursed the Catholic world, but my soul was touched with compassion for this poor, old soul, wandering around in a big city, afraid to return to her shelter that night on account of not having secured enough money to appease an infamous and greedy priestcraft that they might receive an applaudit from Rome.

I gently took this old woman's hand in mine, and gave her one dollar and forty-five cents in order that she might return home, also gave her car fare that she might not have to trudge two miles. With streaming eyes, this poor, old, ignorant creature kissed my hands, and when she went to leave me, she drew forth from an old soiled red handkerchief, a small bone, and touched it to my forehead. I asked her what this bone was, and wherein was there any virtue? She replied that the priest had given her this bone, saying it was from the arm of the Virgin Mary, and it would bring luck and happiness to any one it touched. I pitied this poor, old, ignorant slave of Catholicism, and bowed my head in sorrow to know of such blind superstition being tolerated upon the shores of beautiful, free and independent, and, by rights, Protestant America.



A Convent in Cuba, which contains scores of Cuba's daughters who have been forced from homes of luxury to live in servile obedience to every whim and wish of the Priest-craft. This convent is guarded day and night. Why should a house of God need armed guards? The answer is, Why?

Chapter VII.

Nunneries and Convents.

Darkness is the priest's paradise. They prefer darkness to light; their deeds take on the hue of midnight. If God Almighty's handwriting is legible, then gaze into the countenances of priests and you will find a down-cast look, a lack of manly frankness that you will find in the face of the godly man. Try as you may to have them look you squarely in the eye and your failure will disgust you.

If there is any place connected with the Roman Catholic Church that people suppose is removed from sin and strife, from impurity, from worldliness, from the gratification of the flesh, it is the nunnery, convent, or monastery. The facts prove that if there is any place which is next door to hell, in more ways than can be described in language, it is found in the convent, monastery, or nunnery. These are words,—empty words if unsustained by facts. Let facts weight them. If nunneries, convents, and monasteries are a blessing, the people of Italy ought to know it. If they are pronounced a curse by the people of Italy, their verdict ought to pass current in other lands. They have pronounced them a nuisance, and barrier to progress. Nothing can be more foolish than the respect shown these nuns and sisters with their white bonnets and black cloaks, crowding our street-cars, and filling great overgrown establishments in all our cities. They are white sepulchres, beautiful in appearance, but within—let others describe them.

The Italy of the monks and popes has been made by them the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. Beautiful for situation, embracing one hundred thousand square miles, being in size about equal to New England and New York, if her people were Christianized she would be the glory of Europe. Alas! sin has reigned there. Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. Rome, with its wolfish progenitor which suckled Romulus and Remus, have suckled and brought up to maturity octopuses which have poisoned the body politic of Italy, and has been the cause of dragging down lower into the quagmires of untold misery more innocent and ignorant girls than all the brothels the world has ever known. Suppose that we analyze the subject of nunneries and convents, and it will be seen why it is such an easy matter for the traducers of virtue to pull down to destruction the females who have been taught from infancy that it is impossible for a priest to sin.

It is easy for monks and depraved priests to seduce, by the means of confession, especially among the lower orders, females who live in the world; the thing becomes still more so relatively to the nuns confined in convents. Depravity introduced into those houses spreads like an epidemic, with symptoms and consequences more or less fatal, according to the nature and inclinations of individuals.

This species of wickedness, as I have had opportunities of convincing myself from information derived from different journeys in Italy, France and Spain, is less uncommon than is supposed, especially in countries where the priests, and principally the monks, have much influence, and enjoy the consideration of the people. Most of the seductions that take place in what is called the tribunal of penitence, remain unknown to the public, even when denunciations, avowals, or still more positive results, exhibit proofs, either to families, or to the superior ecclesiastics, whether regular or secular. For, on the one hand, the honor of the persons compromised and that of their parents; and, on the other, the interests of the Church, and even an ill-understood reserve, which civil authority thinks proper to use on these occasions, as well as the impunity usually attached to so great a crime, are so many causes that prevent it from coming to the knowledge of the public, which, of course, renders it still more common.

We could cite, in support of what has been said, and in confirmation of what is to follow, facts which occurred in Paris, France. The spiritual direction practiced by the monks towards the nuns, was a source of scandal which was maintained and fomented by dissipation and vicious habits. We find, in 1842, a petition addressed to the Grand Duke of that period, and signed by the holy standard bearer, and other persons of France, to the number of one hundred and ninety-four. Therein, they begged that a speedy remedy might be provided for the indecent conduct of the monks in the convents. Even this affair was hushed up, in order not to compromise the first families of the nobility, to which these nuns belonged.

This kind of debauchery, which had become excessive during previous years, was known by means of the inquiries instituted by the public, in consequence of the denunciation of two nuns of the convents, who entreated France to save them from the execrable principles professed by those monks, their directors.

Thus they learned that the monks used to eat and drink with the nuns whom they preferred, and that they passed the time with them in their private cells. The greater part of the girls used to deprive themselves of all their money and goods, and would even go without the necessaries of life to enrich their lovers. I do not state anything of which I have not proofs. The monks were in the habit of passing the night in the dormitory of the nuns, and that this custom had been long observed by the priors and confessors of the nuns.

The inquiry instituted by the people must necessarily have made the scandal public, by forcing several persons to reveal the most infamous iniquities authorized by the confessors and superiors of the nuns.

It may be supposed that amid depravity so generally spread throughout that country, the Jesuits were not the only monks whose virtue had remained intact, and who had not known how to make use of confession for a vile purpose. Accordingly, an ecclesiastic of Rome wrote to the Bishop of France: "I have been told that it had been known, through private letters, that the first seducer in the convent of Saint Catherine had been a Jesuit. I know of a monastery where a Jesuit used to practice improper familiarities with the nuns; he used to say that by obeying him they did a very virtuous action, since they showed much repugnance." It appears, moreover, that this was a practice to which the monks had accustomed the nuns; for the Bishop, having presented himself before some nuns obstinate in vice, in order to restore them by gentle means to sentiments of virtue, and having told them that he had brought them the *little* Jesus, one of them replied in the most indecent manner.

Six nuns of the convent of Saint Catherine denounced the infamous practices of which their confessors and superiors were guilty. In this petition which was presented to the officials of France, we find the following facts: "The monks often come to meet us at the side of the sacristy, of which they have almost all the keys; and there is there an iron grating sufficiently large, where they conduct themselves in the most shameless manner."

"If, besides, they find any opportunity of entering the convent, under any kind of pretence, they come and remain alone in the chambers of such as are devoted to them."

"If these monks and priests administer the consolations of religion to any dying person, they eat and sleep in the convents, and they dine with whomsoever they please, even with the vestry-nuns. Not only are the fathers, priors, and the present confessors, accused of this negligence and these irregularities, but it is avowed that the bad conduct of which the latter have been guilty, had, for a long time, become a habit with all the friars who were successively destined to perform these duties."

The depravity of morals, and the licentiousness introduced into the convents, are further established by the letters which the prioress of the convent of Saint Catherine wrote to the rector of the episcopal seminary of a town in France. "To answer the questions you ask me I should require much time, and an excellent memory to remember the many things that have happened during the twenty-five years that I have spent among monks, and all those also which I have heard related about them. I shall not speak of friars. As to the others whose conduct is blamable, there are more than you imagine; among others (here she names nine of them). But why name any more? Excepting three or four friars among so many monks, whether living or dead, whom I have known, there is not one who was not of the same stamp. They all profess the same maxims, and their conduct is the same. Their intercourse with the nuns is of the utmost familiarity. When the monks come to visit a sick person, it is their custom to sup with nuns, to sing and dance, and even get beastly intoxicated is no uncommon sight. I affirm that all priests and monks possess the art of corrupting virtue." "The priests are the husbands of the nuns, and the lay-brother of the lay-sister. There is not a Catholic bishop on earth who has been a bishop twelve months but what has discovered immorality in the convents of his dioceses."

Another nun makes the following statement and declaration: "I testified to the priest in my confession the fear and scruples which all priests excited within me." He replied by saying: "Must I tell you plainly? You are a precious simpleton. Follow my advice. Only try, and you will soon thank me for my lessons; be sure your scruples will cease." Whenever this same priest paid his visits to the convent he renewed his attempts to gain his object.

"When the monks came among us to assist the sick they remained whole days together, and entered alone, under any pretence, into the chambers of certain nuns. They came every day to the grate, and never spoke to us but in disgusting language, revealing to us the confessions they had heard," etc., etc.

"There exists another cursed abuse, which is, that the nuns choose a husband among the priests and male attendants when they have scarcely made their vows."

What appears most revolting in this affair of the convents, is the conduct and principles of two wicked nuns, who, infected with the abominable maxims of the priests, had abandoned themselves more excessively than their female companions to the most revolting licentiousness—nay, to the vilest profanation of what Catholics consider as most sacred.

The facts we relate are scandalous, no doubt; but the opprobrium recoils upon those who give occasion to such revelations by their acts, their culpable tolerance, fatal institutions, and practices likely to foment the passions and to corrupt innocence. It is by concealing iniquities of this kind from the knowledge of the public, and by securing impunity for them, under pretence of protecting religion, that they provoke instead of checking them. The example of chastisement being the most powerful bar that can be opposed to crime, it is allowing it to have full swing and not inflict punishment equal to the crime.

It is difficult to people who are unacquainted with the spirit of those corporations, to imagine to what an excess the wickedness of the priests may be carried, or to conceive how such irregularities could have existed so long. Even when they were brought to light by a virtuous prelate, the impudence of the priests was far from being disconcerted. They were seen to brave the authority of the bishop and that of the public, to dissemble their crimes, and persevere in their abominable practices. The obstinate resistance made by these wretched nuns to the introduction of a more regular course of life, was owing to the perfidious counsels they received from the priests, who had accustomed them to a blind confidence and a boundless submission to their will.

"They used to say," says the Bishop, "that, if they acted otherwise, they would have incurred the excommunication fulminated by the holy father, and several of them were so strongly possessed with this fear, that one of them, being dangerously ill, never asked for the sacrament to be administered to her."

We have related many scandalous facts in the course of this work; others will be found in this book which are not less so. It is painful to expose to public view such hideous and revolting descriptions; but great evils require strong remedies, especially at a moment when an attempt is making to cause institutions and practices so pernicious as monastic and sacerdotal confession to prevail in France. People must at length be made to know the consequences of such a system; public opinion must be sufficiently struck with the greatness of the evil to oppose a barrier to this torrent which threatens to invade everything. We must at length warn the public against this confusion of precepts and pretended religious duties, and against institutions founded to maintain the power of a foreign domination.

We have derived the facts we are going to quote from the *procès-verbaux* of the Inquisition of a town in Italy, which were carried off at the time when the French, being masters of Italy, destroyed that tribunal. They have been communicated to us on condition of mentioning neither the name of the place nor that of the person from whom we have received them. We may judge from these facts, which happened in a small district, and in a rather short space of time, what are the immoral results of confession throughout Italy, and the excessive depravity of the monks. For, save a certain number of exceptions, we find among the corporations of that country the same principles and the same morals.

In every land where abhorrent Catholicism exists the same immoral stain is found upon the garments of the priestcraft. A woman of Italy about thirty years old, named Bartolommea, the wife of a man named Bronzoni, declares that a priest by the name of Santomi, had a very bad reputation, and lived very disorderly with a married woman.

She relates, moreover, that this same priest, with others of his convent, habitually made use of licentious expressions to women.

A nun, named Ancilla Rei, of the order of Saint Francis, declared that she had been tempted, at the tribunal of confession, by the director of her convent, named Fortunato. He began with telling this nun that he loved her tenderly, and he used to call her his little dove.

A nun, thirty-five years of age, named Illuminata Guidi, a claustral sister in a convent of Saint Francis, said she had denounced a few years before, to the tribunal a priest who had tempted her in the confessional for three years.

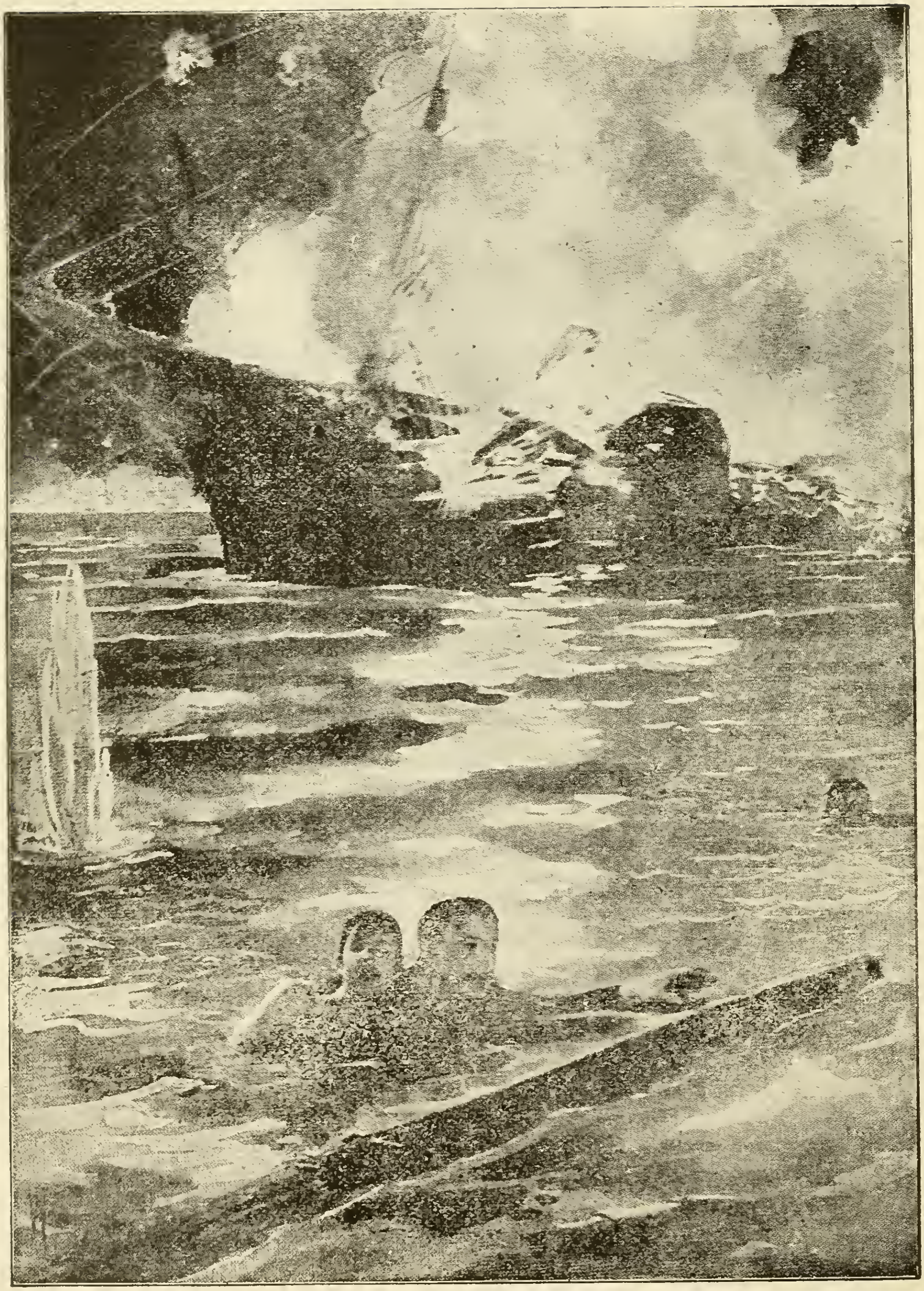
We see, from the declarations made by this girl, "for the acquittal of her conscience," as she terms it, to what a state seclusion and perpetual celibacy will reduce certain girls. This unfortunate creature avows that the passion that pervaded her was so powerful, that, from the age of eighteen to twenty-nine, she had prayed on her knees to the Virgin Mary, recommending herself to the most holy God, and saying, God save me. God save me, to obtain her intercession for a purpose which may be understood without a more particular allusion to it.

Seeing that the prayers to the Virgin did not succeed, she applied to the devil. The devil harkened to her prayers. But we will not detain the reader by relating all the things of which this unfortunate girl accuses herself before the Inquisition, and which are merely a mixture of the grossest superstition and blind ignorance.

Margaret Monti, twenty-two years of age, declares that the priest Turrini had tempted her in the confessional. This priest having been questioned, on the 22d of June, 1897, answered that he had been a confessor in the convent of Saint Sebastian for three years, and that he had made overtures in the confessional, by word and deed, to Sister Gertrude Fantini; that he had often kissed her through the grating of the confessional, and that he had commanded her to commit shameful actions. He accused himself also of having used licentious language to a woman named Molinto Marmoni, every time she came to confess to him, which happened every week or fortnight; that he solicited her to love him by calling her endearing names, and by kissing her through the grating of the confessional; and all this took place before, during, and after confession; and finally, that he had written her an immoral letter. He had also behaved in the same way to other women.

A maid, aged thirty-three, declares that her confessor, Felice, a monk, aged forty-five, had asked her several most indecent questions. (Here follow, in the original, more than twenty depositions of such a nature, that we would not dare to publish them in any language.)

We could go on enumerating facts until the reader would become gray from age, wherein the priestcraft of all nations have, as a spider, woven their ungodly meshes tightly round innocent virtue, and dragged down to a sorrowful grave girls who were once the pet of a loving father and the worshiped flower of a mother's tenderest affections. Lift the veil from the convents of America and the same festering sore will be found to exist in this country as elsewhere. How long, oh Lord, how long will intelligent, liberty-loving Protestants tolerate such conduct, and such wholesale slaughter of virtue?



Hobson swimming from the wreck of the Merrimac.

Chapter VIII.

Suffered for a Father's (Priest's) Sins.

FOLLOWERS OF CATHOLICISM, AS WELL AS OTHERS, SUFFER WHEN IT SERVES CATHOLIC PURPOSES.

In a short time after the American army had entered the isle of Cuba, there were scouting parties made up of soldiers sent out through the outskirts of all the cities of the Island in order to gather information relative to the strength of the Spanish forces, and all such information had to come through native sources, consequently the priests of Cuba had been advised by the Spanish officials to learn the names of all persons whom they thought most likely would aid the Americans, and had been instructed to corral them in convents and keep a strict watch over them and see that no information was given out that would be detrimental to the Spanish cause, and by this means the Americans found it very difficult to learn what they desired, and not being posted as to the cause of the lack of reliable information were placed at a great disadvantage. Finding that such information as they did come in possession of was always misleading, the American officers set about to learn why the Cubans who had been so mistreated by the Spanish should endeavor to shield their oppressors, and solved the problem by placing an intelligent negro from the State of Mississippi as a decoy in the parish of Priest Roboto. This negro was instructed to act the part of a Cuban, and appear a devout Catholic, which he did to perfection, as he spoke the Spanish language fluently, and at once became a fast friend of Priest Roboto, and learned that the priest in order to keep the Cubans under his control would each day entice a native Cuban into his residence and have the poor wretch killed and pin an American flag on his breast, and have him hauled around over the neighborhood and tell the natives that he was another poor Cuban who had been trying to befriend the Americans and was killed, simply because he had some negro blood in his veins. Spain tried in every conceivable manner to embitter Cubans against America by telling them all that no negro was allowed any privileges by Americans, and then demonstrated to the native Cubans that they could not expect any consideration from the Americans, as nearly all of their race had more or less negro blood in them. It has been a hard matter to eradicate from the minds of the ignorant Cubans that the Americans were not the cause of scores of their race being killed simply because there is negro blood in their veins. Catholicism does not stop to consider the results that her actions will have upon society, as she does not care just so the aim of her intrigue is carried to perfection. In every instance where information derogatory to Americans was scattered among the Cuban soldiers, and it could be traced to the originator, it was found that it emanated from someone who was connected with the Catholic Church and most generally from a priest. You can visit Cuba to-day and make inquiries of those who have fought for Cuba's freedom for the past ten years, and they will tell you that their greatest drawback was the ever-deceiving actions of the followers of the Pope, as the priestcraft of Cuba would pretend to be warm supporters of the Cuban cause in order to learn their secrets, that they might post the Spanish officials and thereby thwart every move made by the natives to throw off their bondage.

That it may be more thoroughly demonstrated to the reader that Catholicism is an institution that has been heartless through all ages and in all climes, we consider that a statement from a nun of Canada would be appropriate, as it will clearly demonstrate that clime has nothing to do in the procedures of Romanism. The confession of Maria Monk has in the past caused thousands of Catholics to leave the infamous bondage of darkness, and we believe that at this time to partially repeat her story would have an influence for good upon the rising generation of young Catholics who have already had their faith shaken in the Church of Rome since facts pertaining to Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines have been exposed, so we will skip over the first five months of Maria Monk's life in the convent, and will let her repeat her story in her own language:

Of the Inquisition born in 1198 to kill out the truth, no detailed history is necessary. It is still in existence wherever the power of Rome can assert itself. It is doing its work in nunneries, monasteries, churches, priestly homes, and elsewhere. In a note received I read these words: "A beautiful girl has been captured by a priest and the lady superior, carried to the nunnery; and she has just taken the black veil." That fact, read in the light of the experiences of Maria Monk, tells that the priest has another victim to despoil, or the girl is to be crushed by a power she cannot resist. Here is a story of what may befall her:

"It was about five months after I had taken the black veil," said Maria Monk, "when the superior sent for me and several other nuns to come to her room. The weather was cool; it was an October day. We found the bishop and some priests with her; and, speaking in an unusual tone of fierceness and authority, she said: 'Go to the room for the examination of conscience, and *drag St. Frances upstairs.'* Nothing more was necessary than this unusual command, with the tone and manner which accompanied it, to excite in me the most gloomy anticipations. It did not strike me as so strange that St. Frances should be in the room to which the superior directed us. It was an apartment to which we were often sent to prepare for the communion, and to which we involuntarily went whenever we felt the compunctions which our ignorance of duty and the misinstructions we received inclined us to seek relief from self-reproach. Indeed, I had seen her there a little before. What terrified me was, first, the superior's angry manner; second, the expression she used, being a French term, whose peculiar use I had learned in the convent, and whose meaning is rather softened when translated into 'drag'; third, the place to which we were directed to take the interesting young nun, and the persons assembled there, as I supposed, to condemn her. My fears were such concerning the fate that awaited her, and my horror at the idea that she was in some way to be sacrificed, that I would have given anything to be allowed to stay where I was. But I feared the consequences of disobeying the superior, and proceeded with the rest towards the room for the examination of conscience.

"The room to which we were to proceed from that was in the second story, and the place of many a scene of a shameful nature. It is sufficient for me to say that things had occurred there which made me regard the place with the greatest disgust.

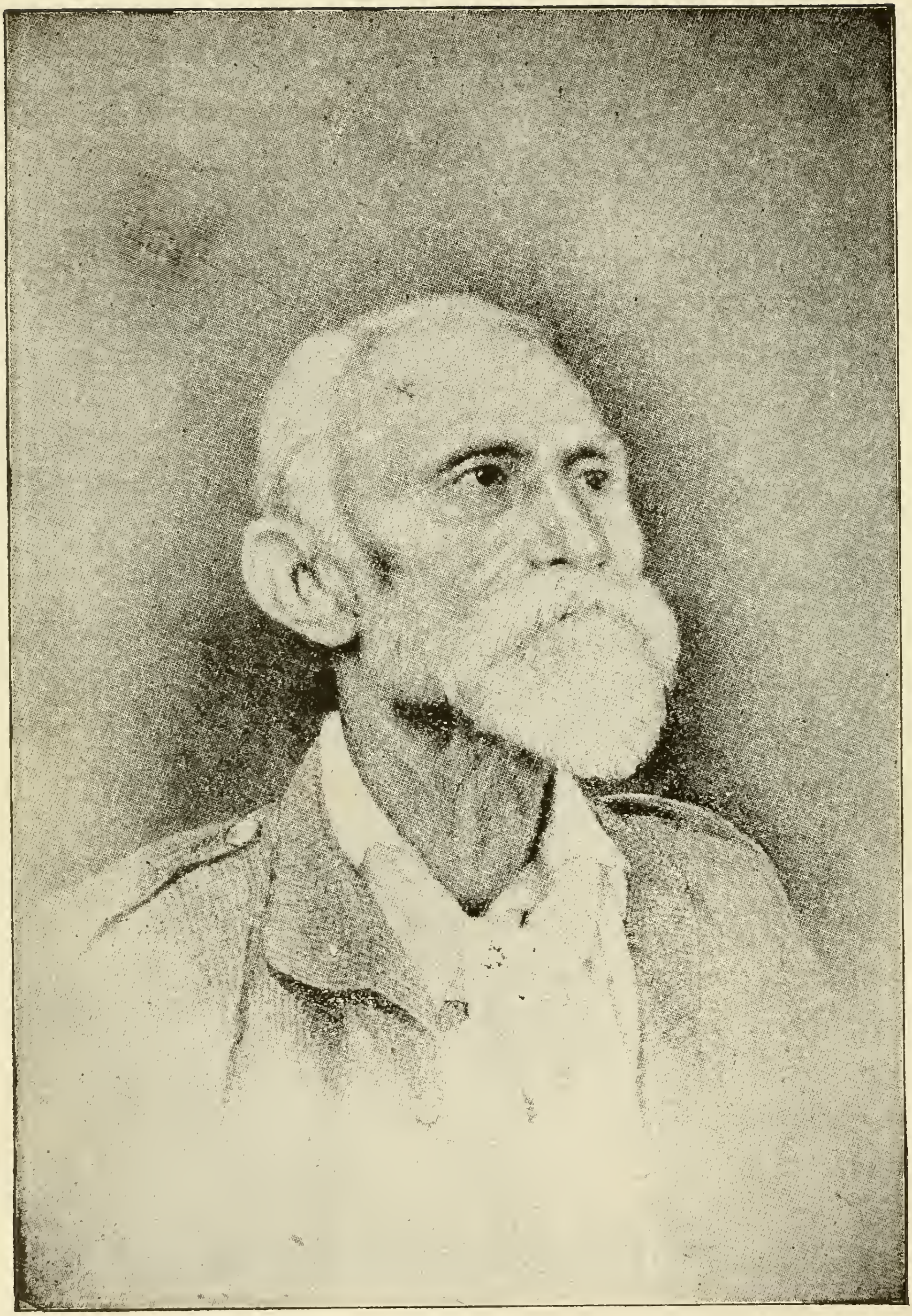
"St. Frances had appeared melancholy for some time. I well knew that she had cause, for she had been repeatedly subject to trials which I need not name—our common lot.

"When we had reached the room which we had been bidden to seek, I entered the door, my companions standing behind me, as the place was so small as hardly to hold five persons at a time. The young nun was standing alone, near the middle of the room. She was probably about twenty years of age, with light hair, blue eyes, and very fair complexion."

Think of it. She resembled in appearance one that was the light of a boyhood home I well knew. She was some one's child, and by her devotion to Christ, resistance to crime, and loyalty to virtue, must have been worthy of love. She had been true to the highest instincts of an immortal nature, and for this was to die.

The narrative proceeds: "I spoke to her in a compassionate voice, but at the same time with such a decided manner that she comprehended my full meaning:

"Several others spoke kindly to her, but two addressed her very harshly. The poor creature turned round with a look of meekness, without expressing any unwillingness or fear, and without even speaking a word, resigned herself to our hands. The tears came into my eyes. I had not a moment's doubt that she considered her fate as sealed, and was already beyond the fear of death. She was conducted or rather hurried to the staircase, which was near by, and then seized by her limbs and clothes, and in fact almost dragged upstairs, in the sense the



General Garcia, the Cuban Patriot, who declared that the Romish church was the direct cause of 350,000 men, women and children of Cuba being sacrificed that the Bishopric and Priestcraft might gather tithes to support Catholic dignitaries of Spain.

superior had intended. I laid my own hands upon her—I took hold of her, too—more gently indeed than some of the rest; yet I encouraged and assisted them in carrying her. I could not avoid it. My refusal would not have saved her, nor prevented her being carried up; it would only have exposed me to some severe punishment, as I believed some of my companions would have seized the first opportunity to complain of me.

"All the way up the staircase, St. Frances spoke not a word, nor made the slightest resistance. When we entered with her the room to which she was ordered, my heart sank within me. The bishop, the lady superior, and five priests were assembled for her trial. When we had brought our prisoner before them, Father Richards began to question her; she made ready but calm replies. I cannot pretend to give a connected account of what ensued; my feelings were wrought up to such a pitch that I knew not what I did, or what to do. I was under a terrible apprehension that if I betrayed the feelings which almost overcame me I should fall under the displeasure of the cold-blooded persecutors of my poor innocent sister; and this fear on the one hand, with the distress I felt for her on the other, rendered me almost frantic. As soon as I entered the room, I had stepped into a corner on the left of the entrance, where I might partially support myself by leaning against the wall between the door and window. This support was all that prevented me from falling to the floor; for the confusion of my thoughts was so great that only a few of the words I heard spoken on either side made any lasting impression upon me. I felt as if I was struck with some insupportable blow; and death would not have been more frightful to me. I am inclined to the belief that Father Richards wished to shield the poor prisoner from the severity of her fate, by drawing from her expressions that might bear a favorable construction. He asked her, among other things, if she was not sorry for what she had been overheard to say (for she had been betrayed by one of the nuns), and if she would not prefer confinement in the cells to the punishment which was threatened her. But the bishop soon interrupted him, and it was easy to perceive that he considered her fate as sealed, and was determined she should not escape. In reply to some of the questions put to her, she was silent; to others I heard her voice reply that she did not repent of words she had uttered, though they had been reported by some of the nuns, who had heard them; that she still wished to escape from the convent; and that she had firmly resolved to resist every attempt *to compel her to the commission of crimes she detested. She added that she would rather die than cause the murder of harmless babes.* 'THAT IS ENOUGH, FINISH HER!' said the bishop. Two nuns instantly fell upon the young woman, and in obedience to instructions and directions given by the lady superior, prepared to execute her sentence. She still maintained all the calmness and submission of a lamb.

"Some of those who took part in this transaction, I believe were as unwilling as myself; but of others I can safely say that I believe they delighted in it. Their conduct certainly exhibited a most bloodthirsty spirit. But above all others present, and above all human fiends I ever saw, I think St. Hippolyte was the most diabolical. She engaged in the horrid task with all alacrity, and assumed from choice the most revolting parts to be performed. She seized a gag, forced it into the mouth of the poor nun, and when it was fixed between her extended jaws so as to keep them open at their greatest possible distance, took hold of the straps fastened at each end of the stick, crossed them behind the helpless head of the victim, and drew them tight through the loop prepared as a fastening.

"The bed which had always stood in one part of the room still remained there; though the screen which had usually been placed before it, and was made of thick muslin, with only a crevice through which a person behind might look out, had been folded up on its hinges in the form of a W, and placed in a corner. On the bed the prisoner was laid, with her face upward, and then bound with cords, so that she could not move. In an instant another bed was thrown upon her; one of the priests sprung like a fury first upon it, and stamped upon it with all his force. He was speedily followed by the nuns, until there were as many upon the bed as could find room, and all did what they could, not only to smother, but to bruise her.

"Some stood up and jumped upon the poor girl with their feet, some with their knees, and others in different ways seemed to seek how they might best beat the breath out of her body and mangle it, without coming in direct contact with it, or seeing the effects of their violence. During this time, my feelings were almost too strong to be endured. I felt stupefied, and scarcely was conscious of what I did, still fear for myself remained in a sufficient degree to induce me to some exertion, and I attempted to talk to those who stood next, partly that I might have an excuse for turning away from the dreadful scene.

"After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, and when it was presumed that the sufferer had been smothered and crushed to death, the priest and the nuns ceased to trample upon her, and stepped from the bed. All was motionless and silent beneath it.

"They then began to laugh at such inhuman thoughts as occurred to some of them, rallying each other in the most unfeeling manner, and ridiculing me for the feelings which I in vain endeavored to conceal. They alluded to the resignation of our murdered companion, and one of them tauntingly said: '*She would have made a good Catholic martyr!*' After spending some moments in such conversation, one of them asked if the corpse should be removed. The superior said it had better remain a little while. After waiting some time longer, the feather bed was taken off, the cords unloosed, and the body taken by the nuns and dragged downstairs. I was informed that it was taken into the cellar, and thrown unceremoniously into the hole, covered with a great quantity of lime, and afterwards sprinkled with a liquid of the properties and name of which I am ignorant."

What is there in this transaction that would prevent its repetition in every nunnery in the land? In the terrible stories of the Inquisition, there is the same horrible spirit. Behold the helplessness of the victim, the cruelty of her persecutors, and the bondage of those who assisted in doing the terrible deed.

Beneath the Black Nunnery was a cellar divided into various apartments. In one was the hole where murdered infants and nuns were thrown, and covered with lime.

"In another was a row of cells. The door shut into a small recess, and was fastened with a stout iron bolt on the outside, the end of which was secured by being let into a hole in the stone-work which formed the posts. The door, which was of wood, was sunk a few inches beyond the stone-work, which rose and formed an arch overhead. Above the bolt was a small window supplied with a fine grating which swung open, a small bolt having been removed from it on the outside. The nun, I had observed, seemed to be whispering with some person within through the little window; but I hastened to get my coal, and left the cellar, presuming that was the prison. When I visited the place again, being alone, I ventured to the spot, determined to learn the truth, presuming that the imprisoned nuns would answer. I spoke at the window where I had seen the nun standing, and heard a voice reply in a whisper. The aperture was so small, and the place so dark, that I could see nobody; but I learned that a poor wretch was confined there a prisoner. I feared that I might be discovered, and after a few words, which I thought could do no harm, withdrew.

"My curiosity was now alive to learn everything I could about so mysterious a subject. I ascertained that they were confined for refusing to obey the lady superior, bishop, or priest. They had been confined there several years without having been taken out; but their names, connections, offences, and everything else relating to them, I could never learn. Some conjectured that they were heiresses, whose property was desired for the convent, and who would not consent to sign deeds of it. I often spoke with one of them in passing near their cells, but never ventured to stay long, or press my inquiries very far. Besides I found her reserved and little disposed to converse freely, a thing I could not wonder at, when I considered her situation, and the characters of persons around her. She spoke like a woman of feeble health and of broken spirits. I occasionally saw other nuns speaking to them, particularly at meal times, when they were regularly furnished with food, which was such as we ourselves had.

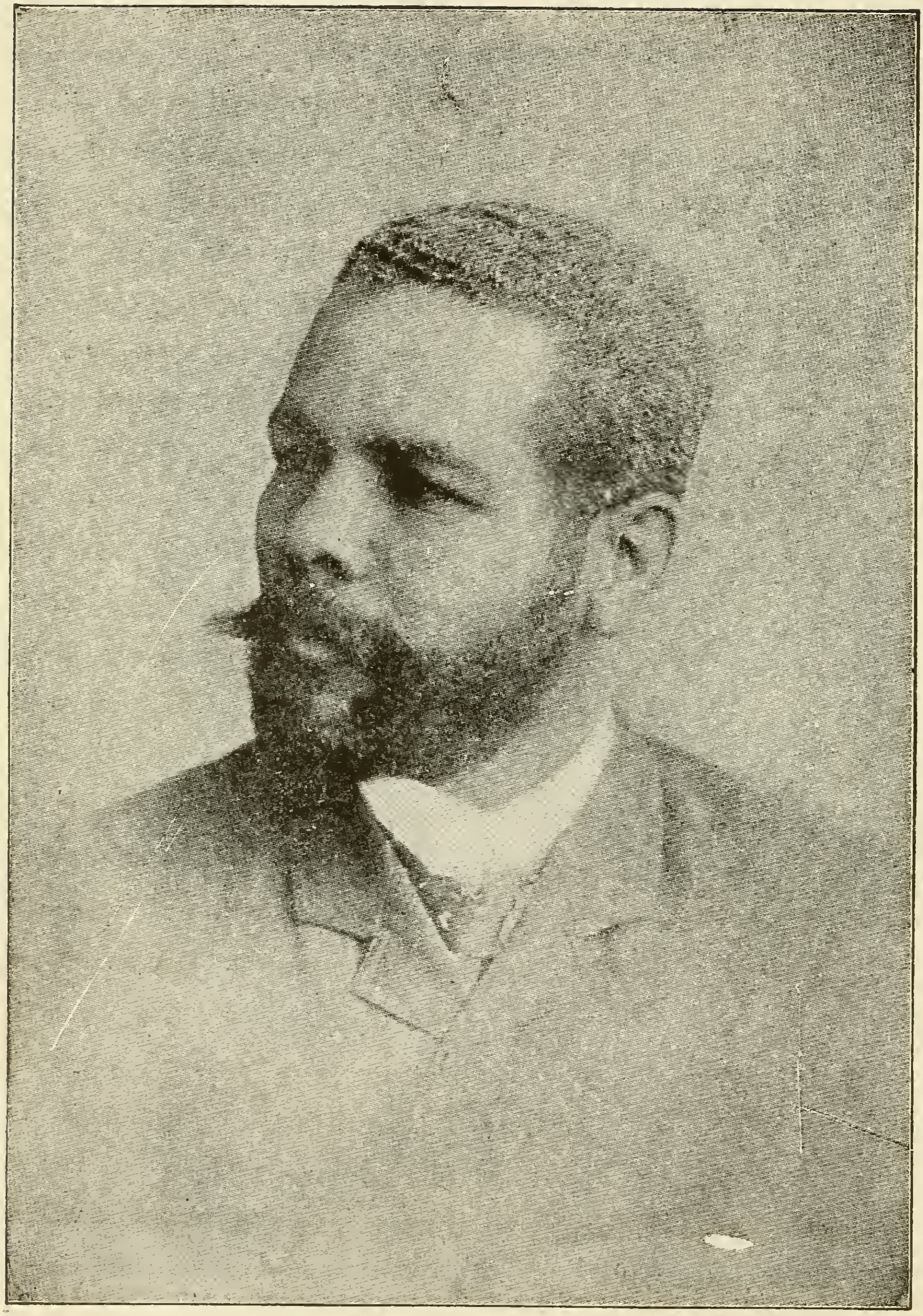
"Their cells were occasionally cleaned, and then the doors were opened. I never looked into them, but was informed that the ground was their only floor, and straw their bed. I once inquired of one of them whether they could converse together, and she replied that they could through a small opening between their cells. They were able to converse both in French and English. In one of the cellars beneath one of the Roman Catholic churches in Boston are cells in the walls. In the cellar of a Roman Catholic church in a small town in Maine, the reporter for the gas company stumbled upon a cell not wide enough for a man to lie down in; at the top is a bolt in which is a ring that can be opened and placed upon the neck of the victim.

"I am unable to say how many nuns disappeared when I was in the convent. There were several who were gagged. Some of the old nuns seemed to take delight in oppressing those who fell under their displeasure. They were ready to recommend resort to compulsory measures, and ever ready to run for the gags. I have seen a half dozen lying gagged and bound at once.

"I have been subjected to the same state of involuntary silence more than once; for sometimes I became excited to a state of desperation by the measures used against me, and then conducted in a manner not less violent than some others. My hands have been tied behind me, and a gag put into my mouth, sometimes with such force and rudeness as to lacerate my lips, and cause the blood to flow freely. Treatment of this kind is apt to teach submission, and many times I have acquiesced under orders received or wishes expressed, with a fear of a recurrence to some severe measures." Are such schools fit places for our American girls?

"One day I had incurred the anger of the superior in a greater degree than usual; I was ordered to the cells. A scene of terrible violence commenced. After exhausting my strength by resisting as long as I could against several nuns, I had my hands drawn behind my back, a leathern band passed first round my thumbs, then round my hands, and then round my waist, and fastened. This was drawn so tight that it cut through the flesh of my thumbs, making wounds, the scars of which never disappeared. A gag was forced into my mouth, after which I was taken by main force and carried down into the cellar, and brought to a cell. The door was opened, and I was thrown in with violence and left alone, the door being immediately closed and bolted on the outside. The bare ground was under me, cold and hard as if it had been beaten down even. I lay still in the position in which I had fallen, as it would have been difficult for me to move, confined as I was, and exhausted by my exertions, and the shock of my fall, and my wretched state of desperation and fear, disinclined me from any further attempt. I was in almost terrible darkness, there being nothing perceptible except a slight glimmer of light which came in through the window far above me.

"How long I remained in that condition I can only conjecture. It seemed to me a long time, and must have been two or three hours. I did not move, expecting to die there, and in a state of distress which I cannot describe from the tight bandage about my hands, and the gag holding my jaws apart at their greatest extension. I am confident that I must have died before morning, if, as I then expected, I had been left there all night. By and by, however, the bolt was drawn, the door opened, and Jane Ray spoke to me in a tone of kindness. She had taken an opportunity to slip into the cellar unnoticed on purpose to see me. She un-



General Maceo, who was killed by a treacherous Spaniard while professing friendship. The friendship of Catholicism is like the kiss of Judas.

bound the gag, took it out of my mouth, asked the superior to come to me, who asked if I repented in the sight of God for what I had done, and if I would ask the pardon of the Virgin Mary and of all the nuns. Replying in the affirmative, I was released, and, kneeling before all the sisters in succession, begged the forgiveness and prayers of each."

The penances were in many cases the personification of cruelty.

"Kissing the floor is a very common penance; kneeling and kissing the feet of the other nuns is another, as are kneeling on hard peas, and walking with them in the shoes. We had repeatedly to walk on our knees through the subterranean passage leading to the Congregational Nunnery, and sometimes to eat our meals with a rope around our neck. Sometimes we were fed only with such things as we most disliked. Garlic was given to me because I had a strong antipathy against it. Eels were repeatedly given to some, because we felt an unconquerable repugnance to them on account of reports we had heard of their feeding on the dead carcasses in the River St. Lawrence. It was no uncommon thing for us to be required to drink the water in which the lady superior had washed her feet. Sometimes we were required to brand ourselves with a hot iron so as to leave scars; at other times, to whip our naked flesh with several small rods before a private altar until we drew blood.

"One of our penances was to stand for a length of time with our arms extended, in imitation of the Savior on the Cross. Sometimes we were obliged to sleep on the floor in the winter, with nothing over us but a single sheet; and sometimes to chew a piece of window glass to a fine powder in the presence of the superior. We had sometimes to wear leathern belts stuck full of sharp metallic points round our waists and the upper part of our arms, bound on so tight that they penetrated the flesh, and drew blood. Some of the penances were so severe that they seemed too much to be endured; and, when they were imposed, the nuns who were to suffer them sometimes showed the most violent repugnance. They would often resist, and still oftener express their opposition by exclamations and screams.

"One of the worst punishments which I ever saw inflicted was that with a cap; and yet some of the old nuns were permitted to inflict it at their pleasure. I have repeatedly known them to go for a cap, when one of our number had transgressed a rule, sometimes though it were a very unimportant one. These caps were kept in a cupboard in the old nuns' rooms, whence they were brought when wanted.

"They were small, made of a reddish-looking leather, fitted closely to the head, and fastened under the chin with a kind of buckle. It was the common practice to tie the nun's hands behind and gag her, before the cap was put on, to prevent noise and resistance. I never saw it worn by any one for one moment without throwing them in severe sufferings. If permitted, they would scream in the most shocking manner, and always writhed as much as their confinement would allow. I can speak from personal knowledge of this punishment, as I had endured it more than once, and yet I had no idea of the cause of the pain. I never examined one of the caps, nor saw the inside, for they are always brought and taken away quickly; but although the first sensation was that of coolness, it was hardly put on my head before a violent and indescribable sensation began, like that of a blister, only much more insupportable, and this continued until it was removed. It would produce such an acute pain as to throw us into convulsions, and I think no human being could endure it for an hour. After this punishment, we felt its effects for days. Having once known what it was by experience, I held the cap in dread, and whenever I was condemned to suffer the punishment again, felt ready to do anything to avoid it. But when tied and gagged, with the cap on my head again, I could only sink upon the floor, and roll about in anguish, until it was taken off." And all this in the name of religion. Poor, deluded creatures! they dream that this punishment is to add to their store of good deeds, and calculated to shorten the duration of purgatory.

It is claimed that such punishments render them docile; they fear to disobey the commands of the priests. Imagine a company so trained, under the lash of discipline that knows no pity, exposed to the brutal instincts of a demoralized priesthood, who seek to gratify their passions, and are willing to leave their victims to suffer any pain or any shame that may result therefrom, and you imagine a place not far removed from hell. It is not strange that those who have been the inquisitors want some one near them constantly, and cannot bear to be left in the dark. Think of a nun being gagged, and left to starve in the cells, or having the flesh burnt off her bones with red hot irons.

It was once said, "Tell the truth, and shame the Devil." Now in America, when one comes to touch Romanism, the motto has been made to read—

Suppress the Truth, lest you shame the Devil.

Many resemble the Chinese in one thing: they try to wor ship God so as to keep the right side of the Devil. They dare not make open war with him. A leading evangelist said, "It is my policy to preach so that I may not anger Satan." No wonder that additions brought into the Church by such leadership are weak and puny. The times demand men and women not afraid to battle with the prince of the power of the air in the name of Christ, to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth. To the truth, then.

"There are three rooms in the Black Nunnery which I never entered. I had enjoyed much liberty, and had seen, as I supposed, all parts of the building, when one day I observed an old nun go to a corner of an apartment near the northern end of the western wing, push the end of her scissors into a crack in the panelled wall, and pull out a door. I was much surprised, because I never had conjectured that any door was there, and it appeared, when I afterward examined the place, that no indication of it could be discovered on the closest scrutiny. I stepped forward to see what was within, and saw three rooms entering into each other; but the nun refused to admit me within the door, which she said led to rooms kept as depositories.

"She herself entered, and closed the door, so that I could not satisfy my curiosity; and no occasion presented itself. I always had a strong desire to know the use of these apartments; for I am sure they must have been designed for some use of which I was intentionally kept ignorant, otherwise they would never have remained unknown to me so long. Besides, the old nun evidently had some strong reason for denying me admission, though she endeavored to quiet my curiosity.

"The superior, after my admission into the convent, had told me that I had access to every room in the building; and I had seen places which bore witness to the cruelties and crimes committed under her commands or sanction; but here was a succession of rooms which had been concealed from view, and unknown to all but a few. I am sure that any person who might be able to examine the wall in that place, would pronounce that secret door a surprising piece of work. I never saw anything of the kind that appeared so ingenious and skillfully made. I told Jane Ray what I had seen, and she said at once, 'We will get in, and see what is there;' but I suppose she never found an opportunity. I naturally felt a good deal of curiosity to learn whether such scenes as I had witnessed in the death of St. Frances were common or rare, and took an opportunity to inquire of Jane Ray. Her reply was, 'Oh, yes; and there were many murdered, while you were a novice, whom you heard nothing about.' This was all I ever learned about the subject; but although I was told nothing about the manner in which they were killed, I supposed it to be the same which I had seen practiced, viz., by smothering.

"I went into the superior's parlor one day for something, and found Jane Ray there alone, looking into a book.

"Some time after this occasion, I was sent into the superior's room with Jane to arrange it, and as the same book was lying out of the case, she said, 'Come, let us look into it.' I immediately consented, when she said, 'There, you have looked into it, and if you tell of me, I will of you.'

"The thought of being subjected to a severe penance, which I had reason to apprehend, fluttered me very much, and although I tried to overcome my fears, I did not succeed very well. I reflected, however, that the sin was already committed, and that it would not be increased if I examined the book. I, therefore, looked a little at several pages, though I still felt a good deal of agitation. I saw at once that the volume was a record of the entrance of nuns and novices into the convent, *and of the births that had taken place in the convent.* Entries of the last description were made in a brief manner on the following plan. I do not give the names or dates as real, but only to show the form of entering them.

St. Mary, delivered of a son, March 16, 1834.
St. Clarice, delivered of a daughter, April 2, 1834.
St. Matilda, delivered of a daughter, April 30, 1834.
Etc.

"No mention was made in the book of the death of the children, though I well knew not one of them could be living at that time.

"Now I presume that the period that the book embraced was about two years, as several names near the beginning I knew; but I can form only a rough conjecture of the number of infants born, and murdered, of course, record of which it contained. I suppose the book contained at least one hundred pages, and that one-fourth were written upon, and that each page contained fifteen distinct records. Several pages were devoted to the list of births. On this supposition, there must have been a large number which I can easily believe to have been born there in the course of two years."

Her situation was becoming alarming to herself; either she must remain, and be a party to another murder, or flee to some place where she could be delivered of a child, and protect its life. She resolved to fly, cost what it might. How she managed to get through the secret passages, and find her way to the outside world is succinctly told, but is not important for our purpose. She came to New York, and was introduced to the almshouse, where, she says, "I was treated with kindness and care, and, as I hoped, was entirely unknown. But when I had been some time in that institution, I found that it was reported that I was a fugitive nun; and not long after an Irish woman employed in the institution came in and told me that Mr. Conroy was below, and had sent to see me. I was informed that he was a Roman priest who often visited the house, and he had a particular wish to see me at that time, having come, as I believe, expressly for that purpose. I showed unwillingness to comply with such an invitation, and did not go. The woman told me further, that he sent me word that I need not think to avoid him, for it would be impossible for me to do so. I might conceal myself as well as I could, but I should be found and taken. No matter where I went, or what hiding place I might choose, I should be known, and I had better come at once. He knew who I was, and he was authorized to take me to the Sisters of Charity, if I should prefer to join them. He would promise that I might stay with them if I chose, and be permitted to remain in New York. He sent me word further, that he had received full power and authority over me from the superior of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal, and was able to do all that she could do, as her right to dispose of me at her will had been imparted to him by a regular writing received from Canada. This was alarming information for me, in the weakness in which I was at that time. The woman added that the same authority had been given to all the priests, so that, go where I might, I should meet men informed about me and my escape, and fully empowered to seize me wherever they could, and convey me back to the convent from which I had escaped. Under these circumstances, it seemed to me that the offer to place me among the Sisters of Charity, with permission to stay in New York, was mild and favorable. However, I had resolution enough to refuse to see the priest Conroy.

"Not long afterwards I was informed by the same messenger that the priest was again in the building, and repeated his request. I desired one of the gentlemen connected with the institution that a stop might be put to such messages, as I wished to receive no more of them. A short time after, however, the woman told me that Mr. Conroy wished to inquire of me whether my name was not St. Eustace while a nun, and if I had not confessed to Priest Kelly in Montreal. I answered that it was all true, for I had confessed to him a short time while in the nunnery. I was then told again that the priest wanted to see me, and I sent back word that I would see him in the presence of Chaplain T. or Mr. S., which, however, was not agreed to, and I was afterward informed that Mr. Conroy had spent an hour in a room and a passage where I had frequently been, but through the mercy of God I was employed in another place at that time, and had no occasion to go where I should have to meet him. I afterward repeatedly heard that Mr. Conroy continued to visit the house, and to ask for me, but I never saw him. I once had determined to leave the institution, and go to the Sisters of Charity, but circumstances occurred which gave no time for further reflection, and I *was saved from the destruction to which I should have been exposed.*"

After her sickness she found it difficult to give up her religion. She says, "I was then a Roman Catholic, at least a great part of my time, and my conduct, in a great measure, was according to the faith and motives of a Roman Catholic. Notwithstanding what I knew of the conduct of so many of the priests and nuns, I thought that it had no effect on the sanctity of the Church, or the authority or effects of acts performed by the former at the mass, confession, etc. I had such a regard for my vows as a nun, that I considered my hand as well as my heart irrevocably given to Jesus Christ, and could never have allowed any person to take it. Indeed, to this day, I feel an instinctive aversion to offering my hand, or taking the hand of another person, even as an expression of friendship. I also thought that I might soon return to the Catholics, although fear and disgust held me back. I had now that infant to think for, whose life I had happily saved by my timely escape from the nunnery; and what its fate might be if it ever fell into the power of the priests, I could not tell. I had, however, reason for alarm. Would a child destined to destruction, like the infants I had seen baptized and smothered, be allowed to go through the world unmolested, a living memorial of the truth of crimes long practiced in security, because never exposed? What pledges could I get to satisfy me that I, on whom her dependence might be, would be spared by those whom I had reason to think were wishing then to sacrifice me? How could I trust the helpless infant in hands which had hastened the baptism of many such in order to hurry them to the secret pit in the cellar? Could I suppose that *Father Phelan, priest of the parish church of Montreal,* would see *his own child* growing up in the world, and feel willing to run the risk of having the truth exposed? What could I expect, especially from him, but the utmost rancor, and the most determined enmity against the innocent child, and its abused and defenceless mother?

"Yet my mind would sometimes still incline in the opposite direction, and indulge the thought that perhaps the only way to secure heaven to us both was to throw ourselves back into the hands of the Church, to be treated as she pleased. When, therefore, the fear of immediate death was removed, I renounced all thoughts of communicating the substance of the facts in this volume. It happened, however, that my danger was not passed. I was soon seized with very alarming symptoms, then my desire to disclose my story revived. I had before had an opportunity to speak with the chaplain in private, but as it was at a time when I supposed myself out of danger, I had deferred for three days my proposed communication, thinking that I might yet avoid it altogether. When my symptoms, however, became more alarming, I was anxious for Saturday to arrive, the day which I had appointed; and when I had not the opportunity on that day which I desired, I thought it might be too late. I did not see him till Monday, when my prospects of surviving were very gloomy, and I then informed him that I wished to communicate to him a few secrets, which were likely otherwise to die with me. I then told him that while a nun in the convent of Montreal, I had witnessed the murder of a nun, called St. Frances, and of at least one of the infants which I have spoken of in this book. I added some few circumstances, and I believe disclosed, in general terms, some of the other crimes I knew of in that nunnery.

"My anticipations of death proved to be unfounded, for my health improved afterward, and had I not made the confessions on that occasion, it is very possible that I never might have made them. I, however, felt more willing to listen to instruction, and experienced friendly attentions from some of the benevolent persons around me, who, taking an interest in me on account of my darkened understanding, furnished me with the Bible, and were ever ready to counsel me when I desired it. I soon began to believe that God might have intended that his creatures should learn his will by reading his word, and taking upon them the free exercise of their reason, and acting under responsibility to him.

"It is difficult for one who has never given way to such arguments and influences as those to which I had been exposed, to realize how hard it is to think aright after thinking wrong. The Scriptures always affect me powerfully when I read them, but I feel that I have just begun to learn the great truths in which I ought to have been early and thoroughly instructed. I realize in some degree how it is that the Scriptures render the people of the United States so strongly opposed to such doctrines as are taught in the Black and the Congregational Nunneries of Montreal. The priests and nuns used to often declare, that, of all heretics, the children from the United States were the most difficult to be converted, and it was thought a great triumph when one of them was brought over to the 'true faith.' The first passage of Scripture that made any serious impression upon my mind was the text on which the chaplain preached on the Sabbath after my introduction into the house: 'Search the Scriptures.'"

By obeying this divine command she found Christ precious to her soul.

Teresa Farseni and her two children, of the Philippine Islands, who were compelled to board that Priest Gazo might call upon her at his pleasure.

Chapter IX.

The Ruin of Girls.

Priests always try to impress their members with the idea that they are infallible, therefore it is impossible for a priest to sin. They do this in order that they may accomplish any devilish deed they may wish under the guise of "No sin, as I am a servant of God, and can not sin." The nunnery located at Luzon, in the Philippine Islands, contained many girls of tender ages, and who, of course, believed all the priests told them.

"In this nunnery was a girl thirteen years of age, whom the priest tried to persuade he could not sin, because he was a priest, and that anything he did to her would sanctify her. Doubtful how to act, she related her conversation to her mother, who expressed neither anger nor disapprobation, but only enjoined it upon her not to speak of it, and remarked to her, as priests were not like men, but holy, and sent to instruct and save us, whatever they did was right." "Other children were treated in the same manner. It was not long before I became used to such language and my views of right and wrong were shaken by it."

"A young woman called La Belle Martini had been seen going to confession at the house of a priest, who lived a little out of the village. She was afterwards missed, and her body found in the river. A knife was also found, covered with blood, bearing the priest's name. Great indignation was excited among the people, and an investigation was started, and up to the present time this mystery has not been cleared up, but the priest, guilty or not, was never heard of again.

We extract from a recent volume published on the confessional, through the courtesy of Mr. Phillips, its author:

"Gladly would we turn away from a task so distasteful, so repulsive to the better instincts and nobler impulses of humanity; but to treat of the fallacies of Rome and the abominable rottenness of the Romish priesthood without giving a chapter upon this, the most abhorrent of all its pagan doctrines, would be to leave the subject untouched, for in the confession lies the secret of Rome's success and its power for evil. It is of pagan origin, and pagan in its results. The most copious authorities prove that Roman Catholicism has borrowed this, as well as many other things, from paganism. Auricular confession was enjoined in the Elusinian Mysteries by Zoroaster in Persia, Buddah in India, and was practiced by ancient Babylonians and Egyptians, the Mexicans before Cortez, the Peruvians before Pizarro, by the Japanese, the Siamese and others. We have direct testimony that the priests of Bacchus, who was the god of wine, listened to auricular confession. A distinguished priest once said: 'Nobody can be surprised that the priests, the bishops, and the popes of Rome are sunk into such a bottomless abyss of infamy, when we remember that they are nothing else than the successors of the priests of Bacchus and Jupiter.'"

What is auricular confession? It is going into a private place with a priest, where no one else can see or hear, and where the "penitent" must, under pain of damnation, "pour into the priest's ear every thought, feeling, desire, emotion, and act, but must stand any and all kinds of questions that may be asked, no matter how vile they may be.

Not only do all thoughts, feelings, emotions, etc., have to be related in all of their details to the priest, perhaps a "bad priest in mortal sin," but all circumstances leading to, and the results growing out of these thoughts, feelings, etc., must be given.

With the bare enumeration of our mortal sins, we should not be satisfied; that enumeration we should accompany with the relation of such circumstances as considerably aggravate or extenuate their malice. Some circumstances are such, as of themselves to constitute mortal guilt; on no account or occasion whatever, therefore, are such circumstances to be omitted. Has any one imbrued his hands in the blood of his fellow man? He must state whether his victim was a layman or an ecclesiastic. Has he had criminal intercourse with any one? He must state whether the female was married or unmarried, a relative or a person consecrated to God by vow. These are circumstances which alter the species of the sins.

Concealment of any sin is equivalent to not confessing at all. The one confessing must be probed to the very heart's core, as you will see by the following paragraph:

So important, as we have already said, is integrity to confession, that if the penitent wilfully neglect to accuse himself of some sins which should be confessed, and suppress others, he not only does not obtain the pardon of his sins, but involves himself in deeper guilt. Such an enumeration cannot be called sacramental confession; on the contrary, the penitent must repeat his confession, not omitting to accuse himself of having, under the semblance of confession, profaned the sanctity of the sacrament. But should the confession seem defective, either because the recesses of his conscience with extraordinary minuteness, he is not bound to repeat his confession; it will be sufficient; when he recollects the sins which he has forgotten, to confess them to a priest on a future occasion. We are not, however, to examine our conscience with careless indifference, or evince such negligence in recalling our sins to our recollection, as if we were unwilling to remember them; and should this have been the case, the confession must be reiterated.

We now come to the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, which is, perhaps, the very highest authority in the Romish church, and quote word for word what this august assemblage of fools and knaves proclaim in the presence of his mighty highness, Pope Pius IX. We refer the reader to Canon VIII. Session XIV., page 109:

If any one saith that the confession of all sins, such as it is observed in the church, is impossible, and is a human tradition to be abolished by the godly; or that all and each of the faithful of Christ, of either sex, are not obliged thereunto once a year, conformably to the constitution of the great Council of Lateran, and that, for this cause, the faithful of Christ are to be persuaded not to confess during Lent, let him be anathema.

In some cases the bishop has the right to reserve to himself the office of forgiving sins. See Canon XI.

If anyone sayeth that bishops have not the right of reserving cases to themselves, except as regards external polity, and that therefore the reservation hinders not but that a priest may truly absolve from reserved cases, let him be anathema.

The Romish priests are especially anxious to hear the confessions of females, and are very urgent in impressing the duty upon them of confessing very often. We simply state that in the Romish church the priests are forbidden to marry, and that in the confessional the utmost freedom is allowed in the questioning of female penitents. But more of this further on. We now invite the reader to a careful study of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, page 192:

Not only are the faithful to be taught that confession was instituted by our Lord, but they are also to be reminded that, by authority of the church, have been added certain rites and solemn ceremonies, which, although not essential to the Sacrament, serve to place its dignity more fully before the eyes of the penitent, and to prepare his soul, now kindled into devotion, the more easily to receive the grace of the Sacrament. When, with uncovered head, and bended knee, with eyes fixed on the earth and hands raised in supplication to heaven, and with other indications of Christian humility not essential to the Sacrament, we confess our sins, our minds are thus deeply impressed with a clear conviction of the heavenly virtue of the Sacrament, and also of the necessity of humbly imploring and earnestly importuning the mercy of God.

The age at which all Catholics are bound to go to confession is fixed by the Council of Lateran, and is given in the Cathechism of the Council of Trent, page 193, and is as follows:

According to the Canon of the Council of Lateran, which begins: "Omnis utriusque sexus," no person is bound by the law of confession until he has arrived at the use of reason, a time determinable by no fixed number of years. It may, however, be laid down as a general principle that children are bound to go to confession as soon as they are able to discern good from evil, and are capable of malice; for, when arrived at an age to attend to the work of salvation, every one is bound to have recourse to the tribunal of penance, without which the sinner cannot hope for salvation. In the same canon the church has defined the period within which we are bound to discharge the duty of confession. It commands the faithful to confess their sins at least once a year. If, however, we consult for our eternal interests, we will certainly not neglect to have recourse to confession as often, at least, as we are in danger of death, or undertake to perform any act incompatible with the state of sin, such as to administer or receive the Sacraments. The same rule should be strictly followed when we are apprehensive of forgetting some sin, into which we may have had the misfortune to fall; to confess our sins, we must recollect them; and the remission of them we can only obtain through the Sacrament of penance, of which confession is a part.

Now, without further delay, we shall partially open the door and give the reader a peep into the confessional. We may do this because the Catechism of the Council of Trent, page 193, gives us a hint and we have availed ourselves of the opportunity. The hint is as follows:

But as, in confession, many things are to be observed, some of which are essential, some not essential to the Sacrament, the faithful are to be carefully instructed on all these matters; and the pastor can have access to works, from which such instructions may easily be drawn. Amongst these matters, he will, on no account, omit to inform the faithful that to a good confession integrity is essential. All mortal sins must be revealed to the minister of religion: venal sins, which do not separate us from the grace of God, and into which we frequently fall, although, as the experience of the pious proves, proper and profitable to be confessed, may be omitted without sin, and expiated by a variety of other means. Mortal sins, as we have already said, although buried in the darkest secrecy, and also sins of desire only, such as are forbidden by the ninth and tenth commandments, are all and each of them to be made matter of confession. Such secret sins often inflict deeper wounds on the soul than those which are committed openly and publicly. It is, however, a point of doctrine defined by the Council of Trent; and as the holy fathers testify, the uniform and universal doctrine of the Catholic church: "Without the confession of his sin," says St. Ambrose, "no man can be justified from his sin."

Yes, the priests have their private book of instruction telling them how and when to approach certain of their penitents, which will be clearly enough brought to light before we are done, and, before our pages are closed, we shall give you the evidence upon the question of absolute secrecy of the confessional, even at the peril of one's life. We are aware that we must now quote sparingly, for the authors from whom we shall quote are the authors who have been the instructors of the priests, and who wrote their secret books of instruction.

Now, dear reader, remember that this is Roman Catholic theology that we are now going to quote—theology that your own dear children must learn some time in life to their sorrow if you send them to Romish schools. But hear the church of Rome:

Let it be observed that except in case of danger of death, no confessor, though he may otherwise have the power of absolving from reserved cases, may or can absolve his accomplice in any external mortal sin against chastity committed by the accomplice with the confessor himself. But this case of an accomplice is not placed amongst the reserved cases, because the bishop does not reserve the absolution to himself, but any other can absolve from it except the priest who is himself the partner in the act.—Den's Moral Theology, vol. 6, p. 297.

On page 298 Peter Den, in his instructions how to hear confession, places his instructions before them in a catechetical way. Thus:

Ques. Is a male accomplice in venereal sin comprehended in this degree?

Ans. Yes, because the Pope extends it to whatsoever person. It is not required that the sin of an accomplice be committed in confession or by occasion of confession; for in whatsoever place or time it has been done, even before he was her confessor, it makes a case of an accomplice.

Lastly, take notice that since the restriction is made to carnal sins, the confessor will be able to give valid absolution to his accomplice in other sins, namely: in theft, in homicide, etc.

Horrible, indeed, this is, and many will censure us, perhaps, for incorporating such things into these pages. But, dear reader, this is the Roman Catholic theology that is taught and practiced in your city, and to the teachers of the schools to which you send your own children. Better, a thousand times, blush for having given your money and your support to such things, and to uphold a system that is as dark as all the midnight hours from the flood until now if they could be pressed into a single hour. Now, if you are too modest to read a few passages in the theology you so freely support, you had better close the book at once, for we are going to quote from an eminent Roman Catholic theologian, P. Antoine, vol. 4, p. 430. He asks and answers as follows:

A confessor has seduced his penitent to the commission of carnal sin, not in confession nor by occasion of confession, but from some other extraordinary occasion: Is he to be denounced?

Ans. No. If he had tampered with her from his knowledge of confession, it would have been a different thing; because, for instance, he knows that person, from her confession, to be given to such carnal sins.

For which reason, Steyart reminds us that a confessor can ask a penitent who confesses that she has sinned with a priest, or has been seduced by him to the commission of carnal sin, whether that priest was her confessor, or had seduced her in the confessional.

We quote again from "Saint" Peter Den, vol. 6, p. 301:

Ques. Ought the denunciation be made when there exists a doubt whether the solicitation to carnal sin was real and sufficient?

Ans. Some say no, but Cardinal Cozza, with others whom he cites (in doubt 25), says yes, if the doubt be not light, adding that the examination of the matter is to be left to the bishop or ordinary.

Peter Den, in vol. 6, p. 303, warns the priests of the church against overleaping the bounds of priestly propriety, and tells the

Mrs. Anne Gomenti and her two daughters, imprisoned for distributing Bibles among Cubans.

"holy fathers" what will be a "proximate occasion of sin." He says:

Speaking to a girl is a proximate occasion of sin to him, who, out of every ten times, is want to fall twice or thrice into carnal sin. Daily frequenting a tavern or a girl is considered a proximate occasion of sin in respect of him (a priest) who, on that account, falls twice or thrice a month into mortal sin.

Peter Den, p. 186, consoles himself and glorifies the most holy right reverend father confessors by making this beautiful apology for them:

The confessor every day occupied in the ministry of hearing confession falls very seldom in comparison to the times he does not fall; therefore, the ministry of hearing confession is not, with respect to him, a proximate occasion of sin.

Very pious people, these, to whom you entrust your daughters. One lady told us, since we have been in Springfield, that the first impure thought she ever had was while she knelt at Father Walsh's knee in St. Louis and was questioned about things of which she had never heard before.

You see we are skipping about and only giving you sketches here and there. The reason is that what we do not give you in this book would make the shades of eternal night blush with shame.

But we quote again from Den's Moral Theology, vol. 7, p. 167:

Ques. Are the married to be at any time asked in confession about denying the marriage duty?

Ans. Yes, ESPECIALLY the women, who, through ignorance or modesty, are sometimes silent on these subjects. But the questions are not to be approached abruptly, but cautiously, etc. * *

Hence, let the wife, accusing herself in confession, * * * etc. Here let the confessor (a celibate and perhaps drunken priest) ask that the married lest she commit a detestable sin, etc. (about all of which she must be examined). Lest the confessor should become indolent and hesitate in tracing out the circumstances of any sin, let him have the following versical in readiness: Who, which, where, with, why, how, when, etc.

We have cases on record where an outraged husband has assisted a "holy father" from his door with his boot. Think of it, oh, ye foolish ones, a priest forbidden to marry, a man whose word absolves your wife from sin, a man who claims that no act of his can be a sin; think of it. He visits your home, she visits him in the secret confessional, where every thought, word, desire, feeling and act of your most secret, sacred home relations exist, and then, like a serpent of the bottomless pit, insinuates the poison of death into the nestling home over which love's sweet angel alone should hover. Protestants of America, for God's sake, for your homes' sake, for the sake of your dear, sweet, heaven-kissed babes, keep this dark-winged demon of death from your doors.

Again we quote from Den's Theology, vol. 6, p. 132. Hear his instructions to the priests; they will startle you:

Ques. Can a confessor absolve a young woman going to be married, whilst he knows solely from the confession of her betrothed husband that she does not disclose in her confession the fornication she has been guilty of with her betrothed?

Ans. I find various opinions:

La Croix thinks that she ought not to be absolved, but that the confessor should dissemble and say *miseriatur tui,* etc., so that she may not know that absolution has been denied her.

Prudent confessors are wont to lay it down regularly to ask from all young women going to be married whether from the occasion of their approaching marriage there occur to them any improper thoughts. Whether they permit kisses and other greater alternate liberties because they thought that greater freedom would soon be allowed them. And since the young woman is more under the influence of modesty, we are wont for that reason to hear the betrothed husband's confession first, that she may afterward more confidently reveal to the confessor what she knows to be now known to him. Some divines add that the betrothed husband who makes his confession first can be induced to tell her that he has openly confessed. After the young woman's confession that would no longer be in the confessor's power.

We intended quoting in this chapter extracts from the works of St. Liguori and Archbishop Kenrick, but they must be reserved for another chapter. But, husbands, think of it; mothers who send your children to Catholic schools, think of it. The idea of you weeping over priest-ridden Mexico, and giving an hour a week and a dollar a year to convert the Mexicans from Romanism, and then giving your money, attending their fairs and sending your children to their schools. It is enough to make angels weep and to arouse the eternal God until He would "laugh at your calamity." Do you say it is not so bad? We quote from their own books; we have them with which to establish every word we say.

Young man, think of it; your betrothed, a beautiful, sweet girl, just blossoming into womanhood; you love her; she is your future hope, your present joy; her voice is to you as the sweet music of Æolian strings. The sparkle of your eye tells well remembered joy, while your heart throbs and trembles with the sweet burden of unutterable affection. The lute-like sweetness of her voice is a perpetual melody in your heart, her casual smile is sweeter to you than Aurora's kiss. Can you see her enter the den of the deceiver whose business it is to ply her modest ears with questions only fit for the dark orgies of the abode of the damned, where reeking Bacchanalians hold their midnight revels in their awful dance of death.

May God awake the people until they can see the need of putting on the whole armor of God and standing like men for God and home and native land.

In the foregoing we have tried to give at least a hint, and a very feeble hint at that, of what the Roman Catholic confessional box means. It is a place where demons dance their dance of death to the sad wail of dying virtue. But we must stop here. When we think of the thousands and thousands of pure, sweet, modest girls that have been lured into the convent, first, then by "devils as angels of light" into the confessional box, our brain is on fire and our heart almost bursts with grief.

But we must get to our subject. The confessional box is a place into which, if a young girl goes, every thought, feeling, desire, impulse and even dream must be related in full to a young or old bachelor priest, as the case may be, together with all circumstances leading to and growing out of these things. Not only this; he, the priest, sits as judge and physician of her soul. He represents God in the confessional, notwithstanding he may be, and often is, the most consummate scoundrel. He probes her with questions such as her mother would not think of speaking to her about, and to shield himself and her, the penalty of revealing anything said or done in the confessional is death.

But we proceed. And let us say, dear reader, that if a false modesty causes you to turn up your nose and curl your lip and cast this volume disdainfully away, that a true, virtuous, noble, manly or womanly modesty ought to cause you to turn away from the support of the very thing about which you consider it immodest to read.

We shall quote nothing but standard Roman Catholic theology, the theology that you support and encourage when you attend a Catholic fair, or in any way support the Catholic church the theology that will have to do with the life and character of the child you send to Romish schools; the theology from which you pray God to deliver Mexico, and for which you contribute many sighs and tears and fifteen or twenty cents a year, but the theology you contribute time, money and children to support at home. We give you a few quotations from the Council of Trent, Archbishop Kenrick, Alphonsus Liguori, Peter Den, etc., all of whom are standard authorities in the church of Rome.

We quote again from the Maynooth class book tract on matrimony, p. 482. (By the way, Maynooth college is the college in which Irish priests receive their instructions for the office of the priesthood.) Husbands read:

I have said, in the second place, that they (husbands and wives) are bound under MORTAL SIN, because it is a weighty affair within itself, since it is the active cause of quarrels, hates, dissensions, and since the party defrauded of duty is exposed to the danger of incontinence, which is a deadly sin: Hence, the parish priest, either himself personally or in the tribunal of penance, the confessional, ought to inform married persons, and PARTICULARLY MARRIED WOMEN, of what they should observe in respect to this matter. But since women, through modesty or ignorance, not unfrequently conceal sins of this sort in sacramental confession, it is expedient to interrogate them regarding those sins, but cautiously, prudently, not abruptly; for instance, it may be asked whether there have been any dissensions between her and her husband; what was the cause—whether she has on that account denied to her husband what is due to him by the laws of marriage.

Outraged virtue shrieks its agonies as it beats its bruised and baffled wings in helpless effort against the iron-barred cage of superstitious dread of priestly power. Whenever she enters the confessional box, she is then in the hands of a merciless priest, bound by a merciless system that has no parallel in the mythologic tales of any idolatrous age of which record has been made.

We quote again from Den's Moral Theology, vol. 7, p. 172. This is advice to young priests preparing for the office of the priesthood:

Here let the confessor take note that the married (women), lest their children multiply too fast, sometimes commit a sin, about which they are to be examined.

But we leave this leading authority on moral theology in the Romish church and give a few quotations from St. Alphonsus Liguori. We have carefully examined the moral theology of Archbishop Kenrick and are bound to confess that there is not a sentence in it that we are willing to put into the pages of this book. But hear St. Alphonsus Liguori:

Integrity in confession is twofold, namely, material and formal. The material consists in confessing all the mortal sins that have not yet been confessed and which are remembered after a thorough examination of the most secret places and recesses of the conscience, as well as the number of sins and the circumstance which change their entity or being.

Formal integrity consists in this: That the penitent confess all the mortal sins he can remember just now, which he is obliged to do, considering the circumstances in which he is now, and when the obstacle be removed, going back to confession, the penitent will see that his confession be made materially whole and entire. Tome VI., 565, 479, 485, 488.

The penitent whom the confessor detects not confessing all his sins must examine him, or otherwise he could not render judgment nor apply the proper remedy to the penitent.

If the confessor find out that the rude or ignorant (who is not among Romanists) did not examine his conscience properly he must not send them back that they might examine themselves better, but generally he is obliged to examine them himself.

That the confessor may perform his duty as judge, doctor and physician when he prudently doubts of the integrity of his penitent's confession, he is obliged to question him on those things that pertain to integrity, also on others which he is in need to know in confession.

It is better to examine each act of the penitent in particular than to wait till he has finished his confession.

1397. Q. If the confessor fear that young girls or boys will not accuse sins committed against the sixth (?) commandment, what interrogations must be put to those youngsters?

A. The confessor may say: "Have you heard bad conversations? Have you had any bad thoughts? Have you been guilty of wanton jests?" If they deny, the confessor could use a suggestive interrogation, saying, for instance: "And now, tell me how many times you did these things?" If they affirm that they did so, then the confessor could say, for instance: "Explain what these indecent things and jests you did were. Did you do them secretly? Would you have done them if your mother had been present?"

OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Jointly there are seven circumstances expressed as in the following verse:

Who, which, where, with what means, why, how, when.

Who—denotes the quality or condition of the person; for instance, in fornication, was the person free, married or tied to a vow of chastity? etc. Which—points out to the quality and extent of the object, viz.: In a robbery, was the stolen goods sacred or non-sacred, of a great or small value, etc. Where—implies the place where sin has been committed, i. e., in murder, was it perpetrated in a sacred place or ordinary locality. With what means—denotes the manner and instruments used in the operation of a sin, viz.: Was the help of the devil used to damage a neighbor? Why—denotes the outward aim or end of the agent, viz.: Did he kill another with the idea of robbing him? How—implies the accidental mode of action, viz.: Did the agent act with a perfect or imperfect consent, was he in good or bad faith or knowledge of his action, did he act through malice or from weakness of mind? When—denotes the quality and the length of time in the action, viz.: Did he sin on a festival day, was the time spent in the action long or short?

If the confessor perceive that he made mistakes in hearing confession, he must correct them and keep the sacramental seal or secret.

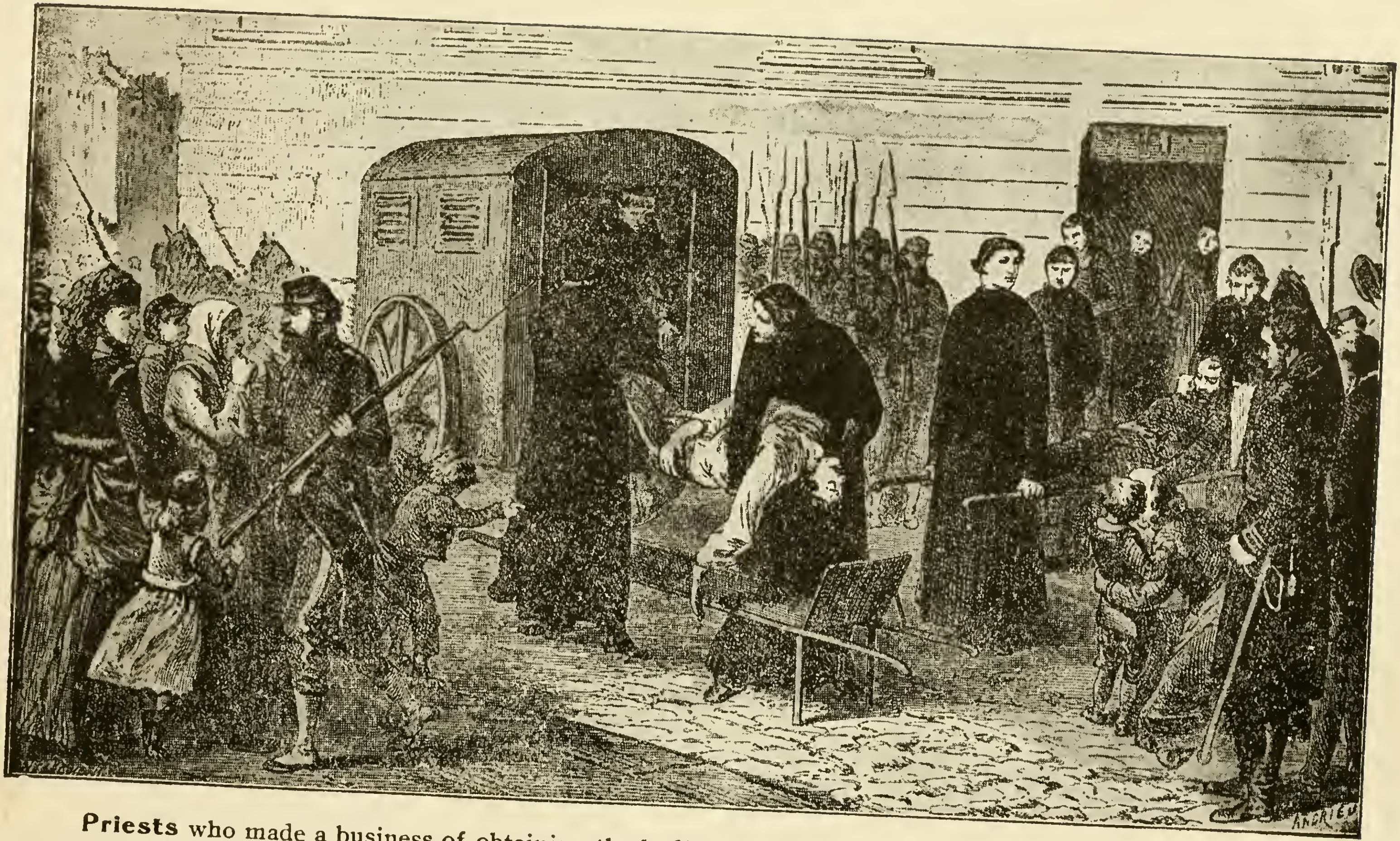
But Liguori, like all Romish priests, has his favorite theme. And now, dear reader, while you peruse the language of this "holy saint" to whom all Catholics offer prayer, we beg you to consider, and see if you can, consistently, with your profession of faith in Christ, support an institution so foreign to the religion you profess. Liguori says:

1376. Q. Must the confessor be denounced who plans with a woman, that to deceive her servants better, she would feign sickness when he comes to her home in order to act criminally with her?

A. No. The reason is, that it is not evident that the priest solicited in confession, but only that the crime was accomplishe under the pretext of a confession not intended for solicitation, but only to deceive the servants better. And much less ought this confessor be denounced if the woman, without any pre-arrangement, entice him, solicits and gets him to operate on her carnally; because, according to the tenor of the Pope's bull, the confessor is to be denounced only when he solicits himself under the pretext of confession, and in this case it is not he, but she who solicits under the pretext of confession. VI., 679.

1370. Q. Must the penitent be denounced who solicits in confession?

A. No. The reason is that those penal laws are not made for the penitent, and, therefore, could not be stretched from one case to another.



Priests who made a business of obtaining the bodies of American soldiers, in order to obtain money for informing their friends and relatives where they were buried.

1375. CASES WITH PARTICULARS.

Theologians think that the confessor ought to be reported to the bishop when. 10. He says to his penitent: "I would marry you if I were free," for such words are very incentive to carnality. 20. If he says to a woman: "Remember me, for I love you dearly," provided it is proved by circumstances that his intention is carnal. 30. If he says: "Expect me to-day at your house, because I wish to speak to you," and when in the house his conversation is on dishonest topics, because this solicitation in the house is reputed to be morally ONE with that begun in the confessional. 40. If he says: "The confession of your sins has caused me to resort to pollution, although it was against my will;" how much truer to say: "Through my own fault." 50. If he says to a woman who asks him to hear her confession: "I will not hear your confession, for I am afraid something might happen to me, for I am captivated by your love." 70. If he says to the penitent: "How much do you love me," or, "I'd like to sit by you all the time; I have had a bad dream about you."

But Liguori, even, after the above, has given only the merest hint of what he has in contemplation for his students, and in an hour of shame and disgust this "holy father" breaks forth in the following language, which in itself is enough to give the reader an insight into the confessional box:

With reluctance we enter upon the consideration of this matter (adultery, fornication), the very name of which pollutes the minds of men. O, that I could explain myself more briefly or covertly! However, I beg from the students who prepare themselves for the obligation of hearing confessions not to read this treatise on the "sixth (?), seventh precept," and the other on the "Conjugal Debt," except on the eve of hearing those confessions, and then let them read with this only purpose, abstaining from all curiosity about this filthy matter.

Oh! what misery it is to observe so many confessors who spend a large portion of the day in hearing the confessions of certain religious women, who are commonly called Bizocas, and refuse to hear men, saying: "I have something else to do; go to others," so that these men, not able to find one to whom they could confess, live so many years without sacraments and without God.

It is with difficulty that we refrain from giving another chapter on the Roman Catholic confessional box, but begging the reader's pardon for the long quotations that we have made from Peter Den, Archbishop Kenrick, Alphonsus Liguori and others, we close this part of the subject of confession with the following on the seal of sacramental confession.

What we have given in the preceding chapters on Roman Catholic auricular confession is but a "drop in the bucket" in comparison to the great inexhaustible cesspool of filth and moral rottenness that is before us in the theological works of those from whom we have quoted.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent, page 198, in speaking of those whose modesty keeps them from going to confession often, says: "Still more pernicious is the conduct of those who, yielding to a foolish bashfulness, cannot induce themselves to confess their sins." On page 199 we have this language: "But it sometimes happens that FEMALES who may have forgotten some sin in confession, cannot bring themselves to return to the confessor." We do not wonder at this. The power of the priest is absolute, and the husband, even, has not so complete an access to the inner heart life of his wife as the priest has in the confessional box.

The sacramental seal is death, so the confessional box tells no tales, but we have, by waiting and working, been rewarded with a look inside the awful den through the standard works of the Romish church and the confession of those who have escaped from its thraldom. But again we let Rome speak:

But as all are anxious that their sins should be buried in eternal secrecy, the faithful are to be admonished that there is no reason whatever to apprehend that what is made known in confession will ever be revealed by any priest, or that by it the penitent can, at any time, be brought into danger or difficulty of any sort. All laws, human and divine, guard the inviolability of the seal of confession, and against its sacrilegious infraction the church denounces her heaviest chastisements. "Let the priest," says the great Council of Lateran, "take especial care, neither by word nor sign, nor by any other means, whatever, to betray, in the least degree, the sacred trust confided to him by the sinner."

Certainly there is but little danger of the sins confessed to the priest ever being revealed, and especially so if the priest becomes a party to a sin against chastity. But we give you Rome's own words again, first quoting from St. Alphonsus Liguori. Of the sacramental seal he says:

The seal of confession consists in concealing, even before the penitent himself, all things revealed in a confession made with the purpose to receive absolution. VI., 634.

1433. There exists a most strict obligation of keeping the secrets of confession, which obligation is derived from the natural law, that of God and of the church.

The obligation of keeping the seal of confession intact is in force: 10. All the time, even after the death of the penitent. 20. In all cases. VI., 634-56.

The violation of the sacramental secret is of no light importance. VI., 635.

113. The confessor can truly say, even under an oath, that he knows nothing of the sins he heard before.

1438. The obligation of keeping the seal intact comprises all who in various ways, either lawfully or unlawfully, immediately or mediately, have come to know the things said in confession, which are the object of the seal. VI., 648.

1444. All the sins of the penitent, even the venial, no matter how small they may be, that were accused with the desire of getting absolution from the object of the seal. VI., 640.

Everything that was revealed in confession and whose betrayal would bring discredit on the sacrament or a damage on the penitent is also considered as the object of the seal. VI., 634.

The penitent is bound by nature to keep secret all things said to him by the confessor if their exposure would bring damage to the confessor or injury and contempt on the sacrament. VI., 657.

Here you see that Saint Liguori says, 1434: "The confessor can truly say, even UNDER OATH, that he knows nothing of the sins he heard before." You will see by the following from Peter Den that the same doctrine is taught and fully explained. The extract is from Den's Moral Theology, vol. 6, p. 227:

What is the seal of sacramental confession?

Ans. It is the obligation or duty of concealing those things which are learned from sacramental confession.

Can a case be given in which it is lawful to break the sacramental seal?

A. It cannot; although the life or safety of a man depended thereon, or even the destruction of the commonwealth, nor can the Supreme Pontiff give dispensation in this; so that on that account, this secret of the seal is more binding than the obligation of an oath, a vow, a natural secret, etc., and that by the positive will of God.

What answer, then, ought a confessor to give when questioned concerning a truth which he knows from sacramental confession only?

A. HE OUGHT TO ANSWER THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW IT, AND IF IT BE NECESSARY, TO CONFIRM THE SAME WITH AN OATH.

Obj. It is in no case lawful to tell a lie, but that confessor would be guilty of a lie, because he knows the truth, therefore, etc.

A. I deny the minor; because such a confessor is questioned as a man and answers as a man; but now he does not know that truth as a man, though he knows it as God, says St. Thomas (q. II., art. 1, 3), and that is the free and natural meaning of the answer, for when he is asked, or when he answers outside confession, he is considered as a man.

What if a confessor were directly asked whether he knows it through sacramental confession?

A. In this case he ought to give no answer (so Steyart and Sylvius), but reject the question as impious; or he could even say absolutely, not relatively to the question, I know nothing, because the word "I" restricts to his human knowledge.

You speak of Roman Catholicism as a branch of the church of Christ, you support it with your money, your votes, and send your children to be educated (?) by and under the instructions of Romish priests who may, and must, take a solemn oath to a known falsehood rather than reveal anything that would thwart their evil designs.

From whence such inconsistency? What hath bewitched the people? A few dollars in trade, or a few votes has caused the people, professing Christian people, to "sell their birthright for a mess of pottage," to betray their country, render of no effect their religion and have their families outraged. Thou, God of the nations, that caused the blood of Abel to cry from the ground, let the blood of fifty million martyrs send back, in pathos deep and awful as the agonizing groans of Gethsemane, a warning to this nation.

MORAL CHARACTER OF THE ROMISH PRIESTS.

It is far from our design to cast a reflection upon the character of any true man, however much we may differ with him on questions of faith or morals, for we respect the man who is honest in his convictions and true to what he sincerely believes to be right. But when we begin to investigate the character of the Romish priesthood, we must confess our inability to see either honor or honesty of purpose in their profession and life.

If history is true, we are forced to believe that while professing infallibility, the Popes of Rome were the most corrupt class of men that ever disgraced the earth. We have only space in this chapter to give a sample or two of the life and character of the Romish Pontiffs.

Pope John XXIII. is a good sample Pope, one of the infallible and "holy Vicars of Christ." The Council of Constantine says of him many hard things. The second synod of this council, in its twelfth session, convicted "his august holiness" of scisms, heresy, incorrigibility, simony, impurity, immodesty, unchastity, fornication, adultery, incest, rape, piracy, lying, robbing, murder, perjury and infidelity. Pope John was no exception to the rule, so we give but the one example. But like pope, like priest

But as our rule is to give strictly Roman Catholic authority for every statement we make, we will now introduce to the reader Bishop John Hogan, who was bishop of the St. Joseph and Kansas City diocese, and who confirmed about one hundred people in the Romish church, some of whom were the children of Protestant parents.

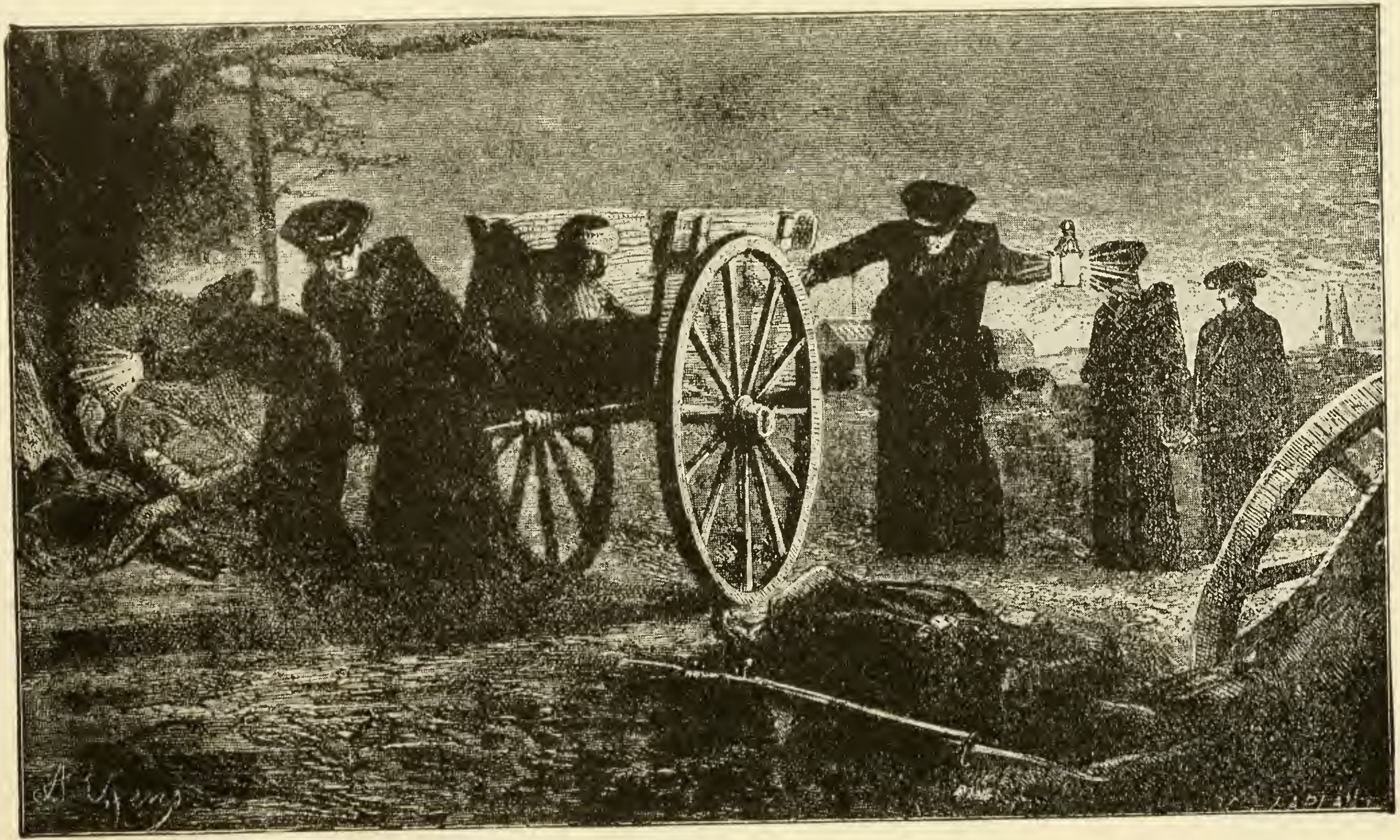
BISHOP JOHN J. HOGAN'S LETTER, MARKED PRIVATE.

DEAR MR. LYSAGHT: As I have a very sincere regard for you from all I know of your character, through a test of many years, I consider myself discharging a duty in giving you an inside history of the diocese of St. Joseph, especially as there seems to be a commotion in St. Joseph because I have appointed and ordained Father Ignatius as administrator in charge of the cathedral parish. It was a great surprise to me when, in 1868, I got a notification from the congregation of the propaganda at Rome that on Feb. 25th, previous, I was appointed bishop of the see at St. Joseph. When the surprise wore away, I began to study the reality. A bishop's see in St. Joseph, which had only one parish church, with division boundaries limited to a few counties in the least Catholic part of Missouri, only from four to five poor missions with a total Catholic population of about 3,000 or 4,000 souls; no cathedral, no bishop's house, no decent houses for the clergy, no seminary, no students, no means, no hopes of increasing the population, for the public lands had long before all been sold. I dared not face so wholly a hopeless task. I was called on again and again to submit myself. It was only after the September following that I could bring myself to consent to be a victim. I was consecrated about the middle of September, and had to depend on the alms especially collected for the occasion, to buy some necessaries, sacred vestments, and to pay for my hack hire to the depot. The railroad companies always took me as a poor missionary over their railroad lines free of charge. I entered St. Joseph under these circumstances. You remember the time. I need not speak to you now about the poor church that was before me, or the shabby, dirty house for myself, priests and servants to huddle in together. The worst of all was how to get priests. The church commands bishops to have a seminary of their own and to personally inspect and superintend the bringing up of students for the sacred ministry. St. Joseph had no seminary, no students, no place for educating priests, no Catholic parents sending their sons who were willing to pay for their education for the priesthood. I had no means for getting priests but such as offered themselves. I did not know then as now what by bitter experience I know too well, that priests ordained for and belonging to a diocese do not leave it except through compulsion or expulsion, especially when the change is from a rich to a poor diocese. Such expelled priests are a happy riddance to bishops they have grieved and parishes they have scandalized, but they are a withering curse to bishops and parishes compelled to have their services. It is true a bishop never receives a priest from another diocese without a recommendation from the former bishop, but the former bishops are generally heart sore from scandals, vexations and troubles, and have no objection whatever to have trouble removed from their own doors, and also in their charity for erring priests, in their written recommendations of them they give them honorable mention for every good quality they have, but never mention their faults, hoping that priests, when they get a new place and get another opportunity to do good, will avoid the faults that got them into trouble before. But alas, human nature is weak, and when temptations come again they are yielded to, and thus it is that in trying to pardon and lift up erring men we have only to get them into deeper disgrace, and give them opportunity to disgrace themselves more and more, and to carry and spread disgrace from diocese to diocese and from parish to parish. In this way priests are known to go from Ireland to England, and thence to Australia, and thence to America through the United States from one diocese to another, pardoned by one bishop, exhorted by another, to no purpose but to spread quarrels, contentions and scandals through the church of our Blessed Redeemer. I will give you some examples:

1869. Received in St. Joseph diocese Rev. Michael Haley, priest of diocese of Cloyne, tried in diocese of Buffalo and failed, as he had failed in Cloyne. Recommended from diocese of Buffalo to diocese of St. Joseph. In diocese of St. Joseph (Brookfield mission) constantly drunk; once made an assault on a female. Got sick, was taken into sisters' hospital, Felix street, St. Joseph, and died there in 1870.

1869. Received into the diocese of St. Joseph, Rev. P. McGinnis (Breckenridge mission), constantly drunk. Belonged to diocese of Dubuque. Sent out of diocese of St. Joseph in 1870.

1869. Received in diocese of St. Joseph, Francis O'Reilly,



Cubans who were friends of the Americans, being spirited away by priests after night.

student, recommended by priests of St. Louis. O'Reilly had been a student in Cleveland. No cause assigned for leaving Cleveland. After ordination had charge of Plattsburg mission. Was constantly drunk. Afterward got permission to go in the Newark, N. J., diocese; there got publicly drunk and had to be put into a hospital asylum. Is now going around from city to city a drunken wreck.

1869. Received into the diocese of St. Joseph, Rev. George Turk from diocese of St. Louis. Got charge of Conception mission. Was constantly drunk. Got the people of his congregation fighting each other and going to law with each other, fighting at church on Sundays, lawing each other the remainder of the week in court.

I can not give you a history of each individual case of misfortune and of crime. The recital would be too long, and often too shameful in detail. I mention names and dates only of a few:

1869. Rev. Herguemoether, Carrollton, dismissed 1871.
1870. Heffinger, Carrollton, dismissed 1872.
1870. Rev. Foley, Liberty, dismissed 1871.
1870. Drohan, dismissed 1872.
1870. Seebold, Weston, dismissed 1873.
1870. Gotagh, Maryville, dismissed 1870.
1871. Saigmule, cathedral, dismissed 1872.
1871. J. Jacobs, cathedral, dismissed 1872.
1871. H. Jacobs, dismissed 1872.
1871. Steindle, Brunswick, dismissed 1872.
1872. McMahon, Weston, dismissed 1872.
1873. Jerre Murphy, commissioned land jobber, dismissed 1874.

1875. Zwyte, Saxton, dismissed 1878.
1875. Munt, cathedral, dismissed 1878.
1876. A. Here, Plattsburg, dismissed 1877.
1876. Gealin, cathedral, dismissed 1877.
1876. Herbert, cathedral, dismissed 1877.
1876. Kiley, cathedral, dismissed 1877.

The constant, shameful, public, sacrilegious, drunkenness of the last three named priests, who were by my side at the cathedral determined me to wipe them and their kind out of my jurisdiction.

Herbert, after repeated drunkenness, went into a spree for a week in my house; was in the house, broke out at night, got into a house of disreputable women in his drunkenness, and was thrown out into the street, picked up drunk, recognized and taken into a house and made sober, and was put into a carriage and taken to my house.

That evening Gealin and Kiley were told by me to prepare for the proper celebration of the feast of patronage of St. Joseph for Easter Sunday. On Saturday night they stayed up all night, drinking, carousing and shouting. Kiley fell down, blackened and almost broke his face in falling. Of course, the two sacrilegious priests said mass the next day, and Kiley went into the pulpit and preached, with his blackened and bruised face, to the people of the cathedral. This was on the feast of the diocese and of the universal church. It was time for me to begin a reformation, and before God I made the following resolutions:

First, not to take a priest of any other diocese into mine, even though his bishop would recommend him. Bishops are all charitable and often recommend a person for what virtues he had and do not mention his faults, besides good priests are not known to leave their diocese and go elsewhere.

Second, never to receive into my diocese a person who had belonged to another diocese and had left or was dismissed, even if he had a recommendation.

Third, never to receive into my diocese a student belonging to another diocese who had left or been dismissed, even if he was recommended.

Fourth, never to admit to the priesthood a Christian member or a lay member of any order who had left or was dismissed by that order, even if recommended.

Under these rules my diocese began to prosper, and I hope in good time prosperity with the foregoing rules put in execution.

I am now very careful, or as careful as I can possibly be, in selecting young priests, and herein again I am at the mercy of those who are inexperienced and too easy and indulgent in recommending students for ordination. I allude to superiors of seminaries, who, though pious and wise men, lack experience which bishops have.

It is a bishop's duty to know his students well and personally, if he can before ordaining them. This I can not do, because my diocese is too remote to build and maintain a seminary.

My seminaries are either in Ireland, Canada or the eastern states, and I must depend on the judgment of priests in charge of these seminaries to send me good men.

Often, also, they send out young men, priests poorly educated, but pious, awkward countrymen and with many defects, in such cases setting complaint between them and their congregations over whom, in God's name, I must place them for better or for worse.

From the foregoing you must see how trying and harassing it is to live the life of a bishop, whom the world regards as not only a happy man, but as a man who has an easy time of it, nothing in fact to do but sit and enjoy himself. Why I mention all this is to show you under what straits one is put to get priests, and I appointed Father Ignatius to the Cathedral, not that I prefer a German or a Swiss to a man of my own faithful Ireland, but because the sons of St. Patrick had for a time forgotten themselves, and, before God, and answerable to Him, I had no better to go to St. Joseph cathedral than Father Ignatius, for St. Joseph parish, and I want you and your friends to do nothing to oppose my work, which is God's work.

When God gives me, in His holy adorable providence, a favorable opportunity to supply St. Joseph cathedral with a better priest than Father Ignatius, I will send him in God's name, but Father Ignatius is, as far as I know, a good priest, and I do not know anything to the contrary. No one has accused him to me of neglect of duty, and therefore I can not throw him out of a place to make way for men of whom I know nothing at all. Therefore I send them back in God's name, and I ask of you, my dear friends, that kindness that may draw children in Christ and whom I love tenderly, and to receive him in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of our Redeemer.

Please pardon me, my dear sir, for this very hastily written letter. Indeed, I have very much to do, not even time for all crosses and duties, and besides, to care for my immortal soul, my own immortal imperishable soul; for if I lose my soul what can I gain?

My secretary might have written this letter more carefully to you, as I am so pressed for time, but this matter is too much between ourselves that I would not entrust it to him.

Begging your prayers for myself and all my charge, I remain, very truly and sincerely,

Your humble servant,

JOHN J. HOGAN, Bishop.

Such, dear reader, is the character of the Romish priesthood, who, in their office of confessor, comes between you and your wife, between mother and daughter, and who profess to forgive their sins, though they may become "his accomplice in sin."

The St. Joseph and Kansas City diocese, of which John Hogan was bishop, is no exception. We could fill a chapter with the names of priests in the United States, whose sins of seduction, rape, alienating wife from husband, eloping with other men's wives, etc., would confirm beyond all doubt, the fact that the diocese of which Hogan was bishop is above the average in moral purity.

But how could it be otherwise? They know nothing of a change of heart. Their only preparation for the office of the priesthood is drinking from that filthy and putrid cesspool of moral rottenness prepared for them by the devil himself, through human agencies. The God who said "Blessed are the pure in heart" has no part, no lot in the matter, and with a corrupt nature continually fed and nourished upon a diet of moral putridity, it is no wonder that the Romish priest is a living, moving impersonation of all that is corrupt. There are doubtless exceptions to this rule, but, to say the least, it is at great peril that you turn away from the word of God and His revealed truth, and accept a Romish priest as your spiritual guide called religion incompatible with, not only the ten commandments, but with every phase of moral precept given us by the incarnate Savior. We would not argue that, because a few or many priests, bishops and popes are bad that the system necessarily is bad; but when we study the system itself, we see that there is no soundness in it. A system to be true must be truthful, and must hold the truth as sacred above everything else, even above the system itself. This we find is not true of Romanism.

Chapter X.

Why Priests Should Marry.

You cannot find a priest's residence but what he has from one to half a dozen female housekeepers, and always the majority of them are fair of face and form. If some bright morning you would learn that your near neighbor was living with one or more females, neither of which was related to him, your indignation would know no bounds, then why should you sit idly by and allow a Catholic priest to live in open violation to every rule of moral and natural law. It is our duty to write what we believe to be right in the eyes of God, and not from a love of obscenity, but because Americans owe it to themselves to read what shall be written, and, if they choose and will, *to read between the lines as well.* Naturally, one recoils from such a work as this. There is nothing in it but a record of shame and sorrow. It is uncovering the sewer of our American life, and showing what is being dumped into it of badness from beyond the sea. It opens the dark passages of European life, and reveals the priesthood to the eyes of all, not alone as they have long been seen in Rome, in

Italy, Spain, France and elsewhere, but as they are living in our midst, as they have had power to live in the Old World, and be the pestilence of Christianity, the plague-spot of morality, and the outrageous exception to much they might be and ought to have been. Paul described them as men "who love themselves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, without natural affection, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof; from such turn away. For of this sort are they which destroy homes. If a marriage is a sacred compact for man and woman to enter into, and this compact is sacred enough to be solemnized by a priest, it must be a strange compact if it is not holy and good enough for a priest. When the time comes for me to publicly announce that the holy bonds of matrimony that my dear father and mother entered into is unclean and not good and sacred enough for a priest, then may the good Lord that rules the universe dry up every drop of vitality that is in my body. The world knows that here is nothing more liable to tempt woman to fall than familiarity, and familiarity ripens quicker, and the bud is more easily plucked when left alone to commune with one another, with the assurance that no human ear shall hear what is said. When one goes to a priest to confess, they are entirely alone; no ear is near to hear what is said. The priest knows full well that he has the subject completely under his power, for their education from infancy has been that *priests can not sin;* therefore, he relies implicitly upon their ignorance, and does not hesitate to ask any question that the devil may prompt him to do. Imagine, if you can, the influence a lustful priest must have upon a woman who believes in the purity of that priest, and actually believes that it is an impossibility for him to sin. The confessional places the penitent and priest ear to ear, breath to breath, eye to eye, lip to lip, if he pleases.

There were none of them in the Romish church in Albany, and these priests had to hear confessions in the sacristy of the church. This is a small room back of the altar, in which the eucharist, containing, according to the Romish belief, the real body and blood of Christ, is kept while mass is not celebrating in the chapel. This room is always fastened by a lock and key of the best workmanship, and the key kept by the priest day and night. In the sacristy, containing the wafer, which the priests blasphemously adore, the lecherous priests committed habitually those acts of immorality and crime. If this was so in Albany in 1845, why may it not be so there and elsewhere at this hour? Do Americans think at all of that state of society which exists in this country where priests rule? Popery has not to be in the ascendant in this country, that priests may rule. Who interferes with their damnable acts? Romanists on the jury refuse to convict a priest. Women uphold him in wrong-doing. No matter what he does, he goes back to his altar and to his adulteries and debaucheries, and Americans say it is none of their business. But it is their business. Sin, palliated and condoned, lowers the standard of morality, and injures society. The loose idea of marriage and wedlock come largely from the influence exerted by priests. If a priest can take a man's wife to his room, or to a hotel, and enjoy her society, a husband can do the same. It is pitiable; it is terrible; and there must be an appeal and a remedy.

One sabbath afternoon, in Music Hall, a converted nun

A Philippine beauty, who entices tourists and men of means into the residences of Native Friars, and by the help of these Friar Priests are made drunk and robbed.

handed in this request: "Pray for my poor, benighted relations who are yet in the bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness. My poor little niece, who is now in Boston, out of work, was put into a convent when three years of age, and has been since then the mother of two children before she was nineteen years of age, one living and one dead. She was living with a priest when these children were born; is now turned out upon the world, without work, without a home, and can neither read nor write." This is but a specimen of hundreds of letters which reveal the extent of this iniquity, about which the American people know so little, and care less. *The priest is in the way.*

In M. Michelet's "Auricular Confession and Direction," we find this:

"The family is in question; that home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied—do we find repose there? We must not dissimulate. We must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society, in the family circle, a serious dissension—nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

"We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances, on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart—on religion, on God, on the soul.

"Take the instant when you would find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table. There in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters. Your mother sadly shakes her head; your wife contradicts you; your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other alone.

"It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite you, sat *an invisible enemy* to contradict what you say.

"The invisible enemy here spoken of is the priest."

Is that true? If it is true, ought it to remain true?

God's Word says, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him." "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." "Wherefore [said Christ] they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Romanism sets aside all these commands. The priest comes between the man and his wife, between parents and their children. The relation is defiance of God's Word and the welfare of the home, and should be opposed and abrogated.

As confessor, the priest possesses the secret of a woman's soul: "He knows every half formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without fault, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a person, and is become a thing. The priest is the cause of all this, and is a plague."

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy. The history of its origin is a story of brutality seldom matched. Imagine the ministry of to-day compelled to separate from their wives; see them rated as bad; also from their children, and behold them rated as bastards. Can anything be more infamous, more cruel, more unnatural?

The battle against marriage in the priesthood culminated in 1073, during the reign of Pope Gregory VII, known as Hildebrand. His character has been outlined by innumerable pens. His austere virtue, simple piety, vast knowledge, and ability to rule men; his well-known intrepidity, which seemed to delight in confronting the most powerful; a stern singleness of purpose, and yet a subtle policy which bordered on craft, gave him the support and confidence of those who were ruled by his imperious will.

The object he had in view was the absolute independency of the clergy and of the Pope; of the great prelates throughout Latin Christianity, down to the lowest functionary, whose person was to become sacred. The clergy were to become a separate and inviolable caste. It is a sad story. Who can depict the bitterness and the sorrow of heart, when husbands and fathers were compelled by a cruel edict to separate from wives and children, in opposition to the teachings of Scripture and the promptings of human nature? The act was cruelty personified. No wonder that some of the wives committed suicide, others died in their beds from grief or by their own hands, and others fought for their rights against fearful odds. With many of the clergy, it was a matter of deliberate conviction that they ought to marry, founded not only on the authority of the Apostle Paul, on the usage of the primitive Church justified by the law of Eastern Christendom, and asserted to rest on a conscientious assurance of the evils resulting from enforced celibacy. They believed that marriage was God's own appointment for man's true happiness, the propagation of the race; and the propensity to obey that law is so strong, that, without compliance, health is impaired, morality is weakened, and the voice of religion is disobeyed. It is a well-established fact that health, the foundation of happiness, is best insured by the marriage relation. There is a mysterious magnetic bond which binds husband and wife together, unknown to those in celibacy—like the needle to the pole it rules—and is explained by saying, it is the law of God.

"Celibacy leaves men and women liable in daily intercourse to be enticed, drawn magnetically by natural impulses into the vortex of animal passions, which, unrestrained, become sin of a corroding and deadly nature, proving clearly it is not good for man to be alone, and that to obey God's law is the sure path to true happiness as surely as sunshine produces health and growth."

The unmarried confessor has been set forth by Paul Louis Courier in words that ought to be read and pondered.

"What a life, what a condition, is that of our priests! Love is forbidden them—marriage especially: women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in confidential, intimate privity of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he, indeed? Is he not tonsured? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, her passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five and twenty!

"To confess a woman! Imagine what it is. At the end of a church a species of closet, or sentry box, is erected against the wall, where the priest awaits, in the evening after vespers, his young penitent, whom he loves, and who knows it: love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there—his character of priest, his education, his vows. . . I reply that there is no vow that holds good; that every village *curé,* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise; and, if you contest this, I will say more still; and that is, that he loves them all—those, at least, of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious wife, if it were not for the Pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and, sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man, the poison of her eyes.

"Now I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps, and can say, *It is she,* what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, mere resolutions, are here of little use without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint; unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but, if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already, unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, sir, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation for your daughter or your wife, and such a man? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs, as sole witnesses, they talk—of what? alas! Of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in low voice; and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

"Do you think I invent? This scene takes place such as I describe it; is renewed daily by thousands of young priests, with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men; whom they confess in this manner, because they are priests; and whom they do not marry, because the Pope is opposed to it.

"The priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an *équivoque*—the mystic language of religion; and what guilt is shrouded under this *équivoque,* the history of the priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour, c'est faire l'amour.* To speak love is to make love, especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, and who says: 'God hears you through me; through me He will reply.' This man whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her boudoir, and there submitted to his direction; this man, whom she worships—is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!"

Llorente (sec. 111, ch. 88, art. 2, ed. 1817) relates that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a Capuchin was brought before that tribunal who directed a community of béguines, and had seduced nearly all of them by persuading them that, by yielding to his solicitations, they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them, in the confessional, that he had received from God a singular favor. "Our Lord," he said, "has deigned to show himself to me in the sacrament, and has said to me: 'Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one (the Capuchin named her to whom he spoke.) She is already so perfect that she has conquered every passion except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of by thee. She need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' "

"Out of seventeen béguines, of which the community was composed, the intrepid Capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time; but at last one of them fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it."

"I remember," said Llorente, "having said to him: 'But

Father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four who were ugly and old?' He coolly replied: 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.' "

The same author, in the same chapter, while reproaching Protestants with having exaggerated the corruptions of confessors, avows that "in the sixteenth century the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors; but the denunciations were so numerous that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncement."

It was William Hogan who said: "The title of Christian land should not be given to this nor to any country which permits the cowl to shelter adulteries of this sort. Are the sons of freemen," he asks, "required to countenance, nay, asked to build impassable walls around, a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign monks and priests, who choose to come among us and erect little fortifications, which they call nunneries, for their protection, and for the gratification of their passions? Shall they own, by law and by charter, places where to bury, hidden from the public eye, the victims of their lust, and the murdered offspring of their concupiscence? Beware, Americans! There are bounds beyond which sinners cannot go. Bear in mind the fact that the same God who can limit the sphere of an individual's crimes, can also limit those of a nation. You have flourished. Take heed lest you begin to decay before you come to full maturity. Already can I see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the fair face of America; already can I see a demon bird of ill omen, plunging its poisoned beak into the very vitals of your national existence, stopping here, and stopping there, only to dip his wings in the life-stream of your natinal existence, with the sole view of giving its speed more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth of your country."

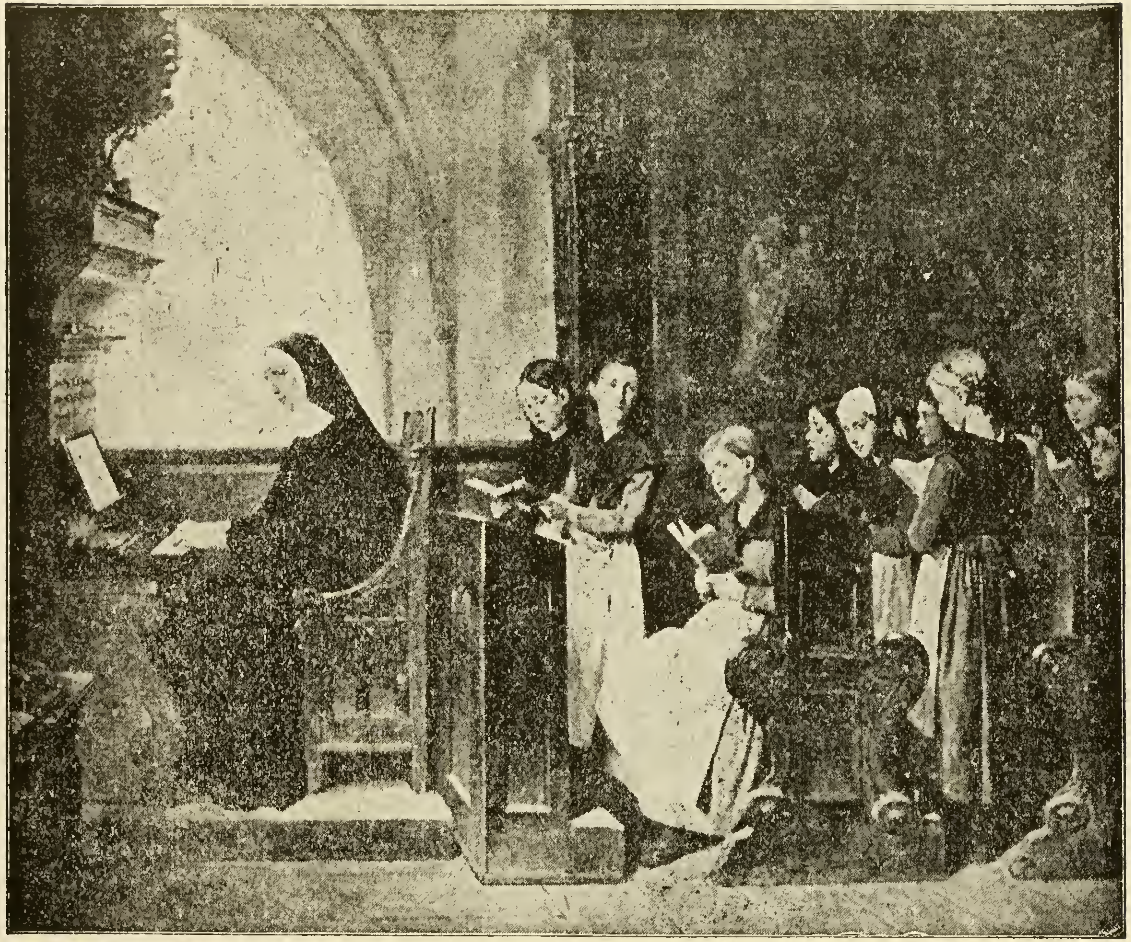
The decay of nations is brought about by infidelity to the God of nations; and how can this country prosper if it aids Popery with its idolatries? It cannot be. A nation, to prosper, must be *rectus in curia,* right at least before God. The warning is needed. Will it be heeded?

In turning thought to the history of the fight for the celibacy of the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, one is impressed with the truth that what is unwritten and is known only to God, and is remembered by him, is far more terrible and atrocious than what is written. Up to the present time no one has dared put into English the truth concerning celibacy. It blackens the page of history, it degrades peoples, curses the home, and spreads its blight over every hope and aspiration of those who rest under its shadow, or are afflicted by its presence.

Celibacy is in direct antagonism to the teachings of the word of God. That ought to be sufficient with people who believe that the word of God is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path.

"A bishop," says Paul, "must be blameless, the husband of one wife." In the Douay Version is this not on the words, "the husband *of one wife.*" The meaning is, *"that no one should be admitted to the holy orders of bishop, priest, or deacon, who had been married more than once."* Then, surely, it is not the meaning that a bishop, priest, or deacon should never be married. Peter led about a wife. For more than three centuries every pastor of the Church was allowed to marry.

Pope Siricius, 384-398, first enjoined the celibacy of the



A Sister of the Catholic Church teaching Parish children whose parents have never been known, but who have come into the world in a most mysterious manner, as far as the outside world is concerned.

clergy, and attempted to harden into inflexible statute that which had been left before to usage and opinion. Marriage was by him interdicted, and he wrote in the tone of one who supposed the usages of the Church of Rome were to be received as those of Christendom. This law, while it implied the ascendency of monastic opinions, showed likewise that there was a large part of the clergy who could only be coerced into celibacy by law. Temporary concessions were made to those who confessed it was a fault, but pleaded ignorance of the statute. This law was one of the characteristics of Latin Christianity. It separated the sacerdotal order from the rest of society, from the common human sympathies, interests and affections. It justified them to themselves in assuming a dignity superior to the rest of mankind, and secured their title to enforce acknowledgment and reverence for that superior dignity. The monastic principle, admitting virtually, at least, almost to its full extent, the Manichæan tenet of the innate sinfulness of all sexual intercourse as partaking of the inextinguishable impurity of matter, was gradually wrought into the general feeling.

Whether marriage was treated as in itself an evil, perhaps to be tolerated, but still degrading to human nature, as by Jerome and the more ascetic teachers; or honored, as by Augustine, with specious adulation, only to exalt virginity to a still loftier height above it—the clergy were taught to assert it at once as a privilege, as a distinction, as the consummation and the testimony to the sacredness of their order. Notwithstanding this, the celibacy of the clergy was openly opposed. In some regions the married clergy formed the majority, and, always supporting married bishops by their suffrages and influence, kept up a formidable succession. Throughout the whole period, from Pope Siricius to the Reformation, the law was defied, infringed, eluded.

"The married clergy were the more moral, though accused of living in concubinage." This was the least evil.

Celibacy, which was the vital energy of the clergy, was, at the same time, their fatal irremediable weakness. One-half, at least a large portion, of humankind could not cease to be humankind. The universal voice, which arraigns the state of morals as regards sexual intercourse among the clergy, is not that of their enemies only; it is their own. The unmarried clergy were distinguished for their licentiousness. "Henry, Bishop of Liège, was a monster of depravity. His lust was promiscuous. He kept as a concubine a Benedictine abbess. He boasted in a public banquet that in twenty-two months he had fourteen children born. This was not the worst; there was foul incest, and with nuns."

Hardly less repulsive, in some respect more so, as it embraces the clergy and some of the converts of a whole province, is the disclosure, as undeniable and authentic, of sacerdotal morals, in the Register of the Visitations of Eudes Rigaud, Archbishop of Rouen, from 1248-1269. There is one convent of females which might almost have put Boccaccio to the blush. Nepotism became at once the strength and the infirmity, the glory and shame, of the Papacy. This is not different at this hour. In one of our cities, as terrible charges are made against a late bishop as any that were brought against the Bishop of Liège. It is painful to reflect at how early a period unscriptural notions in relation to celibacy and marriage began to prevail among the professed followers of Christ. These unscriptural opinions were owing in part to the superstitious notions which began to prevail at a very early period, in relation to the influence of malignant demons. It was the general opinion that married men were more under their influence than celibates. The natural consequence was, unmarried men were regarded as far more suitable for the office of the sacred ministry than such as had contracted the defilement of matrimony.

Clement of Alexandria protested against this shocking fanaticism, pointing it out as a characteristic of Antichrist, and of the apostasy of the latter days, that there should be those who would forbid to marry, and command to abstain from meats. "What!" says he, "may not self-command be preserved under the conditions of married life? *May not marriage be used, and yet continence be respected, without our attempting to sever that which the Lord hath joined? God allows every man, whether he be bishop, priest, or deacon, to be the husband of one wife, and to use matrimony, and not be liable to censure."*

The fight in England was terrific. In 960 the former Abbot of Glastonbury was made Archbishop of Canterbury, and, assured of the favor of King Edgar, prepared to execute the grand design which he had long meditated—of compelling the secular canons to put away their wives, and become monks; or of driving them out, and introducing Benedictine monks in their room. With this view he procured the promotion of his intimate friend, Oswald, to the See of Worcester, and of Ethelwald to that of Winchester—two prelates who were themselves monks, and animated with the most ardent zeal for the advancement of their order. The trio of bishops, the great champions of the monks, and enemies of the married clergy, now proceeded by every possible method of fraud or force, to drive the married clergy out of all the monasteries, or compel them to put away their wives and children. Rather than consent to the latter, by far the greatest number chose to become beggars and vagabonds, for which the monkish historians gave them the most opprobrious of names. To countenance these cruel and tyrannical proceedings, Dunstan and his associates held up the married clergy as monsters of wickedness for cohabiting with their wives, magnified celibacy as the only state becoming the sanctity of the sacerdotal office, and propagated a thousand lies of miracles and visions to its honor. In 969 a commission was granted to expel the married canons out of all the cathedrals and larger monasteries. At this time King Edgar made a flaming speech, in which he thus addressed Dunstan: "I know, O holy father Dunstan! that you have not encouraged these criminal practices of the clergy. You have reasoned, entreated, threatened. From words it is now time to come to blows. All the power of the crown is at your command. Strike boldly; drive these irregular livers out of the Church of Christ, and introduce others who will live according to rule." "And yet this furious champion for chastity had, some time before the delivery of this harangue, ravished a nun, a young lady of noble birth and great beauty, at which his holy father confessor was so much offended, that he enjoined him, by way of penance, not to wear his crown for seven years; to build a nunnery, and to persecute the married clergy with all his might,—a strange way of making atonement for his own libertinism, by depriving others of their natural rights and liberties."

The history of clerical celibacy may be divided into two periods. The one begins with the edict of Siricius in 385, and ends at the popedom of Gregory. The other commences with the papacy of Gregory, and continues until the present time.

It will be noticed that celibacy produces contamination and pollution. The very effort to abstain from it produces a morbid feeling which absorbs the thought, and inflames the passions. Hence the difference in the appearance of priests of Rome and ministers of Christ. In the confessional, in the convent, and in the home, a priest is a conspirator against virtue, and the ally of all that is debasing. Hence priests should wed. In Milan, Italy, the battle was even more fierce than in England. Ambrose led in it. He was respected by all, and loved by the majority, of priests and people. The priests, as a rule, stood with him, and resisted to the death the decree commanding them to break up their homes, and permit their wives to be called harlots and their children bastards. Because of this fact, the clergy of that famed portion of the church held a proud place in the regard of mankind.

It would be well if the laity of the Roman Catholic Church would turn their attention to that page of history. They would behold the benefits resulting from the marriage of the priesthood. The men of the Roman Catholic Church owe it to themselves, to their position as the God-appointed head of the home, to see to it that the command, "Let no one come between husband and wife," be obeyed, and that the priest who has crept into the home, and held possession of the secrets of the household, be shut out from the sanctuary of the affections.

Edgar, in his "Variations of Popery," uncovers the dark and the dirty side of the celibacy of the clergy. He says, "The celibacy of the clergy has for a long series of time been established in the Romish communion. The bishop, the priest, and the deacon are, in the popish theology, forbid to marry. This connection is indeed allowed to the laity. The institution in the system of Catholicism is accounted a sacrament, and therefore the sign and means of grace and holiness. The Council of Trent, in its twenty-fourth session, declares this ceremony one of the sacraments, by which, according to its seventh session, all real righteousness is begun and augmented." But, wonderful to tell, the Council, as well as the Catechism, prescribes, in sheer inconsistency, a renunciation of an institution which conveys true sancity, as a necessary qualification for the priesthood.

The advocates of Romanism, however, vary on the decision of the question whether this celibacy be a divine, or human, or even useful, injunction. One party in the popish community account the interdiction a divine appointment. These make the prohibition a matter of faith and moral obligation, which, unlike a question of mere discipline, neither the Pope nor the universal Church can change or modify. Commanded by God, and sanctioned by His almighty fiat, no earthly power can repeal the enactment, which, according to this system, must remain forever without alteration. This opinion was patronized by Jerome, Siricius, Innocent, and others. A second party reckons the celibacy of the clergy a human institution. These in general *esteem the prohibition a question not of faith, but of discipline, prescribed not by God, but by man, and capable of being altered, or even repealed, by human authority.* Aquinas, Bellarmine, Bossuet, Du Pin, Milner, and others supported this view.

A third party account sacerdotal celibacy not only unecclesiastical, inhuman, but useless and hurtful. The opposition to the prohibition, even in the bosom of the Romish communion, has in every age been persevering and powerful. The privation has been discountenanced by many of the ablest patrons of Romanism, such as Erasmus, Polydorus, Alvarus, and Pius. The celibacy of the clergy, says Pius the Second, is supported by strong reasons, but opposed by stronger. The edicts of Siricius and Innocent, by which the privation was first enforced, were rejected by many of the clergy. Gregory's tyranny on this topic met with decided hostility. Many chose to renounce the priesthood rather than submit to pontifical despotism, violate their conjugal engagements, or relinquish the object of their affections.

The German emperor and clergy supplicated Pius IV. for a repeal of the enactments against sacerdotal matrimony, and supported their petition with the most irrefragable arguments, such as the novelty of privation, and its dreadful consequences on morality.

Augustine, the Bavarian ambassador at Trent, petitioned against clerical celibacy, which he declared was not of divine right as commanded by God. His speech on the occasion met, even in the Council of Trent, with attention and even applause. The French king and clergy at Paissy issued a similar petition to the Pope in 1561, saying, "Many of the popish errors, indeed, may, in theory, be absurd as clerical celibacy. But none in practice has been attended with such odious and appalling effects in the demoralization of man." The rankest and most disgusting debauchery, originating in the unnatural interdiction, has, in the Romish communion, disgraced sacerdotal dignity, and stained the annals of civil and ecclesiastical history.

"The celibacy of the clergy, in all its forms, is a variation from the Jewish theocracy delivered in the Old Testament. The

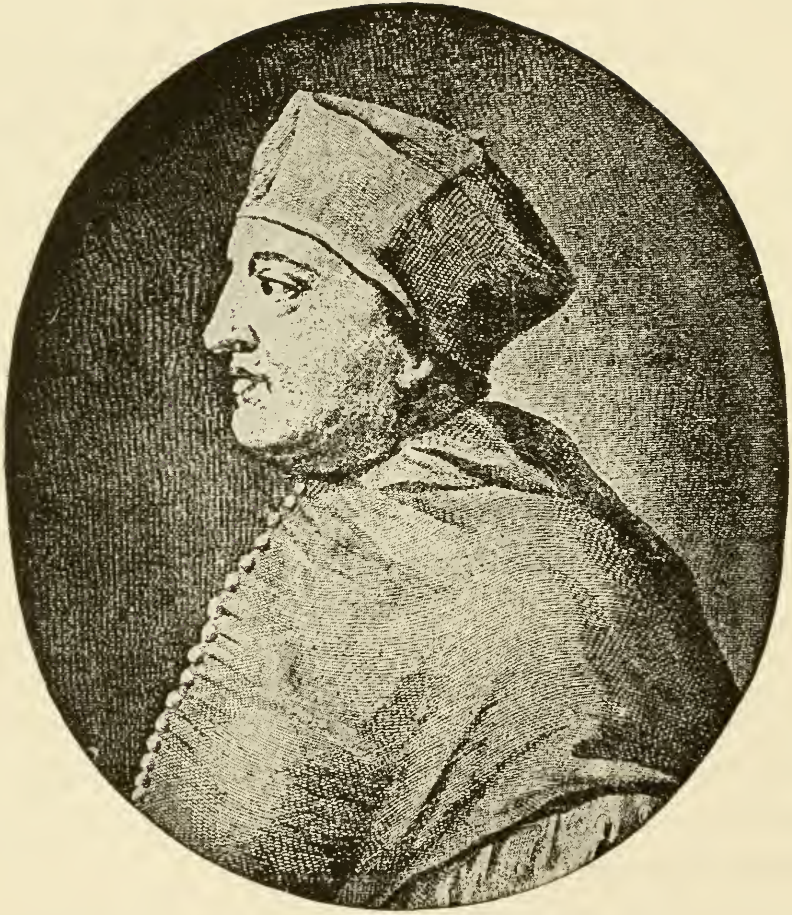
Jews countenanced neither celibacy nor maidenhood, and the Jewish nation contained neither unmatrimonial priests nor cloistered nuns. The patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were married, and had a numerous offspring. Prior to Moses, the first-born of the Hebrews possessed both civil and ecclesiastical authority, and was prince and priest, but was not debarred connubial enjoyments. Moses, the celebrated legislator of Israel, was married, and had a family. The holy prophets of Palestine, such as Noah, Joseph, Samuel, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel, formed this connection, and became the parents of sons and daughters. The Levitical priesthood were allowed the same liberty. Matrimony among the Israelitish clergy could hardly be called a permission, but amounted in one sense to a command. The priesthood among the descendants of Abraham was hereditary. The sons of the Aaronical priests succeeded, in consequence of their birthright, to the administration of the sacerdotal functions." This implied marriage and children.

The Christian dispensation affords express precept and example for the marriage of the clergy. Paul, addressing Timothy and Titus, represents the bishop as *"the husband of one wife."* The same is said of the deacon. Matrimony, therefore, according to the book of God, does not disqualify for the episcopacy or the deaconship. The inspired penman also characterizes "forbidding to marry" as *the doctrine of devils.* The interdiction of the conjugal union, according to apostolical authority, emanated not from God, but from Satan. The prohibition, and its effects upon the Romish clergy, are worthy of their author. All who are acquainted with manuals of sacerdotal celibacy reflect with disgust on an institution which in its progress has been marked with scenes of filthiness that have disgraced ecclesiastical history, the popish priesthood, and our common species. "Take away honorable wedlock," says Bernard, *"and you will fill the Church with fornication, incest, sodomy, and all pollution."* Erasmus, who was well acquainted with its effects, compared it to a pestilence. These authors have drawn the evil with the pencil of truth, and emblazoned the canvas with a picture taken from life. The apostles have left examples as well as precepts in favor of matrimony. All the apostles, says Ambrosius, except Paul and John, were married. The Saviour healed the mother of Peter's wife, the pretended vicegerent of heaven. Tradition favors the marriage of the clergy. The interdiction of sacerdotal matrimony is unknown to the oldest monuments of the Church, the mouldering fragments of Christian antiquity, and the primeval records of ecclesiastical history. No vestige of the prohibition is to be found in the long lapse of three hundred years after the era of redemption. Clemens, the catechist of Alexandria, says, "God allows every man, whether priest, deacon, or layman, to be the husband of one wife, and to use matrimony without reprehension. What can the enemy of matrimony say against procreation when it is permitted to a bishop, who ruleth well his own house, and who governs the church?"

Origen abstained from matrimony, and used a remedy in his own person, contrary to all law human and divine.

"The fifth apostolical canon pronounces excommunication, and, in case of contumacy, deposition, against the bishop, priest, or deacon, who, under pretext of religion, puts away his wife."

Because of the march of superstition, celibacy obtained in the West, though always rejected in Eastern Christendom. Cler-



Bishop Martiltomi, of the Philippine Islands, who is reported to be worth $3,000,000, while the blind and ignorant inhabitants who support him in lordly style live in hovels without the commonest necessaries of life, and are treated by this heartless Bishop with no more consideration than a beast of burden.

ical celibacy is the child not of religion or Christianity, but of superstition and policy. Its votaries in every age have, by an affected singularity and ascetic contempt of pleasure, continued to attract the eye of superstition, deceive themselves, or amuse a silly world. Austerity of life, and abstinence from lawful as well as unlawful gratifications, the heathen accounted the summit of perfection. The Romans, though their Pontifex Maximus was a married man, had their vestal virgins who possessed extraordinary influence and immunity. The admiration of virginity began at an early period in Christianity. The reason of this arose from the difficulty of abstinence. Virginity, Jerome admits, "is difficult, and therefore rare."

"The monk of Palestine was a living example of this difficulty. Sitting, the companion of scorpions, in a frightful solitude, parched with the rays of the sun, clothed in sackcloth, pale with fasting, and quenching his thirst only from the cold spring; the saint, in his own confession, wept and groaned while his blood boiled with the flames of licentiousness. Bernard prescribes fasting as a necessary remedy for the wantonness of the flesh and the inflammation of the blood. Chrysostom makes similar concessions of difficulty. The passion, indeed, which prompts the matrimonial union, being necessary for the continuation of the species, has by the Creator been deeply planted in the breast, and forms an essential part of the constitution. The prohibition is high treason against the laws of God, and open rebellion against the springtide of human nature, and the full flow of human affection. An attempt, therefore, to stem the irresistible current, must ever recoil with tremendous effect on its authors. But the affectation of singularity, the show of sanctity, and the profession of extraordinary attainments, which outrage the sentiments of nature, will, like, Phaeton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun, attract the gaze of the spectator, gain the applause of superstition, and figure in the annals of the world."

"Jerome and Chrysostom say that continency may always be obtained by prayer. Others, to counteract the movements of the flesh, cased the body in steel, put on sackcloth, ran to the mountains, spent night and day in fasting, vigils, and in all the rigor of severity. Shunning the company of women, the whole sex were forbidden access to their solitary retreat. All this self-mortification, however, could scarcely allay the rebellion of their blood."

The difficulty of continence, if reports may be credited, was not peculiar to Chrysostom's day. Succeeding saints felt the arduousness of the mighty attempt.

"The seraphic Francis, the father of Franciscans, who lived in the thirteenth century, though devoted to chastity, and brimful of the spirit, was, it seems, sometimes troubled with the movements of the flesh. An enemy that wrought within was difficult to keep in subjection. His saintship, on these occasions, adopted an effectual way of cooling this internal flame, and allaying the carnal conflict. He stood in winter to the neck in a pit full of icy water. One day, being attacked in an extraordinary manner by the demon of sensuality, he stripped naked, and belabored his importunate back with a disciplinarian whip; and then, leaving his cell, he buried his body, naked as he was, in a deep wreath of snow. The cold bath, the knotted thong, and the snowy bed were necessary for discharging the superabundant caloric of his saintship's constitution." This was when resistance was the rule. Now there is indulgence and prostitution.

"Godric, an English hermit, was troubled with the same complaint, and had recourse to the same remedy. He was a native of Norfolk, had visited Jerusalem, wept over the sacred sepulchre, and kissed, in holy devotion, the tomb of Emmanuel and the monument of redemption. He lived on the banks of the Werus, and was the companion of the bear and the scorpion, which were gentle and obliging to the man of God. But he had to contend, even in his solitude, with temptation. Satan, assuming the form of a lion or a wolf, endeavored to allure him from his duty. These outward trials, however, were nothing compared with the inward conflicts arising from the ferment of concupiscence and 'the lusts of the flesh.' He counteracted the rebellion of his blood, however, by the rigor of discipline. The cold earth was his only bed; and a stone, which he placed under his head, was his nightly pillow. The herb of the field and the water of the spring were his meat and drink, which he used only when compelled by the assault of hunger and thirst. Clothed in haircloth, he spent his days in tears and fasting. The hermit, with these applications in keeping the body under, used a sufficiently cooling regimen. During the wintry frost and snow, he immersed himself in the stream of Werus, where, pouring forth prayers and tears, he offered himself a living victim to God. The flesh, it is likely, after this nightly dip, was discharged of all unnecessary heat, and became duly cool. But the devil, it seems, played some pranks on the hermit, while he was enjoying the cold bath, and freezing his body for the good of his soul. Satan sometimes ran away with Godric's clothes, which were on the banks. But Godric terrified Beelzebub with shouts, so that, affrighted, he dropped his haircloth garment and fled."

Ulric's history is of a similar kind. He was born near Bristol, and fought the enemies of the human race for twenty years. He was visited, notwithstanding, with the demon of licentiousness. He fought the demon by the cold bath, and fasted till his skin was the only remaining covering of his bones. He nightly descended into a vessel filled with freezing water, and during the hours of darkness continued, in this comfortable place, which constituted his headquarters, to sing the Psalms of David.

"Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, required angelic aid to counteract the natural disposition of the mind, or rather of the flesh. He was born of a noble family, and enjoyed the benefit of a Parisian education. His friends opposed, but in vain, his resolution of immuring himself in the retreats of monkery. He resisted their attempts with signal success, though it seems not always with spiritual weapons. He chased one woman, who opposed his resolution, with a firebrand. 'The blessed youth,' says the Roman Breviary, 'praying on bended knees before the cross, was seized with sleep, and seemed, through a dream, to undergo a constriction of a certain part by angels, and lost from that time forward all sense of concupiscence.' His angelic saintship's natural propensity required supernatural power to restrain its fury. The grasp of angels was necessary to allay his carnality, and confer continence.

"Benedict, in his necessity, had recourse to a pointed remedy. This saint, like Aquinas, was born of a noble family. He was educated at Rome, and devoted himself wholly to religion or rather to superstition. He lived three years in a deep cave, and in his retreat wrought many miracles. 'He knocked the devil out of one monk with a blow of his fist, and out of another with the lash of his whip.' But Satan, actuated by malice, and envious of human happiness, appeared to Benedict in the form of a black bird, and renewed in his heart the image of a woman whom he had seen in Rome. The devil in this matter rekindled the torch of passion, and excited such a conflagration in the flesh, that the saint nearly yielded to the temptation. But he soon, according to Mabillon, discovered a remedy. Having undressed himself, he rolled his naked body on nettles and thorns, till the lacerated carcass through pain lost all sense of pleasure. The father of the Benedictines, it appears, had his own difficulty in attempting to allay the ferment of the flesh."

"An Irish priest actuated by a carnal propensity had recourse to a different remedy. The holy man lived near St. Patrick's purgatory in Ireland, and spent his days in official duty and in works of charity. Rising early each morning, he walked round the adjoining cemetery, and preferred his orisons for those whose mortal remains there mouldered in the clay, and mingled with their kindred dust. His devotion did not place him beyond the reach of temptation. Satan, envying his happiness, and hating his sanctity, tempted the priest in the form of a beautiful girl. He was near yielding to the allurement. He led the tempter into his bed-chamber; when, recollecting himself, he resolved to prevent the sinful gratification for the present and in futurity. He seized a scalpellum, and adopting, like Origen, the remedy of amputation, he incapacitated himself for such sensuality in time to come. Adhelm, bishop of Sherburn, had two ways of subduing the insurrections of the flesh. One consisted in remaining, during the winter, in a river which ran past his monastery. He continued for nights immersed in this stream, regardless of the icy cold. The frosty bath stopped the ebullition of his rebellious blood. The other remedy seems to have been rather a dangerous experiment. When the pulse began to beat high, his saintship called for a fair virgin, who lay in his bed until he sung the whole order of the Psalms, and overcame by this means the paroxysm of passion. The sacred music and this beautiful maid, who notwithstanding her virginity was very accommodating, soothed the irritation of the flesh, and castigated the oscillations of the pulse, till it beat with philosophical precision and Christian regularity."

A second reason for the preference of virginity arose from the supposed pollution of matrimony. Some have represented marriage as a means of purity, and some of pollution. Clemens, Augustine, Chrysostom, Calmet, and others speak of matrimony as an institution of holiness, sanctity, honor, and utility. The Council of Gangra anathematized all who should reproach wedlock, and this sentence has been incorporated into the canon law. Others have represented the popish sacrament, especially in the clergy, as an appointment of pollution and degradation.

Origen reckoned conjugal intercourse inconsistent with the presence of the Holy Spirit. Jerome, if possible, surpassed Origen in bitterness. Marriage, according to this casuist, effeminates the manly mind. "A man, says the monk, cannot pray unless he refrain from conjugal enjoyments."

"These theologians on this topic entertained the grossest conceptions. Their own filthy ideas rose no higher than the gratification of the mere animal passion, unconnected with refinement or delicacy. Their views on this subject were detached from all the comminglings of the understanding and the heart, and from all endearments of father, mother, and child. Their minds turned only on scenes of gross sensuality, unallied to any moral or sentimental feeling, and insulated from all the reciprocations of friendship or affection. Celibacy and virginity which were unassociated with their carnal gratifications, and which affected a superiority to their allurements, became, with persons of this disposition, the objects of admiration.'

"Matrimony, however, though it were gross as the conceptions of these authors, is far purer than their language. The sentiments and phraseology of the Roman saints on virginity are in point of obscenity beyond all competition." "These saints must have had a practical acquaintance with the subject, to which they have done so much justice in description. Speculation, without practice, would never have made them such adepts. Their sanctified contamination is so perfect in its kind, that it could not be the offspring of mere theory without action." This charge against their saintships may be substantiated by many quotations from their works, which, however, for the sake of decency is left in the obscurity of the original Greek and Latin, where it may stay. "The diction as well as the ideas of Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, and Basil, would call the burning blush of shame into the cheek of a Juvenal, a Horace, or an Ovid."

"Dens in modern times has outrun Basil and all the saints of antiquity on the stadium of nastiness. His Theology, in which contamination lives and breathes, is a treasury of filthiness which can never be surpassed. He has shown an unrivalled genius for impurity; and future discovery can, in this department of learning, never eclipse his glory, nor deprive this precious divine of his well-earned fame and merited immortality. The philosophy of Newton has been improved. His astronomy, notwithstanding its grandeur, has received many accessions from other discoverers. But the sublimated obscenity of Dens, finished in its kind, admits of no advancement or progression. This doctor does not bear his blushing honors alone. The popish prelacy of America, by adopting his refined speculations to promote the education of the priesthood, share in his triumphs; and the inferior clergy, who are doomed to study his divinity, will no doubt manifest the value of his system by the superiority of their theological and holy attainments."

"A third reason for the injunction of sacerdotal celibacy arose from the pontifical policy. Cardinal Rodolf, arguing in a Roman consistory in favor of clerical celibacy, affirmed that the priesthood, if allowed to marry, would transfer their attachment from the Pope to their family and prince; and this would tend to the injury of the ecclesiastical community. The holy see, the cardinal alleged, would by this means be soon limited to the Roman city. The Transalpine party in the Council of Trent used the same argument. The introduction of priestly matrimony, this faction urged, would sever the clergy from their close dependence on the popedom, and turn their affections to their family, and consequently to their king and country. Marriage connects men with their sovereign and *with the land of their nativity*. Celibacy, on the contrary, transfers the attention of the clergy from his Majesty and the state, to his Holiness and the Church. The man who has a wife and chidlren is bound by conjugal and paternal attachment to his country, and feels the warmest glow of parental love, mingled with the flame of patriotism. His interests and affections are intwined with the honor and prosperity of his native land; and this, in consequence, he will prefer to the aggrandizement of the Romish hierarchy or the grandeur of the Roman pontiff. The dearest objects of his heart are embraced in the soil that gave them birth, the people among whom they live, and the government that affords them protection."

"Celibacy, on the contrary, precludes all these engagements, and directs the undivided affection of the priesthood to the Church and its ecclesiastical sovereign. The clergy become dependent on the Pope rather than on their ruler, and endeavor to promote the prosperity of the papacy rather than their country. Such are not linked with the state by an offspring whose happiness is involved in the prosperity of the nation. Gregory VII, accordingly, the great enemy of kings, was the distinguished patron of sacerdotal celibacy. He succeeded, to a great extent, in the suppression of priestly marriages. He summoned a council, and issued canons, separating the married clergy from their partners, and forbidding the ordination of any who would not vow perpetual continence. He prohibited the laity from hearing mass when celebrated by a married priest. These enactments he enforced with his usual obstinancy and with his usual success. The laity seconded his efforts, and refused the communion and baptism from the married clergy."

Such, in brief, is the history of celibacy as recorded by different ecclesiastical historians. Celibacy is the Devil's own, and will hold its place until he is beaten and broken by the power of God. The effect on the clergy was terrible. The law ran counter to the tide of human nature and to the stream of human affection. The clergy, in many instances, resisted the mandate; and the exaction of obedience became a difficult task. A variety of plans were invented to evade or violate its severity. One variety took the name of domesticism.

"This consisted in keeping female inmates in the dwellings of the priests. These were women devoted in profession, though not by vow, to virginity. Their ostensible duty was to superintend the domestic concerns of the house. The clergy enjoyed their society, while these maidens in return shared the clergy's bed and board. Forbidden to marry, they converted their homes into brothels. Cyprian, Jerome, and Chrysostom depicted the cohabitation of these holy domestics with a bold but faithful pencil. Cyprian mentions in language of strong condemnation their domestic familiarity by day, and their occupation of the same bed at night. The adultery and fornication of the clergy degenerated, in many instances, into incest and other abominations of the grossest kind. Some priests, according to the Council of Mentz in 888, had 'sons by their own sisters.' The Council of Nicæa and some other of a later date, through fear of scandal, deprived the clergy of all female company, except a mother, a sister, or an aunt. It did no good. The means intended for prevention were the occasion of more accumulated scandal and more heinous criminality. The interdiction was the introduction to incestuous and unnatural prostitution."

Is there a reason to suppose that this state of things does not now exist? Recently, at a dinner given after the funeral of a priest had been attended, some one hundred priests were present. The caterer was a Baptist. He said that after the wine began to flow, their conversation became so filthy that the waiting-girls were shocked; and the brutes revelled in tales of what they enjoyed with the domestics in their homes, offering to share their pleasures, like brute beasts, with their fellows; and this in America, the land of the free.

Concubinage was another mode of evading the canons. This was a natural result of the unnatural regulations against wedlock. The accounts on this subject, transmitted by the historians of these times, are appalling. Profligacy prevailed among the clergy, who practiced all kinds of lewdness. Atto declares that the clergy kept filthy harlots in their houses. These, in a public manner, bedded and boarded with their consecrated paramours. Fascinated with their wanton allurements, the abandoned clergy conferred on the partners of their guilt the superintendence of their family and all their domestic concerns. These courtesans, during the lives of their companions in iniquity, managed their households; and at their death inherited their property. The hirelings of pollution were adorned, the Church wasted, and the poor oppressed, by men who professed to be the patrons of purity, the guardians of truth, and the protectors of the wretched and the needy. Damian represents the guilty mistress confessing to the guilty priest. This presented another absurdity, and an aggravation of the crime. The formality of confessing what the father confessor knew, and receiving forgiveness from a partner in sin, was an insult to common-sense, and presented one of the many ridiculous scenes which have been exhibited on the theatre of the world. Confession and absolution in this way were after all, very convenient. The fair penitent had not far to go for pardon, nor for an opportunity of repeating the fault which might qualify her for another course of confession and remission. Her spiritual father could spare her blushes, and his memory could supply any deficiency of recollection in the enumeration of her sins. A minute recapitulation of time, place, and other circumstantial trifles, would be unnecessary. The rehearsal of the delicious sin might, to both, be very amusing. The sacrament of confession, in this manner, would be recalling the transaction to mind, become very edifying, and afford a renewal of this enjoyment. The confessor, in the penance which are prescribed on these occasions, exemplified the virtues of compassion and charity. Christian commiseration and sympathy took the place of rigor and strictness. The holy father, indeed, could not be severe on so dear a friend; and the lady could not refuse to be kind again to such an indulgent father."

This language, so descriptive of what is horrid, and yet so insensible to the sin and wickedness of the transactions chronicled, proves the hopelessness of the attempt to reform Romanism. In the estimation of the writers it is little more than a caricature of Christianity, at variance with morality, destructive of piety, a sink of iniquity, a barrier to progress, and the foe of all that is elevating and ennobling in literature, in art, or religion.

"A third variety for the evasion of the canonical interdiction was clandestine or avowed matrimony. Some of the priests, though they could ill afford it, wished to keep a conscience. These, of course, would shudder at the commission of fornication or adultery, and had recourse, therefore, to the honorable institution of heaven for the prevention of such pollution. These, intrenched behind the authority of God, withstood the commandments of men. The number of these continued to increase, in opposition to the decretals of the popes, the canons of councils, and the prepossessions of the people."

Such was the state of clerical matrimony at the accession of

Hildebrand to the popedom in 1073. He determined to destroy clerical marriage, let come what might to morality, to virtue, to domestic happiness. The fight was very bitter while it lasted. Its influence is still felt.

At this point a fact might be stated which throws light upon the possibilities within reach of Romanists. A married priest is living in this country, identified with the Roman Catholic Church. His name is Rev. John Wolanski, a Ruthenian or Greek of Little Russia; a Maronite, admitted to the Romish communion by the bull of Pope Benedict XIV. in 1741. So it comes to pass, that even the popes recognize a married clergy, and Greek rites, and the service in vulgar tongues, as quite consistent with the unity of the Roman Communion.

"Why, then," asks Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, in his article on "The Model Roman Catholics," "why, then, do the bolder spirits in America, who are attached to the Papacy, but who also wish to be Americans, fail to see their opportunity? If Edward McGlynn, D.D., would leave his land theories to laymen, and devote his abilities and energies to exacting of the Roman court in behalf of Roman Catholics here, what the Pope concedes to them in Lithuania, he would perform a work worthy of a lifetime, and would be entirely consistent with his professions as a priest. He would emancipate hundreds of his brethren, and would entitle himself to the everlasting gratitude of those who, like him, adhere to the Papacy, but are equally determined to be true Americans. He would soon find, as did the Maronites, that the court of Rome, with all its 'great swelling words,' will exhibit only abject submission and servility when once boldly confronted by those who know their rights, and dare to maintain them. Among those rights, he ought to know, that, with the Anglo-Saxon forefathers, it was a sacred principle that not even ecclesiastics should be summoned out of their own country to answer for alleged offences, even those strictly religious and not political. And all Americans ought to know, that, in order to make the court of Rome omnipotent among its subjects here, the whole body of Americans who profess the Trent faith, as well laity as ecclesiastics, are denied the position of a national Church, having rights under the canon law, and are held as mere missions, under the untempered despotism of a foreign principality, administered, in the case of the parish priests, with a degree of severity and cruelty which they keenly feel, but dare not resent."

"The spirit of Rome is seen in the fight wagered with Wolanski. When he arrived in Philadelphia, he called at the cathedral, then in charge of Vicar-General Walsh, with whom he had an interview. This interview was abruptly broken off when the Vicar learned that his priestly visitor was a married man, and had his wife with him. In Shenandoah he received much the same sort of reception from the priests. Alas, how little they care for the Scriptures! Cardinal Antonelli, if he did not have a wife, has a daughter now connected with a scandal. He was for years the bosom friend of Pio Nono. His better half was not a wife; and that entitled him to daily fellowship with the Pope, and to give new dogmas in his name to the universe." It is so here. Father Wolanski might have had a woman not his wife, and been welcomed to the cathedral palace. Obey God, and Rome shuts the door in your face. Disobey God, and the door stands wide open for promotion.

Cardinal Gibbons and other prelates are invited to consider how the Papal bull of 1741 conflicts with the practices of the Church at this hour. Where is the unity, then? Let Roman ecclesiastics demand the same proprieties of life to be conceded to them as Americans which are guaranteed to these Russians and Hungarians. If not, by what rule of consistency is the right refused? Rev. E. H. Walsh, once a Trappist monk in the monastery of Bardstown, Ky., says:

"I have been as thrilled and electrified by the revelations of Protestant literature as any one in the land. Frequently, in the past, I have thought within myself, in regard to these vile priestly doings, 'Are they going to be covered forever, because, for some reason or other, men will not dare expose the perfidy and criminality of ecclesiastics who are in high places, and are unscrupulous in the means employed to defeat the ends of those they hate? I am thankful to God that there is somebody who posesses the courage to tell the world what is being done in these sinks of iniquity, under the cloak of religion, and in the name of Christ. In the City of Boston are men who violate their solemn vows with impunity. I have been in pastors' houses where the curates protested against their having women in their private parlors at the most unseasonable hours; and I have known priests to spend Sundays card playing and drinking, in the company of young women, who varied the monotony, by way of penance imposed by some holy father on his *confrères,* with a period of osculation, which was passed around the circle. My own family, when I returned from Kentucky to this city—not knowing that I was disaffected—flung in my face the profligate lives of priests who visited hotels in their control, in company with young girls whom they introduced as their sisters, and run up large bills for turkey suppers and champagne, remaining until the small hours of the morning.

"And when they reasoned with me afterwards in New York to induce me to come back again to the fold of Rome, I said, 'Do you want me to confess my sins to such men as those who spent nights in your hotel in the society of harlots? Would you have me even associate with such men as Father ——, who has had the unblushing boldness to have females in his house (under the very eye of his curates) whose characters were of the most questionable sort? Tell me a single priest of your acquaintance into whose charge I would commit my soul: those who have been drunk in your office and house, and of whom such unsavory things are reported?' Alongside of our monastery was an institution which one of our monks fiercely denounced on one occasion to a visiting prelate as a 'devilish place' that ought to be torn down; and when the immorality of the inmates became a settled fact, these saintly prostitutes who lived in the closest intimacy with the Trappist celibates (the Rt. Rev. father in God, the abbot, being the principal and most conspicuous actor in this vile drama) were turned adrift, which resulted in drawing from the coffers of the monks ten thousand dollars for hush money. The superioress of this so-called nunnery was the wife of a man who was in the Kentucky Penitentiary, and the girls were largely off the public streets of Louisville. Who will ever tell the fiendish transactions of that place, by these monsters of iniquity, the many innocent lives that were taken to hide the sin of celibates, and cover the shame of women, who, under the hideous mask of piety and chastity, committed the foulest sins, and degraded utterly their womanhood? Many things came out in the conflict between abbot and bishop that Romanists wished had never seen the light of day. The bishop was accused of wrong-doing in the same line that the abbot and some of the monks were exposed for, and crimination and recrimination between priest and monk seemed to be the order of the day; for when rogues and hypocrites fell out, the truth was uncovered, and facts that filled the Papists with horror were as numerous as stars of a wintry night."

"It is a fact, that some of the best priests that ever officiated at Romish altars were known to have their own wives and children, though on the sly; and it is also a fact that the most profligate and vile among them are the loudest in their hypocritical professions of chastity and celibacy."

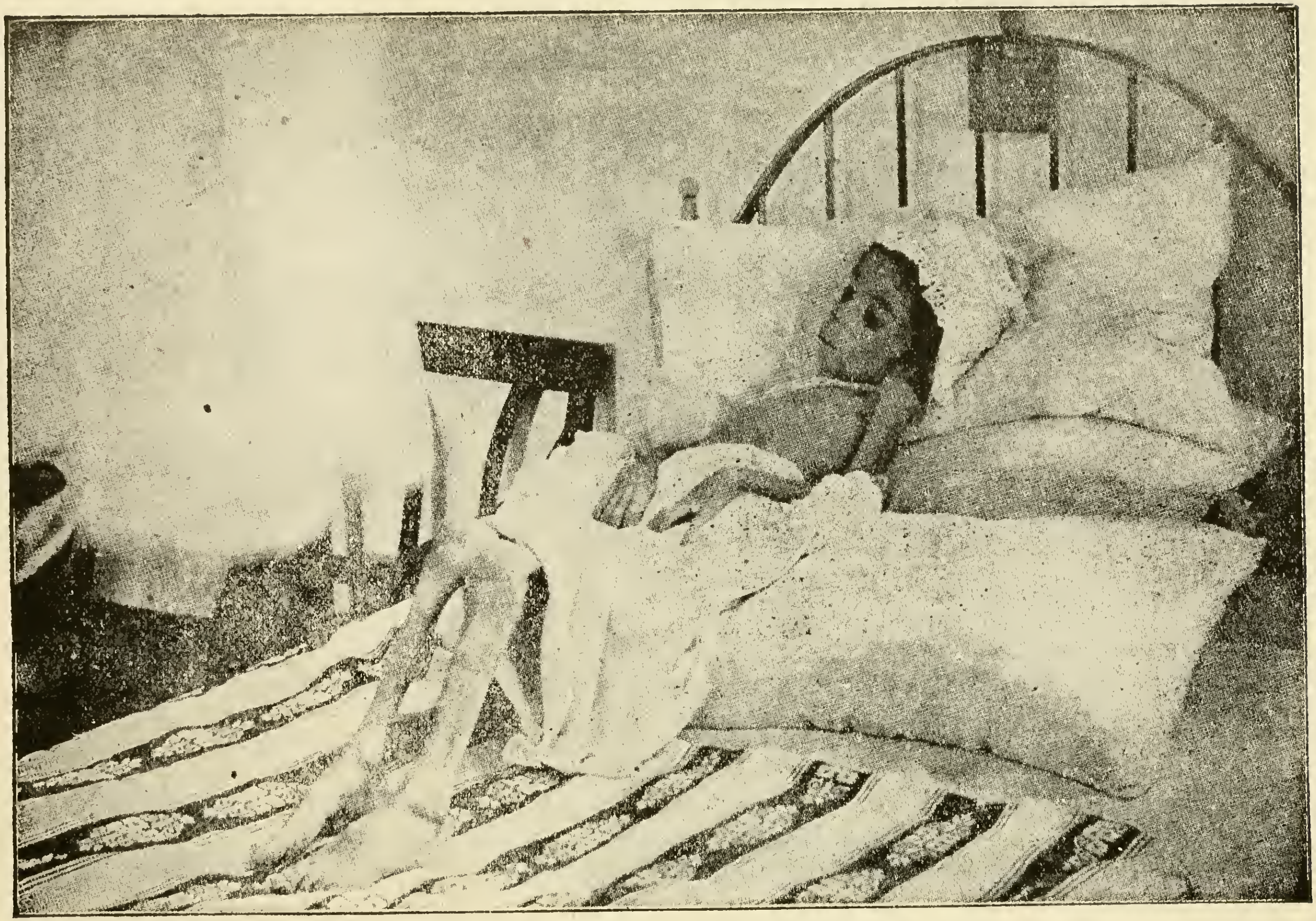
The St. Louis *Republican,* of June 20, 1887, printed a letter from Bishop Hogan, of the Catholic diocese of St. Joseph, Mo., which was brought in court, and was never intended for publication, but it reveals a sad state of affairs.

The bishop appointed a German priest over an Irish congregation. This gave so great an offence to some parties, that the letter in question was written in self-defence. His defence is, that the priests of his diocese were such a drunken lot that he was compelled to supply the parish as he did. He then gives a list by name of *twenty-two priests,* that were received into the diocese from 1869 to 1876, whom he was *compelled to dismiss* on account of immorality, *especially drunkenness.* [See full copy of letter in previous chapter of this book.] Some of them are described as "constantly drunk;" one is "now going round from city to city a drunken wreck." So disgraceful was the state of affairs, that he was compelled at last to "turn over a new leaf." He says:

"The constant, shameful, public, and sacrilegious drunkenness of the three last mentioned priests, who were by my side at the cathedral, determined me to wipe them and their kind out of my jurisdiction. Herbert, after repeated drunkenness, went into a spree for a week in my house; was in the house, broke out at night, got into a house of disreputable women in his drunkenness, and was thrown out into the street, picked up drunk, recognized, and taken into a house and made sober, and put into a carriage and taken to my house. That evening, Galvin and Kiley were told by me to prepare for the proper celebration of the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph for Easter Sunday. On Saturday night they staid up all night, drinking, carousing, and shouting. Kiley fell down, blackened and almost broke his face in falling. Of course, the two sacrilegious priests said mass the next day, and Kiley went into the pulpit, and preached, with his blackened and bruised face, to the people of the cathedral. This was on the feast of the patron of the diocese, and of the universal church. It was time for me to begin a reformation."

The bishop began to purge his diocese, and, of course, met with resistance from the drunken priests and their friends. But what a revelation of the secrets of a diocese this is!

Let every American insist upon a married priesthood, and for a pure Christian home rule. Let the husband become the head of the home, with no shadow of a priest coming between him and his household, and the cloud that darkens the path of Romanists will be chased away, and millions will find their way back to the halcyon days of Ambrose, before the shadow of the iron sceptre of Hildebrand darkened the world. Then confidence shall take the place of suspicion, and the priesthood of the Romish Church shall join with the ministry of evangelical denominations in seeking an ennobling civilization for the land we love, and the God we serve.



The Nine-year Old Daugnter of Priest Tamaro.

Chapter XI.

To Hide His Shame His Child Suffers.

As long as Cuba's soil is inhabited by Cubans the awful deeds of Priest Tamaro will ring in the ears of fond mothers. This priest was never married, and at the same time it is known that he was the father of twenty-three children, and still he was recognized by the Romish Church as a fit person to look after the spiritual welfare of the human race.

Shortly after the American forces had triumphantly entered Cuba it was learned that Priest Tamaro had been and was still one of the most active priests in the Island in throwing impediments in the American's way in adjusting the Island to American methods, and in this way had particularly attracted the attention of American officers. God bless Americans, they are all naturally Protestants, so these officers took a special delight in investigating this priest's record, and one evening after dark sent word to Tamaro that unless he surrendered to them and ceased his meddling that they would deal with him in a manner that would forever impress his mind with American earnestness. Nothing more was heard of this priest in any way, and just seventeen days from that date, these officers visited this priest's residence, and imagine their surprise to find it in ashes with a number of human bones scattered among the ruins. This aroused their curiosity and a search was instigated, and in a cave a few yards from where his residence had been situated, they found his daughter, a child of about nine years of age, who had been fastened in without food and but little water, and was so wasted in flesh that she weighed but nineteen pounds and only lived a few hours after being brought into the fresh air. The search was continued and they were both astounded and astonished to learn that these bones that were found in the ruins of his burned house were those of natives who had mysterioously disappeared from the island; and were supposed to have either joined the Cuban patriots or the American army, but from investigation it was learned to a degree of certainty that this priest had been secretly working through the orders of the officials of Spain, and enticing poor trusting Cubans into his residence, from which they were never again seen. Investigation failed to locate Tamaro, and it is supposed that he was smuggled out of Cuba, and is now, perhaps, serving the Pope by presiding over some church of Spain.

If the fallacies of the doctrines of the Church of Rome are correct, relative to the priest having the power to forgive sins, then Tamaro, who must have been guilty of a number of crimes, and even taking human lives, could easily be absolved from all of these innumerable sins by simply entering the confession box of some brother priest. Americans, have you ever stopped and permitted yourself to look at this proposition in a candid, sincere manner? If the priest has the power to absolve sinners from their sins, is it not a license to transgressors to continue in their sins? for how easy it is to defraud your neighbor, or strike down an enemy in cold blood, and then flee to a near-by priest, and have the stain washed from your soul. Is it possible that the American people will continue to allow such heathenish doctrines to be promulgated?

The Bible tells the devout inquirer after truth that "The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." The Romish Church tells its devotees that the priest, good or bad, a Christian or a sinner, hath power on earth to forgive or withhold the forgiveness of sins when and to whom he pleases. It is the business of this chapter to place before the reader in Rome's own language the exact doctrine of the Church upon this subject. We proceed with the doctrine of priestly absolution as taught by the Church to the young in the catechism that is now taught in many public schools in the United States at the expense of the State. We turn to "Catechism of Catholic Doctrine," as taught in all Catholic schools, and on page 32, lesson 17, we read:

Ques. How do you know that the priest has the power o. absolving from sins committed after baptism?

Ans. I know that the priest has the power of absolving from sins committed after baptism, because Jesus Christ granted that power to the priests of his Church.

Ques. How do the priests of the Church exercise the power of forgiving sins?

Ans. The priests of the Church exercise the power of forgiving sins by hearing the confession of sins and granting pardon for them as ministers of God, and in His name.

The Catholic doctrine of priestly absolution is further set forth in a book called "Defense of Catholic Principles," by Priest Demetrius A. Gallitzin, and published by the Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street, N. Y. On page 46 we read:

> We believe that the ministers of Christ, those whom we call bishops and priests, have received the power of forgiving and retaining sins. We believe that confession is necessarily deducible from the grant of the above power. It cannot be conceived how a minister of Christ is to exercise his power of forgiving or retaining sins, unless he has an exact knowledge of the sinner's mind, etc.

So important do we deem this damnable paganism to the full and clear understanding of the Romish doctrine, we think it best to trouble the reader with other, and, if possible, more authoritative testimony. On page 182, Catechism of the Council of Trent, we find the following:

> Many prayers accompany the form, not because they are deemed necessary, but in order to remove every obstacle which the unworthiness of the penitent may oppose to the efficacy of the sacrament. Let then the sinner pour out his heart in fervent thanks to God, who has invested the ministers of His Church with such ample powers. Unlike the authority given to the priests of the Old Law, to declare the leper cleansed from his leprosy, the power with which the priests of the New Law are invested is not simply to declare that sins are forgiven, but, as ministers of God, really to absolve from sin; a power which God himself, the author and source of grace and justification, exercises through their ministry.
>
> They will, also, serve to place in a clearer point of view, the duty of those who desire, and desire every one should, to evince

their grateful recollection of so estimable a favor. Humbled in spirit, the sincere penitent casts himself down at the feet of the priest to testify, by this humble demeanor, that he acknowledges the necessity of eradicating pride, the root of all the enormities which he now deplores. In the minister of God, who sits in the tribunal of penance as his legitimate judge, he venerates the power and person of our Lord Jesus Christ; for in the administration of this, as in that of other sacraments, the priest represents the character and discharges the functions of Jesus Christ. Acknowledging himself deserving of the severest chastisements, and imploring the pardon of his guilt, the penitent next proceeds to the confession of his sins.

The great efficacy of penance is, therefore, that it restores us to the favor of God, and unites us to him in the closest bonds of friendship.

There is no sin, however grievous, no crime, however enormous, or however frequently repeated, which penance does not remit. "If," says the Almighty, by the mouth of his prophet, "the wicked do penance for all his sins, which he hath committed, and keep all my commandments, and do judgment and justice, living he shall live and shall not die; I will not remember all his iniquities which he hath done."

To return to penance, to it belongs, in so special a manner, the efficacy of remitting actual guilt, that without its intervention we can not obtain even hope for pardon. It is written: "Unless you do penance, you shall all perish." These words of our Lord are to be understood of grievous and deadly sins, although, as St. Augustine observes, venial sins also require some penance. "If," says he, "without penance, venial sin could be remitted, the daily penance, performed for them by the Church, would be nugatory."

The faithful are most earnestly to be exhorted to study to direct their contrition specially to each mortal sin into which they may have the misfortune to fall: "I will recount to thee," says Isaias, "all my years in the bitterness of my soul;" as if he had said: "I will count over all my sins severally, that my heart may be pierced with sorrow for them all." In Ezekiel, also, we read: "If the wicked do penance for all his sins, he shall live." In this spirit St. Augustine says: "Let the sinner consider the quality of his sins, as affected by time, place, variety, person." In the work of conversion, however, the sinner should not despair of the infinite goodness and mercy of God; he is most desirous of our salvation; and, therefore, refuses not to pardon, but to embrace, with a father's fondness, the prodigal child, the moment he returns to a sense of his duty, and is converted to the Lord.

Cast away from you all your transgressions, by which you have transgressed, and make yourselves a new heart. To the woman caught in adultery, the Redeemer Himself imparts the same lesson of instruction: "Go thy way and sin no more;" and also to the lame man whom he cured at the pool of Bethsadia: "Behold, thou art made whole, sin no more." That a sorrow for sin, and a firm purpose in avoiding sin for the future, are indispensible to contrition, is the dictate of unassisted reason.

Not only does the Church of Rome teach that popes, bishops and priests have the power of forgiving sins, but it goes further, and teaches that *bad priests in mortal sin* exercise the same power. In Fredet's history, published in New York in 1886, on page 511, we find the language:

It is true, a few among the popes gave great scandal to the

Christian world in their private character and conduct, but it ought to be remembered at the same time, that, through a special protection of Divine Providence, the irregularities of their lives did not interfere with their public duty, from which they never departed. The beneficial influence of sacred jurisdiction does not depend on the private virtue of the persons invested with it.

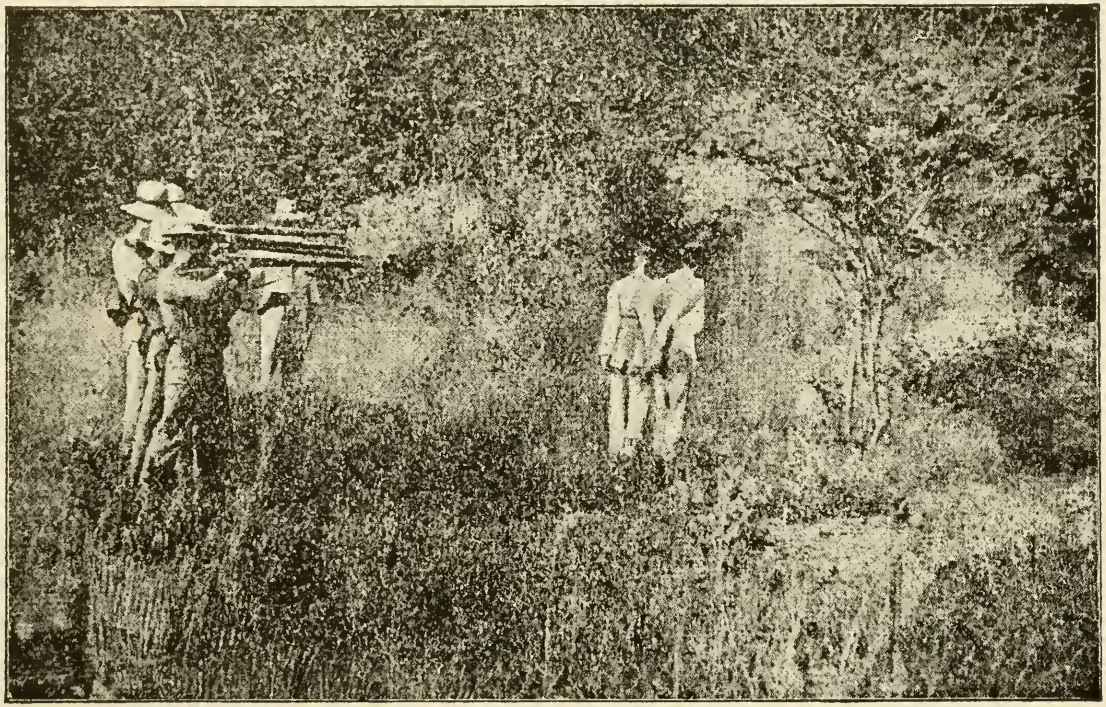
But hear what the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, in its wisdom and piety, says. We refer you to page 100, session XIV, chapter VI:

But as regards the ministry of this sacrament (priests forgiving sins), the holy Synod declares these doctrines to be false and utterly alien from the truth of the gospel, which perniciously extend the ministry of the keys to any other soever besides bishops and priests. It (the holy Synod) teaches also that even priests who are in mortal sin exercise, through the virtue of the Holy Ghost, which was bestowed in ordination, the office of forgiving sins, as ministers of Christ.

On page 109, Canon X, it says:

If any one sayeth that priests who are in mortal sin hath not the power of binding and losing......let him be anathema (accursed).

From the time a Catholic child is born, the benighted influences of Catholicism at once begins to throw her ignorant and befuddeling influences about it, and these same influences are continued until the child arrives at the years of responsibility, or at the age when it is supposed they have intelligence enough to discern between good and evil, but by that time a child brought up under the influences of Catholic parents, and has had the mystifying influences of the Church hanging about its childish life, is utterly unable to exercise its normal intellectual faculties in regard to what is right and wrong, for the impressions that the mind first receive at home will tenaciously cling to that child, and nothing less than a herculean struggle will free that mind of these impressions, and bring it back to an intelligent conception of facts and not mere fancies. This is why Catholicism takes the child in its swaddling clothes, for they have long since learned that the quickest and easiest way to make "full grown fools," is to make "little fools," and they have also learned that it is easier to mold the mind of an infant, than that of a grown person. I make the assertion that no where on earth is there such dense ignorance found as in a *strict* Catholic school, whose scholars have never been permitted to breathe the free and intellectual atmosphere of a public school. I defy the world to successfully contradict this statement. Who will dare undertake to refute it?



"Dead Men Tell No Tales."

Chapter XII.

To Ask Questions Means Death.

On the 29th day of August, 1898, two Christian missionaries called upon Bishop Morello, of the Philippine Islands, to make inquiries regarding the conduct of a number of his priests. Their object was to get consent of the bishop to hold meetings in his bishopric, as each of the priests in this district had refused these men the privilege of expounding Protestant doctrines, and had insinuated that should they dare to do so that their lives would pay the penalty. These men could not believe that the bishop would refuse them this request, and had called to get him to give his consent, knowing that his power was superior to that of the priests. They made their wants known in a courteous manner and were refused, and informed that they could not preach, and further instructed that any attempt to converse with a native upon the subject of Protestant religion would not only mean death, but death with all the tortures of the inquisition. After being refused this request, they asked the bishop why it was that Priest Varzeni had and needed eleven housekeepers, and why it was that all of them were young and pretty women, and not a single old or ugly one among them. This so angered the bishop that he called five stalwart natives and instructed them to arm themselves and see that these men did not molest him any more. These poor missionaries did not know the awful meaning of these instructions, but they were led two miles from the bishop's residence and bound hand and foot, and a crucifix hung around their necks, their faces turned towards the setting sun and at the command of the leader the cracks of three rifles rang out upon the stillness of the tropical evening, and these souls, in a far-away land, lie prostrate and cold in death, for daring to ask a Catholic dignitary the privilege of expounding the doctrines of Christ to an ignorant and hood-winked nation.

The Romish Church, through the liberality of Protestants, are permitted to expound their doctrines, which every Protestant government knows is detrimental to a free and independent government, but when a Protestant asks permission to talk of a living Christ to Catholic subjects, they are insulted, and even put to death.

Through the kindness of Mr. Phillips, who, perhaps, has more data upon the subject of Catholicism than most any other Protestant in the country, we will, during the remainder of this chapter, have occasion to use extracts from some of his valuable works.

If it were not true that the Canon law and fundamental Code of the Romish Church was utterly incompatible with the constitution and laws of the Republic, and also at total variance with the spirit and genius of the gospel of Christ, these pages would never be written.

It is our purpose, in the short chapter that shall follow, to give the reader an authentic epitome of a few of the doctrines and facts which we have at our command, establishing the proposition that no loyal Roman Catholic can be a loyal citizen of this government, and, consequently, should not be placed by vote of the American people, into places of official trust and responsibility. The first evidence of this, to which we call the reader's special attention, is the following leading provisions gleaned from the Canon law of the Church of Rome by Dr. G. F. Von Schulte, professor of Canonical Law at Prague, viz.:

I. All human power is from evil, and must therefore be standing under the Pope.

II. The temporal powers must act unconditionally, in concord between light and darkness as between that Church and the American government.

But if met by the objection, as we sometimes are, that the above were the laws of the Church of Rome years ago, and that they have been modified and made conformable to the spirit of the present day, we answer by quoting the following paragraph from the Syllabus of Pope Pius IX, issued December 8, 1864, and subsequently by the decree of infallibility confirmed as truths eternal, and equally as authoritative as the commands given by Christ himself. To the loyal Catholic, God's word is not equal in authority to the following:

I. The State has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem true.

II. It has not the right to enact that the ecclesiastical power shall require the permission of the civil power in order to exercise its authority.

III. It has not the right to treat as an excess of power, or as usurping the rights of princes, anything that the Roman Pontiffs or Ecumenical Councils have done.

IV. It has not the right to adopt the conclusions of a National Church Council unless confirmed by the Pope.

V. It has not the right of establishing a National Church separate from the Pope.

VI. It has not the right to the entire direction of public schools.

VII. It has not the right to assist subjects who wish to abandon monasteries or convents.

Then in the same sylabus the rights and powers of the Church are affirmed, thus, viz.:

I. She has the right to require the State not to leave every man free to profess his own religion.

II. She has the right to exercise her power without the permission or consent of the State.

III. She has the right to prevent the foundation of any National Church not subject to the authority of the Roman Pontiff.

IV. She has the right to deprive the civil authority of the entire government of public schools.

V. She has the right of perpetuating the union of Church and State.

VI. She has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all others.

VII. She has the right to prevent the State from granting the public exercise of their own worship to persons immigrating into it.

VIII. She has the power of requiring the State not to permit free expression of opinion.

It is needless to say that the history of Romanism shows the oft repeated application of all the foregoing claims and principles. The present Pontiff, Leo XIII, in a letter to the Bishop of Perigueux, July 27, 1884, explicitly confirms the foregoing, thus: "The teaching given by this Apostolic See, whether contained in the Sylabus and other Acts of our illustrious predecessor, or in our own Encyclical Letters has given clear guidance to the faithful as to what should be their thoughts and their conduct in the midst of the difficulties of times and events. There they will find a rule for the direction of their minds and their works." Again, in his Encyclical of 1885, he approves the Sylabus, repudiating the idea that "each man should be allowed freely to think on whatever subject he pleases," and condemns any government in which "every one will be allowed to follow the religion he prefers."

While all history, civilization, and gospel truth alike condemn the political cunning of the Papacy, still, that which is most alarming is the perilous fact that the public is, to a suicidal degree, indifferent to the insidious advancements and encroachments of this despotic and mighty medievalism. "The public peril is neglected for personal aims." To use the language of L. M. Vernon: "Pride, pleasure and luxury, like a leash of hounds, bay on the heels of gratification. The press panders, the politicians trim, the ministers doze, while the priests sow tares." Duty commands every voice to cry aloud and spare not; the pen and the press to unite in one impetuous sustained appeal enforced by the priceless interests of our imperilled civil and religious liberties and institutions. God help the people to awake before the deceiver has deceived and the destroyer has destroyed all that makes this country the "land of the free and home of the brave."

MINISTERIAL SWEARING.

The Roman Catholic Church as a religio-political corporation is arrayed against every phase of social, political and religious liberty. Whether we speak of the source of political power as defined in our Constitution, of the supremacy of law, or of its several parts with their theory of human rights, or again of the formation of the executive and legislative bodies of the government as embodied in its provisions, or the administration of justice, to each and all of these, the Church is not only the most open and pronounced enemy, but in its secret and solemn oaths it pledges itself to secretly and persistently work for its own supremacy over all governments.

No Roman bishop, priest, layman can be loyal to the Roman Pontiff and at the same time be loyal to this government and its institutions. As evidence to this, we ask the reader to carefully study the following oaths taken by the clergy:

ROMAN BISHOP'S OATH.

I, G. N., elect of the Church of N., from henceforth will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter the Apostle, and to the holy Roman Church, and to our lord, the lord N. Pope N., and to his successor canonically coming in. I will neither advise, consent, nor do anything that they may lose life or member, or that their persons may be seized or hands anywise laid upon them, or any injuries offered to them, under any pretense whatsoever. The counsel which they shall entrust me withal, by themselves, their messengers or letters, I will not knowingly reveal to any, to their prejudice. I will help them to defend and keep the Roman Papacy and the royalists of St. Peter, saving my order against all men. The legate of the Apostolic See, going and coming I will honorably treat, and help in his necessities. The rights, honors and privileges, and authority of the holy Roman Church, of our lord the Pope, and his aforesaid successors, I will endeavor to preserve, defend, increase and advance. I will not be in any council, action or treaty in which it shall be plotted against our said lord, and the said Roman Church, anything to the hurt or prejudice of their persons, right, honor, state or power; and if I know any such thing to be treated or agitated by any whomsoever, I will hinder it all that I can; and as soon as I can, will signify it to our said lord, or some other, by whom it may come to his knowledge. The rules of the Holy Fathers, the Apostolic decrees, ordinances, or disposals, reservations, provisions and mandates, I will observe with all my might, and cause to be observed by others. Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our said lord, or his aforesaid successors, I will to the utmost of my power persecute and oppose. I will come to a council when I am called, unless I be hindered by a canonical impediment. I will by myself in person, visit the threshold of the Apostles every three years; and give an account to our lord and his aforesaid successors, of all my pastoral office, and of all things anywise belonging to the state of my church, to the discipline of my clergy and people, and lastly to the salvation of souls committed to my trust; and will in like manner humbly receive and diligently execute the Apostolic commands. And if I be detained by a lawful impediment, I will perform all the things aforesaid by a certain messenger hereto specially empowered, a member of my Chapter or some other in ecclesiastical dignity, or else having a parsonage, or in default of these, by a priest of the diocese; or in default of one of the clergy (of the diocese) by some other secular or regular priest of approved integrity and religion, fully instructed in all things above mentioned. And such impediment I will make out, by lawful proofs, to be transmitted by the aforesaid messenger, to the Cardinal proponent of the holy Roman Church, in the congregation of the sacred council. The possessions belonging to my table I will neither sell nor give away, nor mortgage nor grant anew in fee, nor anywise alienate, no, not even with the consent of the Chapter of my Church, without consulting the Roman Pontiff. And if I shall make any alienation, I will therefore incur the penalties contained in a certain constitution put forth about this matter.

So help me God and these holy gospels of God.

The following is the oath taken by the priests, as administered at Maynooth College, in Ireland. Read it, and then decide if a man taking this oath can be a loyal citizen of this government.

JESUIT PRIEST'S OATH.

I, A.B., do acknowledge the ecclesiastical power of his holiness and the mother Church of Rome as the chief head and matron above all pretended churches throughout the whole earth; and that my zeal shall be for St. Peter and his successors, as the founder of the true and ancient Catholic faith, against all heretical kings, princes, states or powers, repugnant unto the same;

and although I, A. B., may follow, in case of persecution, or otherwise to be heretically depised, yet in soul and conscience I shall hold, aid and succor the mother Church of Rome as the true, ancient and apostolic Church; I, A. B., further do declare not to act or conrtol any matter or thing prejudicial unto her, in her sacred orders, doctrines, tenets or commands without leave of its supreme power or its authority, under her appointed or to be appointed; and being so permitted, then to act, and further her interests more than my earthly good and earthly pleasure, as she and her head, his holiness, and his successors have, or ought to have, the supremacy over all kings, princes, estates or powers whatsoever, either to deprive them of their crowns, scepters, powers, privileges, realms, countries, or governments, or to set up others in lieu thereof, they dissenting from the mother church and her commands.

The following is the profession of Catholic faith or Layman's oath, as found in the Catholic prayer book. We omit the creed with which this oath begins:

LAYMAN'S OATH.

I most steadfastly admit and embrace the apostolic and ecclesiastical traditions, and all other observances and constitutions of the Church.

I also admit the holy scripture, according to that sense which our holy mother, the Church, hath held and doth hold, to whom it belongeth to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scripture; neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

I also profess that there are truly and properly seven Sacraments of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and necessary for the salvation of mankind, though not all for every one,to-wit: Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Orders and Matrimony; and that they confer grace; and that of these Baptism, Confirmation and Orders, can not be repeated without sacrilege. I also receive and admit the received and approved ceremonies of the Catholic Church, used in the solemn administration of the aforesaid sacraments.

I embrace and receive all and every one of the things which have been defined and declared in the Holy Council of Trent concerning original sin and justification.

I profess, likewise, that in the Mass there is offered to God a true, proper and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead. And that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really, and substantially the Body and Blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the Body and of the wine into the Blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calleth Transubstantiation. I also confess that under either kind alone Christ is received whole and entire and a true sacrament.

I constantly hold that there is a Purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.

Likewise, that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be honored and invocated, and that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be held in veneration.

I most firmly assert that the images of Christ, of the mother of God ever Virgin, and also of other Saints, ought to be had and retained, and that due honor and veneration are to be given them.

I also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ in the Church, and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.

I acknowledge the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church for the mother and mistress of all Churches, and I promise true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

I likewise undoubtedly receive and profess all other things delivered, defined, and declared by the sacred canons and general councils, and particularly by the holy Council of Trent. And I condemn, reject and anathematize all things contrary thereto, and all heresies which the Church hath condemned, rejected and anathematized.

I, N. N., do at this present freely profess and sincerely hold this true Catholic faith, out of which no one can be saved; and I promise most constantly to retain and confess the same entire and unviolated, by God's assistance, to the end of my life.

Every one who has read the Constitution of the United States knows that no man can, upon the gospels of God, take the above oaths, and then be loyal to this government. How unwise, then, to fill ninety per cent of the municipal offices of this government with men who have sworn to be loyal to a foreign despot. How unwise to place these oath-bound subjects of a foreign enemy at the head of our educational interests, when they teach disloyalty to the young at the expense of this government. God help the people to wake up.

ROMANISM AND SECULAR GOVERNMENTS.

The attitude of the Church of Rome toward secular governments has been defined in the Canon law of the Church and in the oaths of its clergy; but that no one may be misled by the plausible interpretations that may be, and often are, placed upon language so manifestly treasonable, we add, in this chapter, the testimony of the Church, through a number of its most prominent representatives, proving the proposition that no loyal Roman Catholic can be a loyal citizen of the United States. This testimony we take from undisputed Roman Catholic authority, so that the reader may see the clear and forcible enunciations to which every Roman Catholic has sworn to be faithful and obedient.

In the encyclical letter of Pope Leo XIII., written to American Catholics, November 1, 1885, he says:

We exhort all Catholics who would devote careful attention to public matters to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to favor the principles of the church in all public services, meetings and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. They must penetrate, wherever possible, in the administration of civil affairs; must constantly exert the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent the usage of liberty from going beyond the limits of God's fixed laws. All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the constitutions of States and legislation to be modeled in the principles of the true church. All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view the above prescriptions.

It is not lawful to follow one rule in private conduct and another in the government of state, to-wit: that the authority of the church should be observed in private life, but rejected in state matters. The Roman Church has a right to exercise its authority without any limit set to it by the civil powers. The Pope and the priests ought to have dominion over temporal affairs; the Roman Church and her ecclesiastics have a right to immunity from civil law; in case of conflict between ecclesiastical and civil powers the ecclesiastical powers ought to prevail.—Pope Leo XIII.

We have lately been informed here that an attempt has been made to change the order of things in that Republic (Mexico) by publishing programs in which are enumerated freedom of education and worship. Both of these principles are contrary to the laws of God and the church. To repair the evils occasioned by the revolution, and to bring back as soon as possible happy days for the church, the Roman Catholic Religion must, above all things, continue to the exclusion of every other dissenting worship.—Pope Pius IX.

The Pope can dispense with any law. The constitutions and decrees of the popes are explanations of the divine law, and are therefore binding as soon as known. The church does not recognize the right in the government to say whether or not the Pontifical decree shall be enforced. She is supreme and independent, and therefore can admit of no intermeddling with her authority. Ecclesiastical property must be governed by the laws of the Church. By these, laymen have no right to property in the Church and is against the law of God for them to dispose of its revenue.—Peter Den's Theology.

Shortly after the decree of infallibility was announced, and this profession of primary fidelity to the Pope was made in New York, the New York Herald, which has always been controlled by a moderate Roman Catholic, said:

"There are thousands of Roman Catholics in this land who do not place Rome above the United States, and whose patriotism can not be subverted by fealty to religious dogmas and creeds."

To this patriotic utterance, which we would fain believe to be true, the New York Tablet, Roman Catholic, of November, 1872, replied:

"The Herald is behind the times, and appears not yet to have learned that the thousands of Catholics it speaks of are simply no Catholics at all, if it does not misrepresent them. Gallicanism, which denies the temporal power of the Pope, is a heresy; and he who denies the Papal supremacy in the government of the universal church is as far from being a Catholic as he who denies the Incarnation, or the Real Presence. The Church is more than country, and loyalty to the creed that God teaches and enjoins through her, is more than patriotism. We must obey God rather than man. Our Church is God's Church, and not accountable either to State or to country.

Thus you see how the organ of the heirarchy denounces the doctrine of moderate Romanism, which had only insisted on loyalty to the country.

Nationality must be subordinate to religion, and we must learn that we are Catholics first and citizens next. God is above man and the Church is above the State.—Bishop Gilmour.

"The Catholics of the United States are as strongly devoted to the sustenance and maintenance of the temporal power of the holy Father as Catholics in any part of the world, and if it should be necessary to prove it by their acts, they are ready to do so."—Cardinal McCloskey.

"I acknowledge no civil power, I am the subject of no prince, and I claim more than this; I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the concerns of men, of the peasant that tills the field and of the prince who sits on the throne, of the household that lives in the shade of privacy and the legislator that makes laws for the kingdom. I am the sole, last, supreme judge of what is right and wrong. Moreover, I declare, affirm, define and pronounce it to be necessary to the salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Pontiff of Rome."—Cardinal Manning.

"If the American Republic is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation and the acceptance of the Catholic principles by the American people. If allegiance to the Church demand of us opposition to political principles adopted by our civil government, we should not hesitate to obey the Church. While the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the supreme authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church. We are purely and simply Catholic and profess unreserved allegiance to the Church, which takes precedence of, and gives the rule to our allegiance to the state."—Catholic World.

"The Roman Catholic citizen of the United States owes no allegiance to any principle of the government which is condemned by the Church or Pope."—New York Tablet.

"The Catholic religion with all its votes ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."—Pope Pius IX.

"How can this independence of civil authority (of the Pope) be secured? Only in one way. The Pope must be a sovereign himself; no temporal prince, whether emperor, or king, or president, or any legislative body, can have any lawful jurisdiction over the Pope. What right has the Pope to be independent of every civil ruler? He has it in virtue of his dignity as the Vicar of

Christ. Christ himself is king of kings; but the Pope governs the church in the name of Christ and as His representative. His divine office, therefore, makes him superior to every political, temporal and human government."—Pope's Temporal Power Number 46.

One of the most capable and learned writers in the Roman Catholic Church is Dr. O. A. Brownson, of the Catholic Review. Among his writings we extract the following:

"All the rights the sects have, or can have, are derived from the State and rest on expediency. As they have, in their character of sects, hostile to the true religion, no rights under the law of nature or the law of God, they are neither wronged nor deprived of liberty if the State refuses to grant them any rights at all."

But this great light in the Romish Church does not stop here, but as a great reviewer and Catholic teacher, and one, too, whose utterances carry much force with them, further says:

"Protestantism has not and never can have any rights where Catholicity (Romanism) has triumphed; therefore, we lose the breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of any man to be of any religion as best pleases him. This is our country; as it is to become thoroughly Catholic, we have deeper interests in its public affairs than any other citizens.

"Heretofore we have taken our politics from one or another of the parties which divide the country and have suffered the enemies of our religion to impose their political doctrines upon us; but it is time for us to begin to teach the country itself those moral and political doctrines which flow from the teachings of our own Church."—Dr. O. A. Brownson.

In harmony with the teachings of this high dignitary in the Romish Church, we find also Louis Venillot, editor of a leading Catholic paper, The Universe. From this paper we make the following significant extract:

"A Catholic should never attach himself to any political party composed of heretics (Protestants). No one who is truly at heart a thorough and complete Catholic can give his entire adhesion to a Protestant leader; for in so doing he divides his allegiance, which he owes entirely to the Church."

What then, can the American people expect the future of this government to be, with their Congress and legislative bodies made up largely of a class of foreigners whose first and most binding oath of allegiance is to the Pope of Rome?

But we close this chapter with a quotation from St. Thomas of Aquinas, one of the foremost in the catalogue of Saints, to whom every Catholic offers prayer. St. Thomas in vol. 4, p. 91, says:

"If the Pope should curse the government of the United States, every consistent orthodox Roman Catholic would thereby be absolved from his oath of allegiance to the government."

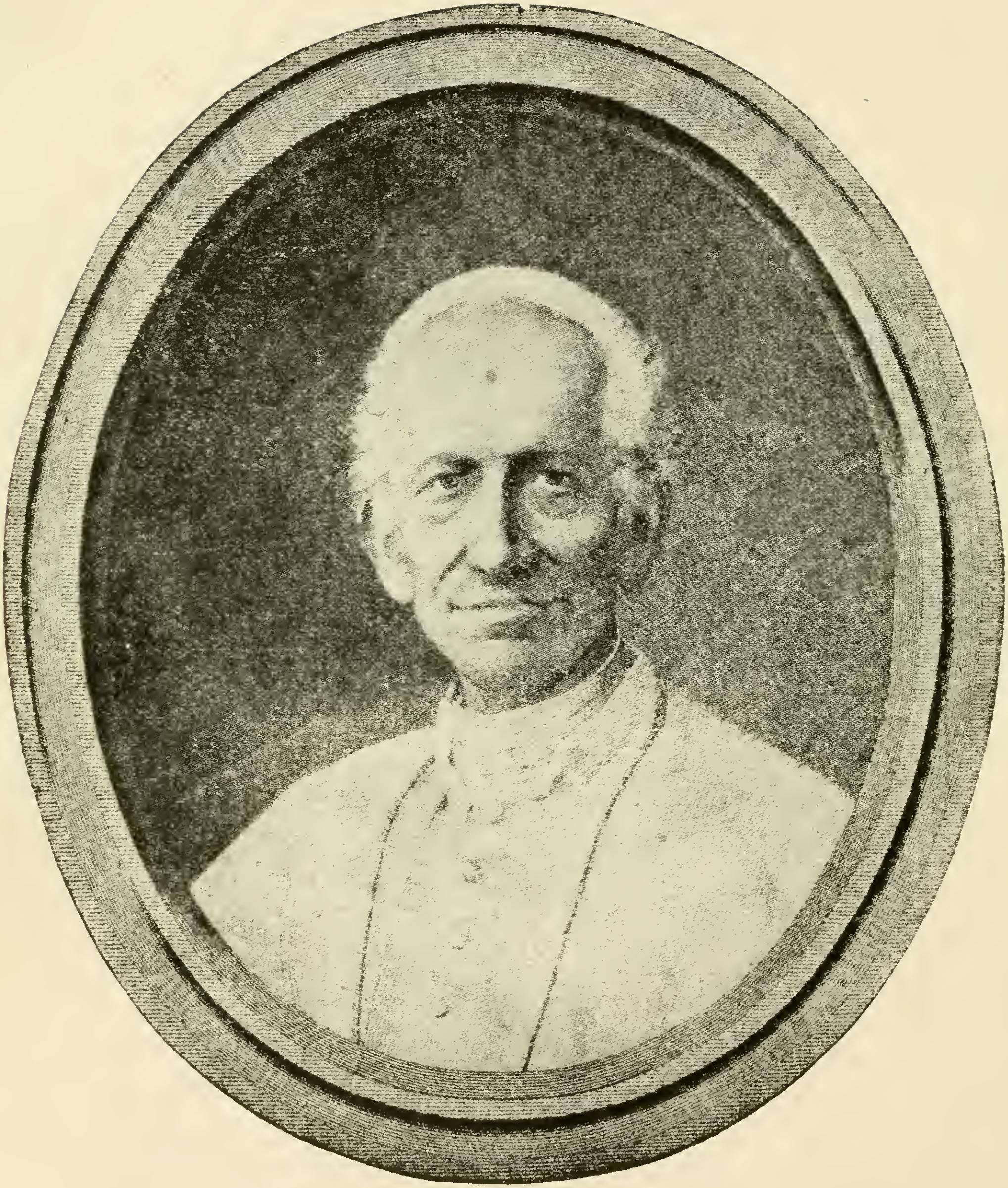
What, then, is our security, with Cardinal Gibbons leading the Democratic Catholic hosts, with Harrity, a member of the Baltimore Catholic congress, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and a Catholic for its secretary? Or as if to make assurance doubly sure, with Archbishop Ireland leading the Republican Catholic hosts, with Carter, a devout Catholic, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, and a Catholic its secretary. Let the reader remember the words of the New York Tablet, a Catholic paper, which says:

"The Roman Catholic citizen of the United States owes no allegiance to the principles of the government which are condemned by the Church or Pope."

Let him also remember the words of the Romish Bishop O'Connor, who says:

"Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic Church."

The truth of this purely Romish, utterance by Bishop O'Connor has ben re-echoed by the wails of fifty million martyrs; illuminated by the fires of Smithfield, groaned from the dungeons of the inquisition, gurgled in the flowing blood of St. Bartholomew's day, and wailed in the everlasting anguish of the damned as the echoed mockeries of the horrible death march of the Popish Inquisition mingle their shrieks in the awful uproar of hell's avenging flames .



Pope Leo, who ruled the Catholic world with a rod of **Iron.**

Chapter XIII.

Driven to a Convent for Protection, She Finds Both Misery and Shame.

The sorrows of poor Henrietta Caracciolo causes the heart of all human beings to ache with pain. She was driven from her home on account of ill-treatment and entered a convent, thinking to find a haven of rest, but alas! alas! By birth she was connected with the best families of Italy, and by being driven from home and through ignorance of the future was induced to enter a convent, and by so doing she has opened the doors of the cloisters, and bade us look with our own eyes into them. Her womanly delicacy has partly concealed the hideousness which she has not nakedly disclosed; still no reader of "The Mysteries of the Neapolitan Convents," of ordinary penetration, can fail to see the awful sufferings of which these places are the abodes, and the shameful wickedness enacted within their walls. In the convent there is no moral light and air; and to expect love to blossom in a convent is like expecting color in the darkness, or life in a sepulchre. The heart, finding nothing without, turns in upon itself, and becomes the seat of foul desires, or of evil passions. Paul described the inhabitants of this pandemonium in these words: "Without natural affections, implacable, unmerciful." Instead of a paradise of purity, as the uninitiated dream, it is filled with people who hiss and sting like serpents, and torment one another like furies. Their vow, which makes their sufferings perpetual, leaves them with no hope of escape, except in the grave. "Never was there on earth slavery more foul and bitter, and never was there a decree more humane and merciful than that by which Italy declared that this bondage should no longer disgrace its soil, or oppress its children."

When sleepy, old Italy, the home of the pope, and the nursery of Romish schemes and popish tyranny arouses herself and clashes with the pontifical power of Rome, the protestants the world over should shake off the yoke of Catholicism that lacerates the neck of any people who must bear its ungodly and unholy burdens. We will now again take up convent life, and the treatment that poor, miserable girls receive who have been enticed from homes of luxuries, and the guarding care of fond fathers and mothers. We will now let this poor girl unfold her miserable life in her own way:

"I entered a convent, not from choice, but I thought that I could better my condition, as my family relations at home were indeed disagreeable, but, oh, God, had I known what I do now, a thousand stepmothers could not have driven me from my parental roof. At the beginning the vows were not stringent, but as time piled up, so did the awfulness of convent life, and methinks when time has become decrepit, and the hand of the great Ruler shall have crumbled to atoms the entire world, the darkest page ever written by the dark deeds of all mankind will be but a soiled spot to the iniquitous deeds of Catholicism in convents.

"At the outset the vows were temporary. The oblates (lay sisters) renewed their vows each year. At the end of the year they could select any other condition. They maintained themselves at their own expense until they took the veil, after which the establishment provided for them. At this time they enjoyed the reputation of being virtuous. But under the reign of Ferdinand, the Catholic, and of Charles V., a marked change came over the relations which the nuns maintained with the people of the world. * * * It was then that the most potent, those who were invested with distinctions and resplendent with the brilliancy of courts, were permitted to seduce these pious women."

Then came the Aulic Council. The Archbishop of Naples and the Nuncio had their own prisons, in which they kept those they sought.

Every church, convent, and feudal palace enjoyed the privileges of a sanctuary, and retained in its pay the most nortorious bravos. Then came the Sicilian Vespers and the dark deeds. Morality was banished. Intrigue, deception, and conspiracies, the blackest and the worst, were hatched. A father, inhuman, capricious and avaricious, threw his daughter whose support caused him embarrassment, or the wife whose fidelity was suspected, into a convent. In those days the condition of woman was worse than in Turkey. "The mere shadow of suspicion; a calumnious accusation; a hallucination begot by jealousy; the false deposition of a rejected lover—sufficed to assemble, in all haste, a family council, under the same mysterious circumstances in which the Spanish Inquisition was wont to envelop its tribunal, when it would thunder against the accused that sentence which, according to the prejudices of the period, could alone wipe off the stain from the family escutcheon in the public eye. Nor, to wash away the stain, often imaginary, did they know, or seek to know, any other means than through blood. Conformably to this barbarous code, the woman, if living in the house, was stabbed or strangled in her own bed, if marriageable; or she was condemned to the civil death of convent seclusion."

"The confessional boxes in the convent were constructed like small closets, carefully curtained on all sides, and furnished with a stool on which the penitent could sit at her ease. 'Why the stool?' asked Miss Caracciolo. 'Because it is not possible for a nun to remain two or three hours on her knees.' 'Why are two or three hours required to tell the confessor that you have not wished to commit a sin during the two or three days of cloister life?' 'It is the custom of the world to make a confession of only a few moments; but we not only acknowledge our little sins, but we intend, besides, that our confessor, the person in whom we confide, and whom we have chosen for that purpose, should direct us in all the duties of our daily life. To him we confide our thoughts and business and purposes—he being our sole friend, and our only mediator between heaven, the world, and the cloister, which a nun is permitted to have. While separated from the world, we find, in the intimacy which subsists between us, a personification of the universe in compensation for our solitude. In short, after God, the confessor is all in all for us.' "

"The next day he told me that in the convent it was imperative to take the communion every day, and that it required nearly the whole day. I begged a release. Later in the day, the priest, about fifty, very corpulent, with a rubicund face and a type of physiognomy as vulgar as it was repulsive, put the wafer on my tongue, and caressed my chin. On opening my eyes suddenly, I found the priest gazing rudely upon me, with a sensual smile upon his face." These overtures meant much. "It occurred to me to place myself in a contiguous apartment, where I could observe if this libertine priest was accustomed to take similar liberties with the nuns. I did so, and was fully convinced that the old only left him without being caressed. All the others allowed him to do with them as he pleased; and even in taking leave of him did so with the utmost reverence."

This opened the eyes of Miss Caracciolo, and she determined never to take the veil. Efforts were made to change her mind. A young priest was given her as a confessor. He questioned her as to her loves and of her history. She confessed to having been forsaken. Then came the priest to her side. He said: "The world has abandoned you. The heavenely Spouse opens the door of his house to you, offers to embrace you in his arms with tenderness, and anxiously awaits you, to make you forget, in the sublime comforts of his love, the discords of men. Remember, the priest is the representative of Christ," and proposed to embrace her with his arms. She scorned and upbraided him. Some nuns hate, while others love. He continued a long time, playing upon the same pipe, which she thought tedious and stupid. Finally she interrupted him by saying, "Is it, or is it not, true that man was created for humanity? 'If, as you say, the family of Christ be restricted to this little community, why was the Son of God crucified for the salvation of the whole human race? It is said, that, to be contented with solitude, it is necessary to be either God or brute. Now, I have not arrived at the elevation of the Deity, nor yet to the condition of the brute. I love the world, and take pleasure in the society of my friends. Besides, I do not believe that you yourself have a horror of human society; because, if it were so, you would, ere this, have become a monk at least, if not an anchorite."

A Madalena, thinking that Miss Caracciolo had captured her priest and lover, on meeting her became livid in the face, and rudely turned her back upon her. Another came and said, "She forced her confessor upon you, and now she is crying and desperate with jealousy." Miss Caracciolo dismissed the new *canonico.* He would not be dismissed. She begged him to give his attention to others. He revealed his intention to dismiss the other nun. The result was, that in the afternoon she heard a great noise in the corridor. On going out, she found that the Madalena was in the centre of a group of excited nuns, waving a letter. The noise increased; the whole community assembled. In the confusion of the revolt, but one single word could be distinguished, and that, a thousand times repeated, was the word "*canonico.*"

Meanwhile the old abbess, leaning upon the arm of one of the *educande,* came up to the scene of the riot to appease Madalena, and promised her that the *canonico* should no longer confess Miss Caracciolo, and that she herself would find another confessor for her.

"Will you give me your word for that?" cried the infuriated Madalena, whilst the seventy other mouths around her remained closed awaiting in silence the answer. "Hold me pledged," replied the abbess.

"Bravo! Bravo!" exclaimed the nuns in chorus, while the Madalena exclaimed, "It was insupportable for me to see him shut up in the confessional with another." That is a picture of the best side of convent life in Italy. Priests and nuns passed whole days in each other's company, in love-making and in lazy enjoyment.

"Another nun had loved a priest ever since he had served in the church as an acolyte. Arriving at the priesthood, he was made sacristan; but, his companions denouncing him for the intimacy which subsisted between him and this nun, he was forbidden by his superior ever to pass through the street in which the convent was situated. The nun remained faithful, wrote him every day, sent presents to him, and managed to meet him from time to time secretly in the *parlatorio*. The superior being finally changed, the nun, although she now had arrived at mature age, succeeded in securing him for a confessor." "She celebrated the event as she would a marriage, gave gifts and flowers to her patron saint, and built at her own expense a confessional where she might have him to herself whenever they were inclined."

A letter sent by one of "the spouses of Christ" to a priest was dropped in the street. A gentleman picked it up, and said, "A common courtesan would make use of more modest language."

"I received myself, from an impertinent monk, a letter, in which he signified to me that he had hardly seen me, when he *conceived the sweet hope of becoming my confessor*. An exquisite of the first water, a man of scents and euphuism, could not have employed phrases more melodramatic, to demand whether he might hope or despair."

" 'Fair daughter,' said a priest to me one day, 'knowest thou who God truly is?'—'He is the Creator of the universe,' I answered dryly.

" 'No, no, no, no! that is not enough,' he replied, laughing at my ignorance. 'God is love, but love in the abstract, which receives its incarnation in the mutual affection of two hearts which idolize each other; you then must not only love God in his abstract existence, but must also love Him in His incarnation, that is, in the exclusive love of a man who adores you.'—'Then,' I replied, 'a woman who adores her own lover, would adore Divinity himself.'

" 'Assuredly, reiterated the priest, over and over again, taking courage from my remark, and chuckling at what seemed to him to be the effects of his catechism.

" 'In that case,' said I hastily, 'I should select for my lover rather a man of the world than a priest.'

" 'God preserve you, my daughter! God preserve you from that sin! To love a man of the world, a sinner, a wretch, an unbeliever, an infidel! why, you would go immediately to hell! The love of a priest is a sacred love, while that of the profane is infamy; the faith of a priest emanates from that granted to the Holy Church, while that of the profane is false,—false as is the vanity of the century. The priest purifies his affection daily in communion with the Holy Spirit; the man of the world, if he ever knows love at all, sweeps the muddy crossings of the street with it day and night.' 'But it is the heart as well as the conscience which prompts me to fly from the priests,' I replied.

" 'Well, if you will not love me because I am your confessor, I will find means to assist you to get rid of your scruples.

We will place the name of Jesus Christ before all our affectionate demonstrations; and thus our love will be a grateful offering to the Lord, and will ascend fragrant with perfume to heaven, like the smoke of the incense of the sanctuary. Say to me, for example, I love you in Jesus Christ; this night I dreamed of you in Jesus Christ; and you will have a tranquil conscience, because, in doing this, you will sanctify every transport.' " This is in line with the priests' substitution for marriage.

"Of a very respectable monk, respectable alike for his age and moral character, I inquired what signified the prefixing of Jesus Christ to amorous apostrophes.

" 'It is,' said he, 'an expression used by a horrible company, unfortunately only too numerous, which, thus abusing the name of our Lord, permits to its members the most unbridled licentiousness.' "

Thus it appears that in Italy in the olden time the priests had a substitution for marriage, as they have at this time in our land. And why not? It is the same tree there as here. Why not bear the same kind of fruit?

Garibaldi had entered Naples in triumph. While the priests of San Gennaro, in order to avoid the solemnity of a Te Deum, and to escape the customary prayers, "Save thy people, and thy patrimony, O God," detained Garibaldi, Henrietta Caracciolo took off her veil from her head, and deposited on the altar what had been given her twenty years before. A free woman she went forth into a free world, uncontaminated by priests because by God's help she stood her ground against them. Finally she met a man to love and to be loved. They were married, and she writes, "I find myself in the state in which God placed woman at the close of his first week of the creation. Why, fulfilling the offices of a good wife, of a good mother, of a good citizen—why may I not aspire even to the treasury of the Divine Confession?"

She stepped out of the convent. The curse remains. It is the same at this hour wherever they exist in fact as in name. As a prioress said, "The priests deceive the innocent, and even those that are more circumspect; and it would need a miracle to converse with them and not fall. Poor creatures! many of them think they are leaving the world to escape danger, and they only meet with greater danger. Do not suppose this is the case in one convent alone. *Everywhere it is the same; everywhere the same disorders, everywhere the same abuses, prevail.* Let the superiors suspect as they may, they do not know even the smallest part of the enormous wickedness that goes on between the monks and the nuns."

Such was the profligacy of priors and nuns, as Llorenti informs us, in the fifteenth century, that the Pope, from very shame, had to take notice of it. He had to invest the Inquisition with special power to take cognizance of the matter. The inquisitors, in obedience to orders from their sovereign Pope, entered immediately upon the discharge of their duties. They issued, through their immediate superior, a general order commanding all women, nuns, and lay sisters, married women and single women, without regard to age, station in life, or any other circumstance, to appear before them, and give information, if any they had, against all priests, Jesuits, monks, priors, and confessors. The Pope got more than he bargained for. Supposing that the licentiousness of his priests did not extend beyond women of ill-fame, he summoned all to come. Disobedience was heresy.

and heresy was death. The accusers came, not singly, but in batallions. The number who made their appearance to lodge information, in the single city of Seville, Spain, was so great, that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days.

The inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess; and, having done so, they re-assembled, and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose; but the depositions continued to increase so fast, that they saw no use continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn, and quash the inquiry. The country was found to be one vast area of pollution. This Church, so polluted, and so vile, is reckoned by many as one of the religious denominations. These priests, and priests as debased and vile, are called in the United states, by so-called Christians, "*ministers* of God!" The ignorance of the average professing Christian in America concerning Romanism, what it was and is, surprises those who have studied the character of Papal life, and the blindness of the people who ought to be better informed. It will not do to say that this belonged to a past age. Priests, nuns, and confessors are the same now that they were in the fifteenth century all over the world. Whoever visits Paris will find a lying-in hospital attached to every nunnery. The same is to be seen in Madrid and the principal cities of Spain, in Mexico, and in Dublin, Ireland. What is the object of these hospitals? Let William Hogan, the ex-priest, answer.

The object is to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional. But, it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I say, of my own knowledge and from my own experience through the confessional, that it would be well if there were; there would be fewer abortions, there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered. It is not generally known that the crime of procuring abortion—a crime which our laws pronounce to be felony—is a common offence in Popish nunneries. In Kings County Penitentiary is a woman who has been in prison twenty years for infanticide, and who is condemned to stay there for life. That which is a crime in the State is a practice in the convents. Luther, in his "Table Talk," says that in his time a pool was cleaned out in the vicinity of a convent, and the bottom was almost literally paved with the bones of infants.

Any scoundrel tired of a woman can embrace the religious state, enter a monastery, and be rid of her, though he has ruined her under promise of marriage. Statistics prove that in no city is there so great a number of children born out of wedlock as in Rome, and it is in Rome also that the greatest number of infanticides take place. This must ever be the case with a wealthy unmarried priesthood and a poor and ignorant population.

In Rome there are from thirty to forty thousand monks and nuns condemned to the material interests of the Vatican, to an impossible chastity, to violence against nature, for which she avenges herself by treading under her feet morality, and compelling families and the state to bear the consequences of this condition of violence in which the Church has placed it. Humanity and morality are paying the cost in Europe of eight centuries of temporal power, of the ambition of the pontificate, and from it come the blood-stains that disgrace the Eternal City.

receives the sanction of Rome. The *modus operandi* is this. The infallible Church teaches that without baptism even infants cannot go to heaven. The holy Church, not caring much how the aforesaid infants may come into this world, but anxious that they should go out of it according to the ritual of the Church, insists that the infant shall be baptized. That being done, and its soul being thus fitted for heaven, *the mother abbess generally takes between her holy fingers* the nostrils of the infant, and in the name of the infallible Church consigns it to the care of the Almighty; and I beg to state, from my own personal knowledge through the confessional, that the father is, in nearly all cases, the individual who baptizes it. I desire to assert nothing of a character as frightful and disgusting as this on my own authority. I could give numberless instances; let this suffice.

Llorenti, in his "History of the Inquisition," relates the following: "There was among the Carmelite nuns of Lerma a mother abbess called Mother Aguecla, who was accounted a saint. People came to her from all the neighboring country to be cured of their respective diseases. Her mode of curing all diseases was this. She had in her possession a number of small stones, of which she said she was delivered in all the pains of childbirth. She was delivered of them periodically for the space of twenty years, according to her own statement; and, by the application of these stones to any diseased person, he was forthwith cured. Rumor, however, got abroad that the mother abbess 'was no better than she ought to be,' and that she and the other nuns of the convent were bringing forth children for the friars of the Carmelite order, who arranged all her miracles for her, and enabled her for twenty years to impose upon the public as the lady prioress of a nunnery and fashionable boarding-school. Whenever she was confined and delivered of a child, the *holy nuns* strangled it, and burned it. All the other nuns did likewise, and probably would have continued to do so through their successors until this day, had not the neice of the mother abbess, in a moment of anger, arising from maltreatment, let fall some observations which excited the suspicions of the public authorities. The burying ground of the nuns was examined; the spot where the strangled infants were buried was pointed out by the niece of the mother abbess, and the bodies found."

It is said that a chemical process has been discovered by which the bones, as well as the flesh of infants, are reduced in a little time almost to perfect annihilation. This helps on the iniquity. Maria Monk will tell how this was managed in Montreal.

"Virtuous ladies," says William Hogan, "into whose hands this statement will come, will exclaim on reading it, 'This cannot be true. If even nuns had witnessed such things, however depraved they may be, they would fly from such scenes; or, at all events, no *nun* who has ever been once guilty of such conduct would consent a second time.' Here, again, we see how little Americans know of popery and of the practices of priests and nuns." The fact is, Roman Catholic laymen know almost as little of popery as Protestants. When a female goes to the confessional, she virtually binds herself to answer every question which her confessor proposes, and that the concealment of any thought or deed which she committed was a mortal sin, hateful to God, and deserving of an eternal hell.

She believes that the priest sits in the confessional with all the power of God, divest of all human sins, and firmly believes that it is an absolute impossibility for him to err. In the name of liberty, in the name of everything that is American, why will not the American public awake. We are now hard up against a proposition of Romish supremacy, or American independence. Which will you choose, Americans? Will you stand idly by and see everything that is near and dear to our free and independent institutions throttled by a foreign hand? Oh, I am in the deepest earnest. Gladly would I suffer my life's blood to ebb my soul into eternity if I knew that by so doing that it would paralize the arm of heartless Catholicism upon our shores. Arouse yourselves for the interest you have in humanity. You may say that I am not afraid of any of my family ever becoming Catholics. This may never happen, but have you no interest in the welfare of your neighbor's daughter? Can you calmly lounge upon the security of your own family, while upon every hand you see your neighbors' children felled by the lustful hand of Catholicism? I believe the time has come when it is the duty of every liberty-loving American to see that no man is elevated to office without first obtaining a solemn vow that no Catholic will be given an appointment at his hands. The only way to remedy a wrong is to right it, and the only way to right it, is by destroying the cause that leads to the wrong doing.

Ex-President U. S. Grant in his message of 1875 said, "The vast property held by Catholic churches without taxation, will lead to bloodshed."

Chapter XIV.

Life in a Convent as Told by an Inmate.

I am the eldest of six children, and was born upon the unhappy island of Cuba, of respectable parents, my father being a native of Spain, and my mother of Cuba. In my mother's youth she was considered a great beauty by the natives, and, in fact, by every one who saw her, and was greatly admired by many rich and influential foreigners, but married my father, greatly to the dislike of her parents. From my childhood I was daily instructed by mother, who instilled in my very soul a deep reverence for the ignominious traditions of Catholicism and the Romish faith.

I was partly educated in Protestant schools, and there bitterly opposed every slight remark made against my religious superstitions. I thought so much of, and believed so tenaciously in the Catholic religion, that I would have given my life for its preservation, for the defense of its purity, as I then thought. I was always a good girl by inclination from early childhood. I had a desire for better things than follies of society and the silly unholy world. Earthly pleasures failed to fill the void in my heart

—indeed, that heart is narrow which can be filled by aught save the perfect love of God. I sought peace at the shrine of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, at the confessional; in the confraternities of scapulars and rosaries, but all in vain. I could find no abiding place in Christ. My senses were charmed with the imposing forms and ceremonies, the music, flowers, candles, pictures, and beautiful images, which constitute the worship of Roman Catholics, but possessing an instructed intelligence, my soul remained empty. Were I a mere being of sense, only, I might have been satisfied.

In 1897, I visited friends, and was away from home for some time, and endeavored to find gay and giddy companions, and forget my religion and devote myself to worldly pleasures. But my heart and soul became disgusted and wearied with the emptiness and vanity of such a life. I was certainly created to be something more than a mere votary of fashion and folly. However, a change was near. The 15th of August is observed as a holy day among Catholics, for honoring the Assumption of Mary into Heaven. I attended mass that morning at a beautiful Church; in the afternoon I went to confession, to a priest who was visiting at that time for the purpose of assisting Father Versani, who was then in poor health. In obedience to the teachings of the Catholic Church, which enjoins penitents to disclose to their confessor every secret, no matter what the nature the sin. I told him I derived no pleasure in either the worship of God or in the society of the world. He advised me in the most affectionate manner, even going so far as placing his arm around my waist, and kissing me several times, as he said, with a holy kiss. He said that I was above the common things of the world, and advised me to enter a convent, as the Lord had called me to be a bride of Jesus Christ, as no man was good enough for me. He told me that I would soar high above all human beings, and he knew from my angelic face and beautiful form that God had intended me to be a nun.

He advised me to read the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, especially the "Nun Purified." This saint extols virgins consecrated to God, and says of all happy states, the vocation of a nun is the most perfect and sublime, because their affections are not fixed on their families, nor on men of the world, nor on goods of the earth, nor on the dress and vanities of women; they are unshackled by worldly ties, by subjection to friends or relatives, and are removed from the noise and tumult of the "wicked world."

I was then nineteen years of age, an age when the heart is most susceptible to those impressions which may be called romantic or sentimental. Naturally possessing an impulsive and enthusiastic nature, I was filled with a desire to make some great sacrifice to God, and I listened with pleasure to the advice of my confessor. Thenceforth I began to lead a new life. I would spend most of the day in the church. I took great delight in self-imposed penances, such as fasting every day on one meal, and abstaining from everything that would afford my physical senses delight. I would remain hours together in prayer, and often experienced great consolation and ecstacies therefrom. In the confessional I would speak of the visions, ecstacies and spiritual consolations I experienced in prayer, and of my great desire of self abnegation. My confessor flattered me in my delusion, telling me that the Lord had endowed my soul with His highest gifts, and He had designed me from all eternity to become a great saint, "and all visions, ecstacies, and self-annihilation, came from God, and denoted great sanctity." At the same time he urged me to hasten my entrance into a convent, because, if I delayed long in the world, God would withdraw from me those heavenly gifts.

I now look back and regret the precious time wasted in the observance of these most superstitious doings and unprofitable devotions. In the true light of God, I can now attribute all of the consolation I received to naught but spiritual pride. I thought that I was a model of humanity, but I was only fishing for a few soft words from the abominable priest.

Being naturally possessed of strong affections, as most Southern women are, I endured the greater pain and anguish as soon as I had fully made up my mind to forever turn my back upon home and loved ones, and enter a convent. The love I bore my mother amounted almost to idolatry, and the thought of a separation from her was death in itself. How *could* I leave her, never again to see her dear face, nor hear her beloved voice? All else I could give up, but my mother, never! It would break my heart to leave my own dear gentle mother.

This thought of being forever separated from my beloved mother would sometimes fill my soul with doubts and murmurings against God. Why could I not love God and arrive at sanctity without breaking the holiest of earthly ties? Why had God given me such an affectionate nature, if it was unlawful for me to exercise it? Why must I crush and blight my life and talents within the gloomy walls of the cloister? Why bury my heart in a living sepulchre? Why shut out from myself every object of beauty and love that the hand of God had formed? Was not such a God more an arbitrary tyrant than a God of mercy and love?

I often experienced such rebellious reflections as the above, and as in duty bound, discovered them to my confessor. He would tell me such thoughts were wicked temptations from the devil, who would fain cheat me of my holy calling and perfect devotion to the religious life, by attacking me in the weakest point, my ardent affection. My spiritual director chided severely my weakness in listening for one moment to the suggestions of the "evil one;" telling me I must choose between God and my mother. I could not serve both, and if I made choice of the latter, would lose my immortal soul, and be damned, quoting the passage, "whoever loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy to be my disciple." I thought God required the sacrifice and I made it. The next difficulty I had was to gain the consent of my parents, which I for a long time failed to do, as I had a lovable disposition, and it was like tearing their hearts out to have me forever leave them. I told the priest that my parents would not consent for me to enter a convent, and imagine my surprise when he told me to leave without their approval. He advised me that he was my adviser, and I and my parents both belonged to him, therefore he was the one for me to obey. He condemned my parents, and called them "agents of the devil," in trying to rob God of my soul.

My father seeing my determination to enter a convent, reluctantly gave his consent, comforting himself with the reflection that I would be numbered with the elect—fighting the good fight—one of the "chosen few." After one year spent in prayer and meditation on the important step I was about to take, the eventful day arrived when I must separate myself from all I loved on earth, all the happy and dear associations of my innocent girlhood.

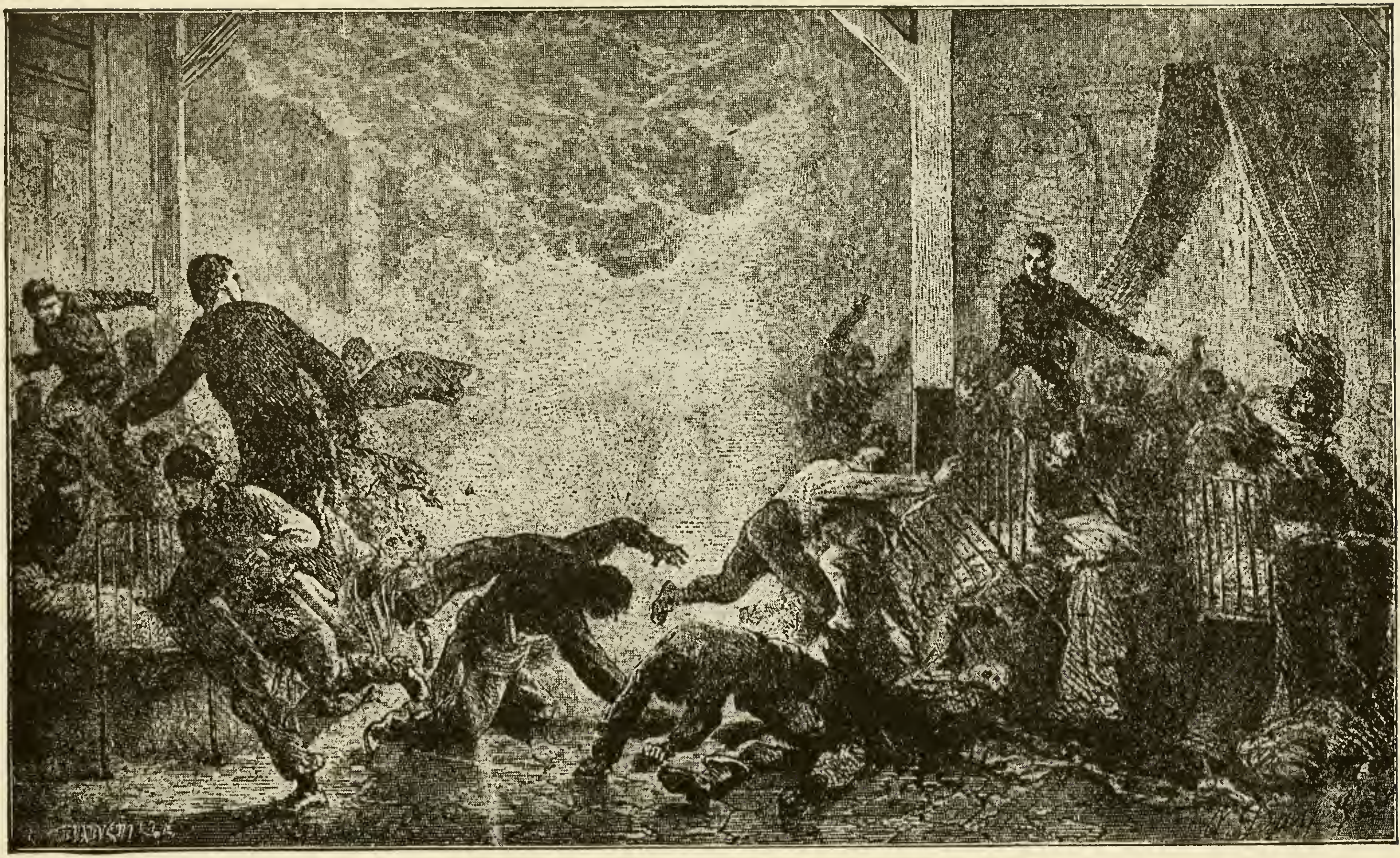
The first of October was my last day at home, the last day spent in the society of my dear parents, my little brothers and sisters, my beloved associates—the last day of happiness for weary, weary years of desolation. I cannot now recall that day without the deepest emotion. Oh, why did I first break up the family circle? Why did I impose upon myself such a living death? Why did I not listen to the voice of my heart, and of reason? But, alas! it is too late now to repine, the fiat hath gone forth and can never be revoked.

I must now take the final farewell of the home circle. All are there, but in a few moments one will be absent, never again to take her accustomed place among them. I kneel at my father's knee to receive his blessing, ere I leave him forever—oh, forever.

Once again I lean upon my idolized mother's breast; for the last time I kiss my dear sisters that had shared all my childhood joys, and now for the last time I stoop to kiss my baby brother who calmly sleeps in his little cradle; I see the stern countenance of father grow to an ashy white, the large brown eyes of mother swims in tears, the suppressed sobs of brothers and sisters are heard on every hand, but as I thought then, I must leave them in order to save my soul. Oh, it had been better that at that moment the earth had opened and swallowed me. The time comes, and I bid farewell to every dear object. Farewell father, mother, brothers and sisters! farewell to playmates! farewell, farewell forever! All are in tears.

I at last tear from my mother's embrace, and leave her weeping as none but a mother can weep. Oh, mother! dear mother, better a thousand, yea ten thousand times for you and for me could you have seen me carried to my grave than to the wrongs and sufferings that awaited me in the living tomb in the convent.

Farewell father! farewell mother! farewell happiness! dear earth, farewell!



A bomb thrown into a Protestant Hospital.

Chapter XV.

Off to the Convent.

A TALE OF MISERY TOLD BY A CUBAN GIRL.

I arrived at the convent in due time without anything happening out of the ordinary. The main building, generally known as "Rondo College," is exclusively occupied by the nuns. Adjoining the nunnery is a chapel for the use of the nuns and pupils; attached to this chapel is a beautiful cottage—a residence fitted up in oriental splendor and occupied by priests. This college. with all the exterior adornment, impresses the outside world that it is a paradise, but, oh God, if the Protestant world but knew the inner workings, they would obliterate its walls and purge the nation of such a plague spot.

This community of Sisters of Charity is a branch of St. Xavier, near Havana, and was established in the same diocese by Bishop Rimborni, in the year 1858. Among the first of the sisters appointed to this diocese was sister Mary Xavier, for whom Bishop Rimborni formed a deep attachment, and as proof of his devotion to her, he granted her the exclusive privilege of reigning "Mother Superior" for life, notwithstanding it is contrary to the rules of the order, which forbid superiors to hold office longer than three years, and then only by vote of the sisters. However, Mother Xavier, by her shrewdness and dexterity, is well fitted to fill the office to which she has been appointed. She was a lady about thirty-five years of age, somewhat below the medium height, urbane and polished in her manners, and possessed of a large share of Jesuit strategy and plausibility.

The order of Sisters of Charity was founded by St. Vincent de Paul, in the year 1633, in France, and introduced into the United States by Mother E. Seton, in the year 1812, near Emmettsburg, Md. There is a division among the sisters of St. Vincent and the sisters of Mother E. Seton in regard to rules and dress. The costume of the Sisters of St. Vincent consists of a grey flannel habit clumsily made, and singular looking "cornet" worn on the head, cut out of white linen in the form of wings to represent the "dove," and presenting a very uncouth and repulsive appearance. The Sisters of Mother E. Seton are attired in a black woolen habit, with a cape covering the waist, a white linen collar, tastefully turned down over the cape; the face nearly concealed by a black cambric cap, drawn closely around the head. I had been in the convent but a short time until I beheld for the first time this whited sepulchre, so beautiful without, but within so full of everlasting shames and shams. I felt most miserable as I approached this desolate spot, and had death stripped me of every friend on earth, I could have felt no worse as I stood in the solitude of the convent walls. I knew ere I entered, that I was to leave my reason, my will, in fact, my natural self outside of these walls. I was tempted to turn back from this home of slavery and debauchery, but I had gone too far; I had put my hands to the plough, and if I should turn back, I would not be fit for the "Kingdom of Heaven." I approached the main entrance and rang the bell. A sad, pensive-looking sister answered my summons at the door, and ushered me into a spacious and elegantly furnished parlor, where I was received by Mother Xavier, who in a most gracious and affectionate manner welcomed me to her "abode of peace." She expressed herself highly pleased with the refinement of my appearance and manners, telling me that her "prayer had been answered in the Lord sending me to her, as she was very much in need of educated and accomplished sisters." She portrayed in the most glowing manner the "blessed advantage of my holy vocation, which called me away from the noisy, sinful world to the safe and peaceful haven of a religious life in the convent," assuring me I would receive an hundred-fold of heavenly gifts if I would only remain faithful to my vocation, and forget my country and my father's house—because it is not sufficient that the body quit the world, the heart also must quit it, and break off all attachment for it. "All those," said she, "that enter our holy orders must not only consider that they quit father, mother, kindred, friends, and whatsoever they possess in the world, but must believe that Jesus Christ addresses them in these words: 'He that hates not father, mother, brothers, sisters, yea and himself, cannot be my disciple.' "

Oh, blind votaries of a benighted faith! the only sacrifice our merciful Savior requires is a contrite and humble heart, which true disciples give Him without undergoing bodily punishment.

I was permitted to rest one week ere I would enter as a candidate, and during that time I was treated as all visitors are, with great kindness and affection by the mother and sisters. At the end of the week, I was stripped of my worldly clothes and attired in the plain black dress and white muslin cap of the candidate, and entered upon a probation of three months, during which time my disposition was studied and tried. I was sent to work in the dormitories, study halls, refectories, kitchen and laundry. It is a custom established in all convents to employ freely, candidates and novices in every species of toil, and the more repugnant and distasteful any kind of occupation is perceived to be to particular individuals, the more certainly are they chosen to perform it. Accordingly the candidate known to have been most delicately and tenderly nurtured, whose hands have never before come in contact with hard service, is there chosen to perform the most menial offices. Therefore I was chosen to perform the most distasteful and laborious work in the convent. The manner of the sisters changed from the sweet, gentle beings they at first seemed to be, to harsh, task-masters. I was never accustomed to unkindness, therefore I was extremely sensitive to unwanton abuse. I could not please the sisters, no matter how hard I tried. I was one day commanded to scrub eight floors of this large building with a brush and sand upon my knees. Such work was new to me, nevertheless I performed my task in the best way I knew how, never murmuring. Just as I had finished it my tyrannical task-master snatched the brush from my hand, tearing the skin in several places, and at the same time dashing a pail of dirty dish water all over the floor, and compelling me to again scrub the floor. This is only a small specimen of the trials that awaited me.

On another occasion, I was obliged to wash all the pots and kettles, and scour all the knives and forks in the establishment. My hands, which were naturally very soft and white, began to look soiled and dirty. Having remarked in my simplicity to Sister Terfrano, the housekeeper, "Indeed sister, I am now ashamed of my hands!" she sharply returned, "Well, thin, I'll be afther making ye more ashamed of 'em." Accordingly she called me out into another room where a sister was whitewashing the walls, and commanded me to dip my hands into a pot of hot lime. I hesitated a moment, thinking certainly she could not mean it; however I was soon convinced of her earnestness by her harsh tone, "None of yer airs now; but do as I bid ye, or I'll tell the mother of ye." I put my hands down into the hot lime, and she held them there some minutes. For several weeks my hands were in a most pitiable condition. The skin would crack and bleed at every movement, causing me to suffer the most excruciating pain, and yet I was forced to wash and hang out clothes, the skin from my bleeding hands often peeling off and adhering to the garments. Of course they presented a most shocking appearance, their smoothness and whiteness gone, they were red, swollen, and chapped. I made no complaint, but bore that penance in silence, remarking to a sympathizing candidate that I justly merited it for being so proud and vain of my hands.

I was one day appointed to wait on the table in the young ladies' refectory; and while there conversed with a young lady from near my home, who recognized me, and knew many of my friends. Sister Serona overheard me, and the consequence was I was humiliated before the community, being obliged to throw myself prostrate upon the ground, and be walked over as a door-mat by the other sisters.

My superiors soon became satisfied that my vocation for the religious life was from God, and the mother held me up to the novices as a model of simplicity, humility, and docility. Finally, my hair, of which I was once very proud, was shorn from my head, and I was clothed in the brown habit of the novice, receiving the name of Sister Margati, by which I was thenceforth to be known. Oh, I can never forget the awful solemnity of my feelings on that never-to-be-forgotten day, when I put off the old and familiar scenes of life, and embraced the new and unfamiliar austerities of an untried experience. And oh, how often during that day would come the harrowing reflection—Home, and mother, lost, lost to me forever! Never again to enter that hallowed circle! Never again behold its loved ones! Never again to make the walls ring with my girlish joy! Never again to listen to the sweet voice of my mother, as it breathed its melody in my poor lonely ear! But this was a vain and futile shrinking; alas! I had deliberately consigned myself to an inevitable destiny, and no power can avert it now. I had as I thought laid myself down forever at the feet of Jesus, to become his bride, and live like Him while on earth, poor, despised, and self-sacrificing; henceforth only subject to the will of those appointed to rule over me. Little did I dream, when entering on this dark and tortuous path, whither it would conduct me.

Sisters are obliged to go to confession every Friday to the parish priest, and every three months they make an extra confession to a Jesuit or Passionist Father. The rite of confession affords the fathers great freedom to accomplish the purposes they may entertain. Seated in the Confessional, priests are empowered to propound questions which, from the lips of others, would be deemed flagrant insults; kneeling before him, a sister must listen to and answer questions which fire a pure soul with indignation, and are calculated to destroy every feeling of modesty, which is the handmaid of chastity and woman's most beautiful gift. Auricular confession in the Roman Catholic Church is the underlying element which gravitates to the priest as its centre.

The Confessional is a spiritual Court of Justice; the priest is God's legate; he hears the accusation of the soul in its own condemnation.

Confession produces a deleterious effect upon the soul of woman. After her mental strength has been drawn to the proper point, then she is within his priestly toils.

I shall now proceed to show the obligations of nuns as bound by the Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience. A sister is bound by the vow of poverty to have no dominion—no property—no use of any temporal thing—without license from a superior; hence, two things necessarily follow: first, that the vow of poverty obliges a nun not to possess, or take, or receive, any temporal thing, in order to keep, make use of, or dispose of it, in any manner whatsoever, without leave of the Superior. Second, that a sister acts contrary to her vow of poverty, not only when without permission she takes, retains, or in any manner disposes of anything that belongs to the community, but likewise when she accepts of anything from persons abroad, though they be parents or friends, without the consent of the superiors, from whom it is a sacrilege to conceal anything; therefore no limit is placed to the despotism of superiors who selfishly monopolize all things for themselves and the priests.

A sister commits a most grievous sin if she violates the most trivial obligation of her Vow of Poverty; for instance, if a sister, without leave of a superior, should give to another a picture or pin she sins mortally. In order to have complete control over the minds of the sisters, wily superiors will draw on their fears and imaginations by relating frightful examples which God made of those who violated their vows.

The two vows known as Chastity and Obedience will doubtless prove startling to those to whom Jesuitical casuistry and doctrine are unknown pursuits of study. A sister breaks the vow of chastity by looking a man in the face; she must not raise her eyes when speaking to one of the opposite sex; she must not touch a sister's hand, or habit, or allow herself to be touched by another. If allowed to see a father or brother, she cannot take his hand; she must renounce all curiosity, never look around her, nor through a window, nor toward a door when opened to see who enters. She must walk in the cloister and street with downcast eyes, never showing a sign of recognition to an acquaintance.

Should a pupil linger beside a sister longer than is necessary, the sister is reported to the superior as being too familiar with the children. On account of my natural cheerfulness of character I was a particular favorite with the children and scholars in general, consequently my pupils were very affectionate toward me, often manifesting their love by taking my hand, encircling my waist, sitting at my feet, kissing my habit, etc., whereupon I would be reported guilty of great impropriety. If a sister falls in love with a priest she is compelled to tell him so. Here note the infamous craft of the priesthood; a young girl being bound by the rules to disclose every impulse she has,—the priest thus informed can take advantage of her as he may feel inclined. Sometimes, for the sake of policy, he will express a holy horror at her impulses, especially if the sister is not pretty, and fair of form. On the other hand, should his evil heart suggest to him the moral destruction of this sister, he has her at his mercy.

It is forbidden that a sister should see a priest alone in the parlor; neither is it allowed that she should visit a priest alone; yet she may remain at the Confessional for any length of time alone with her confessor; and she may confess to him in his own room in case of his indisposition. The priests often enter the rooms of the superiors, and remain there for a considerable time; nor is any one permitted to open the door, or enter the room during their stay. When a priest enters the room of a superior, or officer, should a private sister be present at the time, she is told to withdraw at once; nor is any one allowed to enter while he remains.

Various injunctions and examples, as the following, are daily read to the sisters: St. Alphonsus Liguori says, "a deliberate glance at a person of a different sex, enkindles an infernal spark which damns the soul." St. Clara would never look in the face of a man. She was greatly afflicted because she once involuntarily saw the countenance of a priest. (There are not many St. Claras in the convents of the nineteenth century!) It is related of St. Arsenius, that a noble lady went to visit him in the desert to beg of him to recommend her to God. When this saint perceived that his visitor was a woman, he turned away from her. She then said to him, Arsenius, since you will neither see nor hear me, at least remember me in your prayers. No, replied the priest, but I will beg God to make me forget your lovable face and form.

A sister is in the greatest danger of moral death who thus gives herself to the guidance of passive and blind obedience. Her conscience is stifled; she must not trouble herself about the sin or its consequences, when she is bound to think the *vow* of *obedience* the only way to heaven. Oh, what blasphemy! what delusion! May the blessed light of the Son of God shine upon their poor misguided souls, and let fall from their darkened eyes the scales of error, and give them to know and feel that Jesus is the *only* way, the truth, and the life. Such is the earnest prayer of my heart for all deluded children of superstition. None, save those who, like myself, have been groping in the black wilderness of Romanism, and at last have found deliverance by the light of Jesus, can know what it means.

The unkindness of sisters of charity to children extends beyond human comprehension. When a child fails in a recitation or conduct, the rod is applied, and the little one often carries marks of its awful use for weeks at a time. It is impossible for children to advance rapidly in these schools, because they are not properly instructed. It often happens that one sister may have from one hundred and eighty to two hundred children to teach, and sisters are sent to teach who are ignorant themselves. Sister de Sales' class of orphans was one year learning how to spell words of one syllable. The priests spend a great deal of their time in the parochial schools, making love to the pretty young sisters, while the rest of their time is spent in mumbling Latin *offices,* drinking wine, or "whisky punch," and making merry on the "fat of th land."

NOTE.—In treating of cruelty to children, or the sisters' incompetency to teach, I do not allude to a boarding school institution, or to any select pay-school taught by Sisters of Charity. The sisters do not so far forget themselves, or their church policy, as to impose cruelties on those children whose parents pay a tuition fee of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars per annum. I will here state that there can be no greater kindness shown to pupils than is bestowed on the children of wealthy parents, and especially those of Protestant parentage who are open to conviction in the way of Catholic dogmas. Such pupils are taught well, but not in solid branches of science or history. They appear to aim to give a superficial show of accomplishments, according to the capacity of each pupil, in order that parents may be satisfied; at the same time every exertion is made to win the good will of parents who have money. If Protestants deem it necessary to send their children away from home to be taught; in the name of God send them to a Protestant school. Do you ever hear of Catholics sending their children away to Protestant schools? No, never; then why should Protestants patronize their schools? Did you ever know of a Catholic giving a penny towards maintaining a Protestant institution? I will give you a hundred years to answer. Protestants, kind souls, lend Romanists a strong arm to build up and support their peculiar institutions.

I have been brought to see the unwholesome influence that is exerted over Protestant young ladies who receive their education in Catholic institutions. Prodigious efforts are made to impress popish doctrines upon their tender and susceptible minds; and I can safely say there is not one out of ten who leaves that institution whose mind is not filled with the religious tenets of the Church of Rome. I am acquainted with several young ladies educated at Havana, and with few exceptions they all felt more or less inclined to embrace Catholicism. The sisters are seemingly very mild, amiable, and pleasing in their dispositions to Protestant pupils—engaging and winning in all they say and do—and are possessed of all the charms and machinations necessary to initiate themselves into their good graces, and to gain them over finally to popery.

The sisters will blandly tell Protestant parents that they will make no effort to instil the Catholic religion in the minds of their children, and that they will be perfectly free to practice the precepts of their own religion. Certainly they do not compel scholars to study the Catholic Catechism, or expound the "Christian Doctrine," yet the latter must be present at those exercises and listen attentively to the Catholic interpretation.

Fifteen long, weary months had passed, since I entered the convent, and during that time I had not heard from home or friends. I had written to my parents twice, but every letter sent, or received, being subject to the inspection of the superiors, I never knew whether my letters had been sent from the convent; and as I had not received any, I had given up all hopes of ever hearing from my home. Although I had offered this trial as a sacrifice to God, still my heart yearned to hear from that dear mother who had so tenderly watched over me in the past, and from whom my insane folly had rendered it forever impossible to receive comfort again. Oh, how often my soul struggled against the temptation of despair and remorse, at the step I had taken, and from which there must be no looking back! I had no one but myself to blame; my own hand had clasped the chain which I then thought nothing but death could unclasp. Oh, the nights of conflict and anguish followed by days of outward calmness and apparent conformity, the dissimulation of which was again the subject of remorse! Oh, how keenly I suffered the penalty of my infatuation.

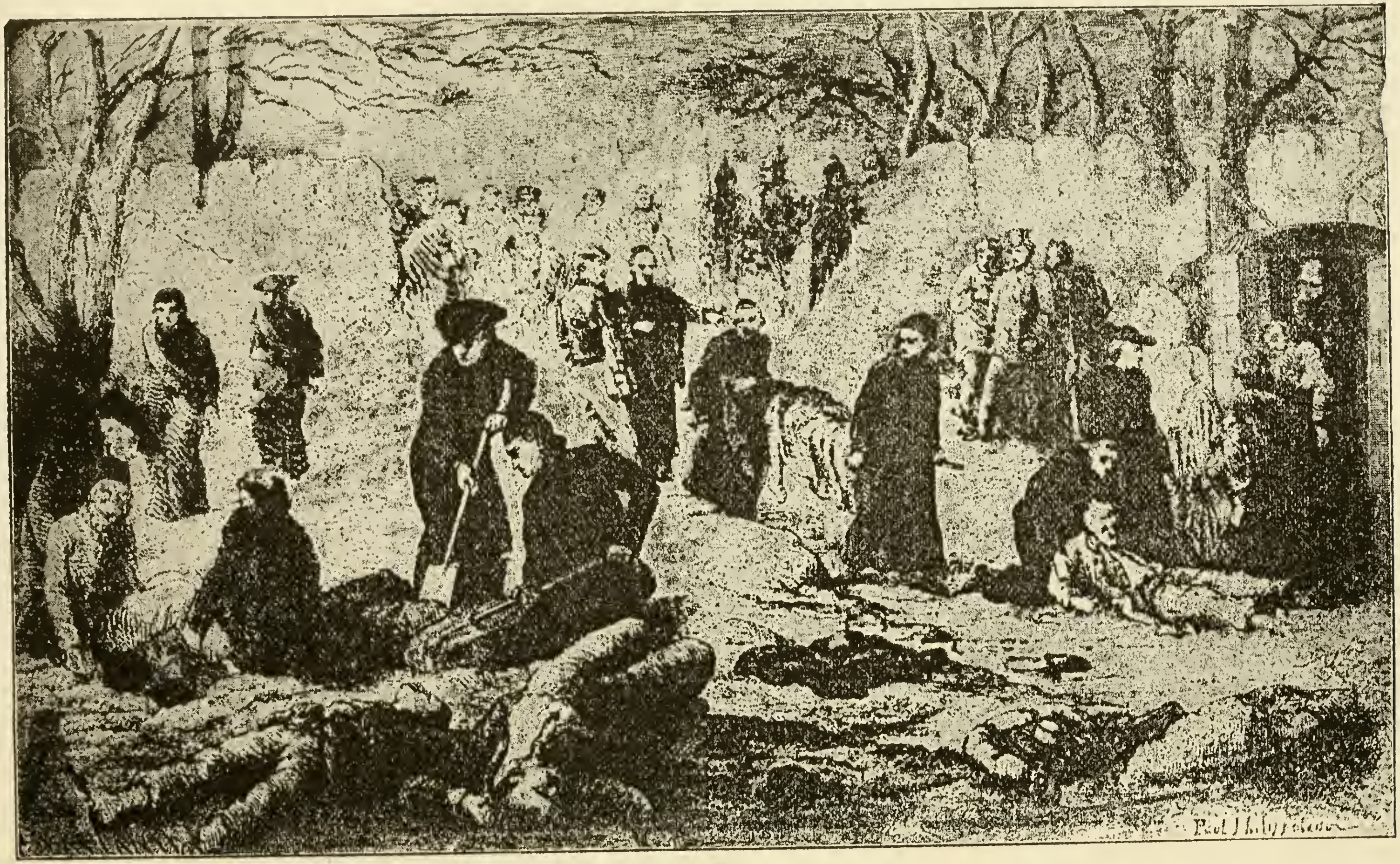
It was the feast of the Epiphany when Sister Mary Joseph met me in the hall, and in a sharp tone ordered me to go to the parlor and stay just ten minutes. These were the only words she condescended to address to me, and I, thinking some lady of the parish wished to see me in regard to her children, and that I was restricted to a ten minutes interview as a trial of obedience, proceeded to the parlor. But oh, how can I picture my surprise to meet there my oldest sister, Verta. In my joy, forgetting every restraint, every obligation of rule which forbids the sisters to make any demonstration of affection on meeting their relatives, I threw my arms around her neck and kissed her fondly, holding her for several moments to my throbbing heart. I was entirely overcome by this sudden and unexpected meeting of a sister dearly loved. Before I could control my feelings sufficiently to inquire about home the ten minutes had expired. I could not endure the thought of parting with my sister so soon, therefore I hastened to sister Mary Joseph, and on my knees begged her to grant me a little extension of the time in which to see my sister. She refused to grant me a single minute more. I then asked her if she would not, at least, send some refreshment to her, as she was very weary after her long journey, and besides she had had considerable difficulty in finding me. This little act of Christian charity she refused on the plea that she could go conveniently to a restaurant, as there were plenty of such places in the city. She sharply told me I ought to be very grateful for the favor of seeing my sister at all, and that she would not have granted it if she could have denied my "proud sister," who steadfastly refused to go away without seeing me. Language is powerless to describe the overwhelming grief I felt in being forced to turn away that sister without another word, even without a caress. Oh God, what a trial! Fifteen months without a word from those I so dearly loved—without seeing one dear familiar face! and then at last, when a sister comes to see me, sent by dear parents who were anxious to know my fate, I, after all her long journey to a strange place, am obliged to send her away, powerless to offer her even the least act of courtesy or kindness;—to send her away without having the time to communicate a single message of love for my darling mother, or even inquire about her, while my poor heart had so many questions to ask about home, and how each had borne my absence from them. My sister, who was very unfavorably impressed by the unkindness of Sister Mary Joseph, asked me if I was happy among such vulgar companions. With convent dissimulation I was forced to reply in the affirmative, for, was not a sister in the hall listening to every word we uttered? With a heavy heart I closed the door on that sister, and, unable to restrain my grief longer, I fell prostrate and wept as only a poor deluded soul can.

Among those sisters for whom I entertained a particular attachment, none were so dear to me as Sister Virginia. She entered the convent a few days after myself, therefore she was a candidate with me. She was one of those beautiful, highly gifted souls whom one rarely meets with in a life time. There was a certain congeniality of thought and ideas which strongly drew us together, and to each other we poured out our several trials. Her refined and exalted nature felt most acutely the trials of convent life. Among her various accomplishments she excelled in penmanship, and after she received the habit of the novice, she was retained at the mother-house, and appointed teacher of ornamental penmanship to the young ladies of the Academy. So after our three months candidateship had expired, our intercourse was limited to the few weeks vacation when the sisters all meet for the annual retreat.

The last time I saw this loving and lovable girl, she clasped my hand and in a solemn manner declared that "convent life was a living death which she could not endure longer," and said, "if I am compelled to remain I shall go mad." She remained silent for a few moments, and then said: "The enormities I see here each day, and the insults offered me are against my nature, and my reason is tottering." I embraced her, and she said, "Goodbye forever." "If you see me again I shall be raving mad." When I went to the mother-house again Sister Virginia was not there; she was an inmate of the Insane Asylum.

Sisters never know what takes place in the different houses of the order, therefore I was most anxious to learn the cause of Sister Virginia's insanity, but it being against the *rules* to make any inquiries or ask unnecessary questions, I did not dare to inquire about her; however, one of the novices gave me the following account: It was the morning of the distribution in the Academy, that Sister Virginia was found by Sister Madeleine at her writing desk, her head buried in her hands. When Sister Madeleine spoke to her, she began to cry and scream, "I am mad! I'm mad!" During three days and nights she was unmanageable, and in her ravings reproached the sisters with all manner of crimes. When she became more calm she was attired in worldly clothes and conveyed to the Insane Asylum. This asylum is under the superintendence of Sisters of Charity. The last I heard of her was that she was considered hopelessly insane; reason had flown from its beautiful seat, and that once highly gifted and talented girl is now a mental wreck, another of the many such victims of that accursed and deplorable system of conventualism. Poor Virginia! could she have abandoned the loveless, hopeless life she led in the convent, when she first felt the dread foreboding of the sad fate which came upon her, and returned to the love and care of her mother, she would have been saved from mental shipwreck; but alas! she was bound by vows which she would conscientiously keep even at the sacrifice of reason.

However, several sisters did rebel and leave the Community, among them was Sister Ann Elizabeth. This sister was one of the first candidates when the community was established in the diocese. Sister Ann Elizabeth is well known as she was superior for several years in St. Leo's parish. In the community a council is convened every month for the purpose of settling all the difficulties of the order. It is in these councils sentence is pronounced upon refractory sisters, and all the secrets of the community discussed. The council consists of some reverend priest and three sisters next to him in office, presided over by the Father Superior. Sister Ann Elizabeth was one of the sisters who sat in this council. She was an Irish lady possessing great dignity of character, which could not brook anything degrading. When she was admitted as a member of the council, her eyes were opened, and she could not remain a member of a community where she knew they did such wicked things. I remember the last time I saw her was during our summer vacation. She came into the study hall, where the novices and young professed nuns were assembled, and thus addressed us: "Sisters, I advise every one of you to leave this abode, and go back to your homes, for I am sure the curse of God will fall upon this Community on account of the crimes covered up, and which I as a member of the secret council know. Sisters, if you knew what I know, you would fly from here." Sister Ann Elizabeth was very much excited while she spoke, and we all looked upon her in amazement. She declared that there had been as many as twelve infants destroyed by burning in the convent stoves, and solemnly declared that to her knowledge every priest that she had ever known had proven himself to be a despoiler of virtue.



Scores of Soldiers Buried by Priests. but it was learned afterward that these poor American heroes were stripped of all their clothing, and the clothing sold by these ungodly priests.

Chapter XVI.

The Character of Catholics in America.

WHO THEY ARE AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

One does not have to travel far before they can arrive at an intelligent conclusion in regard to the character of the inhabitants of America, especially in the large cities of this country, for the saloon element, comparatively speaking, is made up of members of the Catholic Church; think of it, a man who professes to be a Christian and a fit subject for heaven keeping a saloon, a bar-room, a dram-shop, a cess-pool of iniquity; but this is the case, for statistics show that ninety-four bar-rooms out of every hundred in America are owned and controlled by members of the Catholic Church, and when these figures are considered, after knowing that Protestants greatly outnumber Catholics in population it becomes a matter of wonderment, and at the same time it clearly demonstrates to the mind that the morals of Catholicism are greatly below that of Protestants. Again, if you will visit the brothels of the cities and enquire the religious inclinations of their inmates you will find eighty-one out of every one hundred who have been reared under the influences of abominable Catholicism which teaches from infancy that no sin is so heinous but what the priest can wipe away, thus they are encouraged by the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome to commit sin without hesitancy, believing that it is only a matter of a few moments in the confessional box with the priest, and the giving up of a dollar or two to get all the slime and putrid rottenness eradicated from their immortal souls.

If Catholicism would halt at their own members it would not be so bad, but their priests invade the homes of the Protestants, of the Catholic, and of the infidel. They poison the atmosphere which all breathe. They lower the standard of public opinion. They make a war on morality and virtue. They countenance wrong-doing. They tolerate evil, and reward vice. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," in America as in Europe or elsewhere, in our time as in Paul's time. The celebrated Dean Swift having preached a sermon against sleeping in church, began his application in this manner: "These arguments may have weight with men awake, but what shall we say of the sleeper? By what process shall we arouse him to a sense of his danger?" These words form a good introduction to the consideration of the methods by which priests invade the home. Some who are awake know that homes are invaded, but thousands ignore the fact that popery is the religion of depraved human nature. What Toplady said of Arminianism, is applicable to it. Every man is born a Papist. Rome would not go far wrong if she counted in her membership every man, woman, and child in the broad road to an eternal hell. Every Papist comes into the world not only in a state of alienation from God, but with an innate propensity to trust in himself, or in something done by himself, or by his fellow-creatures, to obtain the favor or remove the displeasure of God.

Christianity reveals a Savior who has obeyed and suffered in the room of the guilty; who has, in short, done every thing that was necessary to reconcile sinners to their offended Creator, and every sinner who believes in him is so reconciled. This reconciliation is necessarily and *invariably* accompanied by a radical change in the character as well as the state of the individual. He becomes a new creature. *He commences a new and spiritual life;* or, to use the emphatic words of our Savior, "*he is born again.*" And without this no man can see the kingdom of God. The future life of such a person is characterized by a hatred of sin, and a daily opposition to it in all its motions and operations in his own heart, together with a love of righteousness, and an earnest desire to please and serve God. It requires nothing less than the power of the Holy Spirit to produce this change, and nothing short of this will be recognized by the righteous Judge as Christianity. This fits an individual for our home or any other home, and brings him into such relations with God, that, because of what has been wrought within his soul, he loves the things God loves, and hates the things God hates. He stands with the right against the wrong, not because he may, but because he *must*.

Popery ignores all this. By the sacrament of baptism a priest claims to have the power to regenerate the sinner. This requires no subjugation or surrendering of the will, no repentance of sin, no confession of Christ. By baptism he is told that all his sins are taken away. Do we believe it? Turn to any

Romish Catechism, and read this question and answer. *Question.*—"What are the effects of baptism?" *Ans.—"A total remission of original and actual sin, with the pains due them."*

By the sacrament of penance all the sins committed after baptism are forgiven; and by extreme unction, when he comes to die, he is assured of everlasting happiness, after a little of purgatory, which will be made as short as possible if the money is forthcoming to pay for masses. All the time, from baptism until death, the person is unconscious of any change having taken place in the state of his heart towards God or holiness. His affections are carnal; he is in love with sin, and he continues to live in it, flattering himself that his soul is safe because he observes all the prescribed forms of his religion.

To rule such a man, no religion is required, if by religion we mean binding a man back to God. A Romanist is loosened from God, and has the sanction of his Church in going to the Devil. He pleases himself; he can swear, break the Sabbath, dishonor his parents, lie, steal, commit adultery, and whatever else lies in his way, or is prompted by his heart, and get on nominally in a church whose head is pollution, and whose body is a *body of death.* Do we doubt this? Be it known, then, "that Paul III. in the third year of his papacy granted a bull for publicly licensing brothels, and gave an indulgence for the commission of lewdness, provided the man paid a certain fine to the Holy See, and the woman a yearly sum for her license, and entered her name in the public register. In the days of this pope there are said to have been forty-five thousand such women in Rome; and, besides the amount of annual license which each took out for the privilege of prostitution, the Church received a part of their weekly income."

"Each brothel had an iron chest fixed into the wall, into which every man put his offering; and three agents of the Holy See went round weekly to open the chests, and divide what was found in them. One-third part went to the house, one-third to the women, and one-third to the holy Church, for the purpose, it was pretended, of redeeming captives of the Romish religion from the Turks. If any man chose to be wicked in a more private manner, and went to a person or a house unlicensed, he was, on discovery, to be excommunicated, or to pay seven times the price which his sin would have cost in a lawful way."

Such is the holy Church. In the Vatican dwell three hundred women. For what? Monasteries and nunneries are built in close proximity. Why? In a Florida town is a convent that owns a rumshop, where sometimes a score of priests warm up with wine, whiskey, and brandy, and then under a covered archway pass to the nunnery, and spend the residue of the night in a bacchanalian revel. In Dubuque, Ia., the bishop openly lets houses for prostitution, and pockets the proceeds for the Church. In St. Louis, prostitution was licensed; and Paul III. and the teaching of Romanism furnished the example and the authority.

It is pitiable, it is terrible, that, if any one will but implicitly submit to all the impositions of the Church, he may live as wickedly as he pleases, and be assured of heaven at last. Charles II. of England died with prostitutes about him, a disgrace to England and to himself; and Rome gloried in him as a convert. The more of man and the less of God in Rome, the more Romanism is praised by those who prefer a lie to the truth. Romanism is a fact. It walks in darkness, and opposes the truth. Though there are more than seven millions of Roman Catholics sheltered beneath the ægis of the Republic of the United States, and two hundred and fifty millions in the world deluded by error and shrouded in the folds of Papal if not of Pagan night, yet, such is the tendency of Church-anity to usurp the place of Christianity, that many believe that because these millions belong to a so-called church, they are not only housed from danger, but are harmless if not helpful factors in religious work. As a result, men who take high rank in the Church as well as in the world, give money to support their protectories and asylums, help them to found colleges, build and maintain convents, forgetful that they who help error and encourage it become its slaves. Vice tolerated pollutes and stains the soul. Hence God says, "Abhor that which is evil." Eject it. Cast it from you. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." "For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret. But all things that are reproved are made manifest by this light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light. Wherefore God saith, *Awake, thou that* sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

A young man enters a hotel. In the passage-way he is met by a wretch in the shape of a well-dressed book-agent. He invites the young man to look for a moment at a book. It is opened. His eye rests on a lascivious picture placed there to excite and capture him. What does he do? Does he welcome it? Does he take the book in his hands, and turn over its pages, and look at the various pictures until his passions are aroused, and he is ready to accept the invitations lodged between its pages inviting him to a brothel? If so he is ruined: the ruin had been wrought before; now it reveals itself. But if he is indignant; if his soul abhors the evil; if he pushes the man aside, dashes the book to the floor, and grinds it with his heel, then he passes into the hotel a self-respecting man. Because of what had been wrought in his soul, he is safe. He is incased in armor, because his heart is the home of purity. The value of the religion of Christ is seen in what it works in a man, and does for a man. It makes him a "new creature in Christ Jesus; old things are passed away; all things have become new." How will this uncovering of the pollutions of Rome be received?

Romanism is being tolerated. The universal toleration of Romanism would mean the sounding-forth of the knell of hope. Religion dies where Romanism thrives. Education is abandoned; virtue loosens its belt, and vice takes the reins, and drives whereever inclination and passion may direct.

Look at Mexico,

A country less known to the people of the United States than is any State in Europe. Romanism had full swing. As a result, ignorance was the rule. Crime went unchecked. To virtue the people were strangers. To poverty, degradation, to criminal living, they were to the manor born. The war of the Rebellion had begun. Louis Napoleon desired to found a Latin empire on this Western continent, making Mexico its capital, and uniting to it the southern half of the Republic of the United States, then in rebellion against the ascendency of freedom, and the supremacy of the stars and stripes. The Pope, the Roman Catholic Church, and every lover of despotism in the world, was with him. Against him were the lovers of liberty and the haters of Romanism in Mexico, led by Benito Juarez, a Zapotec Indian, a race that were of the mountainous portions of the country, and who had never been fully conquered by the Spaniards. As far back as 1856, when a member of the Cabinet of Alvarez Juarez had been instrumental in the adoption of a political constitution, which was based on the broadest republican principles, and which provided for free schools, a free press, a complete subjugation of the ecclesiastical and military to the civil authority. Hitherto, members of the army, and all the ecclesiastics, could only be tried for offences by privileged and special tribunals, composed of members of their own orders; but the constitution of Juarez abolished all that, and proclaimed, for the first time in Mexico, the equality of all men before the law.

This government was overthrown by force, and Maximilian of Austria was, by the power of the Papal Church, installed as emperor. The priests were against the people, and the enemies of liberty. Maximilian was a man of elegant presence, winning manners, and of much refinement and culture; and these qualities, with undoubted personal courage, contributed to give him a certain amount of personal popularity and sympathy. But he was an absolutist, and in devotion to the Roman-Catholic Church an extremist to the point of fanaticism. The first is seen in his establishing a court, with orders of nobility, decorations, and minute ceremonials; the construction and use of an absurd state carriage, modeled after the style of Louis XIV., and still shown in the National Museum; and more, by the proclamation and execution of an order (which subsequently cost Maximilian his own life), that all republican officers taken prisoners in battle by the imperialists should be summarily executed as bandits. The second charge is proven by his walking barefoot, on a day of pilgrimage, all the way over some two or three miles of dusty, disagreeable road, from the City of Mexico to the shrine of the virgin of Guadalupe.

As the overthrow of the rebellion in 1865 made it certain that Louis Napoleon and his Latin empire must seek safety in flight, at any rate must turn from the Western continent, the French forces were withdrawn from Mexico. Maximilian should have gone with them. The Church party persuaded him to remain, pledging him their support. Maximilian returned to the City of Mexico, and went to his doom. The republican forces triumphed over despotism, Maximilian was executed, and Benito Juarez became president of the republic. What did he find? This: the Church had despoiled Mexico of hope, of honor, of faith, of religion; Romanism must get out of the way, that the republic might live. Get out of the way it did. The entire property of the Church was confiscated to the use of the state. "Every convent, monastic institution, or religious house was closed up, and devoted to secular uses." Streets were dug through the foundations; and then and there the inquisitorial hate, as it wreaked its vengeance upon hapless victims, was uncovered. Walled-up graves, dungeons, and horrid implements of torture, were revealed. Romanism in Mexico was the same as Romanism in Rome and everywhere. It is as bad as it can be, wherever opportunity is furnished it to exchange freedom for despotism, education for ignorance, and superstition for Christianity.

Mexico had more than enough of homes wrecked, of property grasped, of the people being tyrannized by it; hence the members of every religious society, from the Jesuits to the Sisters of Charity who served in the hospitals, or taught in the schools, were banished, and summarily sent out of the country. As a result, no convent or monastery now openly exists in Mexico; and no priest, or sister, or any ecclesiastic can walk the streets in any distinctive costume, or take part in any religious parade or procession; and this in towns and cities where, twenty years ago or less, the life of a foreigner or sceptic who did not promptly kneel in the street at the "procession of the host" was imperiled. Again, while Catholic worship is still permitted in the cathedrals and in a sufficient number of other churches, it is clearly understood that all these structures, and the land upon which they stand, are absolutely the property of the Government, liable to be sold and converted to other uses at any time, and that the officiating clergy are only "tenants at will." Even the ringing of the church-bells is regulated by law. All those rites, furthermore, which the Catholic Church has always classed as among her holy sacraments and exclusive privileges, and the possession of which has constituted the chief source of her power over society, are also now regulated by civil law. The civil authority registers births, performs the marriage ceremony, and provides for the burial of the dead; and, while the marriage ceremonies are not prohibited to those who desire them, they are legally superfluous, and alone have no validity. This achievement was as momentous to Mexico as was the abolition of slavery to the United States. Romanism was worse to Mexico, morally, financially, and intellectually, than was slavery to the Republic of the United States.

Romanism had eaten out the life of the nation. The people saw it. When the uprising for liberty came, the Roman-Catholic Church stood across the track, and went down because of the triumph of free thought. The invasion of the home by the priesthood had despoiled it. The rule of the priesthood had impoverished the people. The Church held property to the amount of three hundred million dollars, and derived a revenue of over twenty-two millions, or more than the aggregate of all the revenues which the State derived from its customs and internal taxes. Some of this property thrown into the market was bought by Protestant denominations. Thus the former spacious headquarters of the order of Franciscans, with one of the most elegant and beautifully proportioned chapels in the world within its walls, and fronting in part on the Calle de San Francisco, the most fashionable street in the City of Mexico, was sold to Bishop Riley and a well-known philanthropist of New York, acting for the American Episcopal Missionary Association, at an understood price of thirty-five thousand dollars, and is now valued at over two hundred thousand. In like manner the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, whose motto is "North America for Christ," have gained an ownership and control in the city of Pueblo, of the old Palace of the Inquisition, and have a large printing establishment, school, and flourishing church in Mexico. The former Palace of the Inquisition in Mexico is now a medical college, while the Plaza de San Domingo, and where the *auto de fê* was once held, is now used as a market-place. A former magnificent old convent, to some extent reconstructed and repaired, also affords quarters to the National Library, which, in turn, is largely made up of spoils gathered from the libraries of the religious "orders" and houses. Is it not possible that Americans will yet strip Rome in the United States, and leave her naked among her enemies? It will be done as soon as freemen comprehend her true character.

Would you see how priests invade the home, read the official report of the Mexican Government in 1879. It says, "The Mexican nation was for a long time dominated by the Roman Catholic clergy, which came to establish the most absolute fanaticism and the most complete intolerance. Not only was the exercise of any other religion save that of the Roman-Catholic faith permitted, but for a long time the Inquisition prevailed, with all its horrors; and all those not professing the Roman-Catholic faith were considered as men without principle or morality. The exercise of any other worship, and still more, the propagation of any other religion except the Roman Catholic, would have occasioned in Mexico, up to a little more than twenty years ago, the death of any one attempting to undertake such an enterprise, inasmuch as it was considered an act meritorious in the eyes of the Divinity, the extermination of those who pretended to make proselytes in favor of any other religion."

The attitude of the government towards the Protestant sects is seen in the answer of the governor of one of the important states of Mexico, to a Protestant clergyman who had made application for military protection for his church against a threatened mob:—

"Sir, I willingly give you the desired protection, as it is my duty to see that the laws are respected; and, while I feel no interest whatever in your religious forms or opinions, we are all interested in encouraging the organization of a body of clergy strong enough to keep the old Church in check." "Whether the Catholic Church will accommodate itself to the new order of things, and be content to live peaceably side by side with liberty and full religious toleration; or whether, smarting under a sense of injustice at its spoliation, and restless under the heavy hand of an antagonistic government, it waits its opportunity to array itself against the powers that be,—is yet to be determined."

"They may be illustrated," says ex-Consul Strother, "by a glance at the grand plaza of the city, across an angle of which the palace of the Liberal Government and the old cathedral stand looking askance at each other. On the one hand, at the guard-mounting, the serried lines of bayonets and the rattling drums appear as a daily reiterated menace and warning. On the other, we might naturally expect to hear from the cathedral towers a responsive peal of indignant protest and sullen defiance. Yet we remember that it is not the clergy, but the government, which *holds the bell-rope*."

It will not be disputed that under this policy more has been done for the regeneration and progress of Mexico than in all former years. "Not only has freedom for religious belief and worship been secured, but a system of common schools has been established; the higher branches of education are being fostered; brigandage, in a great degree, has been suppressed, an extensive railroad and telegraph system constructed, postage reduced, and post-office facilities extended, the civil and military law codes revised and reformed, the payment of interest on the national debt in part renewed, and general peace, at home and abroad, maintained. And all this under difficulties, which, when viewed abstractly and collectively by a foreign observer, seem to be appalling and insurmountable."

Is the Roman-Catholic Church pleased with this prosperity? Let these facts answer. A recent writer says, "In no country on earth does the hatred against Protestantism burn more fierce than in Mexico. Three Protestants were recently murdered in the State of Guerero by a mob of Romanists. Then a lady school-teacher was poisoned to break up her school in Paraiso. In Comalcalo two church-organs have been burned, and Protestants have been fired on under cover of darkness. In Tubasco a Protestant has been assassinated, and a minister's life threatened." "True charity," says a Roman-Catholic paper in Mexico, "is to wound and kill, if it be done for the Church." *"Faithful Mexico!"* is the applauding shout of a Roman-Catholic paper in New York. The system that does what Romanism has accomplished for Mexico deserves to be opposed.

It is not different in Ireland, which, in the southern portion is little more or less than a *Roman-Catholic reservation.* It is Rome rule, rather than Home rule, which is being battled for by priests and papists. Home rule has Romanism for its cornerstone, and the Pope for its master. Where the religion of Christ rules the hearts of the people in Ireland, there is thrift, the supremacy of the law is recognized, and the people are loyal to the empire.

Cardinal Manning has recently said that "Romanists never persecuted Protestants." It is a popish lie, told to bolster up a popish movement, in helping to re-establish "Rome rule in Ireland," and put forth without a blush in the face of the most reliable history. In 1172 Nicholas Breakspear, an Englishman, was elected to the See of Rome under the name of Adrian IV. He gave Ireland to Henry II. of England, under the condition that the Romish faith be forced upon the people, and that the Pope receive one penny from each house annually. This is the origin of *Peter's Pence.*

The annals of Ulster tell of the horrible persecutions and massacres that followed on. The Pope, the king, and the army were against the truth. From 1500 to 1534, is a bloody page. Space forbids our transcribing it in full. As a specimen of the cruelties and barbarities that distinguish Rome whenever and wherever she gets the power, and as a presentation in tangible form of the dread of the Irish people of any movement which proposes to surrender them to Papal rule, read this, that Sir William Temple wrote. He uncovers the practices of Rome, and shows that three hundred thousand Protestants were massacred before Cromwell come to the rescue of the people. He says, "North, south, east, and west, Protestant blood flowed in rivers; houses were reduced to ashes, villages and towns all but destroyed; the very cattle of the Protestants were inhumanly tortured; the ony burial allowed to the martyrs was the burial of the living, and their persecutors took fiendish delight in hearing their groans and cries issuing from the earth. Popish children were taught to pluck out the eyes of Protestant playmates; and some were forced to murder their own relations, and then butchered themselves over the bleeding remains, the last sounds that reached their dying ears being the savage assurances of the priests, that their agonies were but the commencement of eternal torment."

Dublin alone escaped, and became a refuge for the distressed; but all the popish inhabitants were forbidden, under pain of the direct curse, to afford the slightest succor to the sufferers. Thousands died of cold and hunger; thousands more emigrated. In Armagh four thousand Protestants were drowned. In Cavan the road for twelve miles was stained by the blood of the fugitives. Sixty children were abandoned in the flight by their parents, fiercely hunted by the bloodhounds of the Papacy, who declared that any one who helped or even buried their little ones should be burned by their sides. Seventeen adults were buried alive at Fermanagh, and in Kilkenny seventy-two. In the province of Munster alone, a hundred and fifty-four Protestants were massacred, or expelled from Ireland. And yet Cardinal Manning declares in June, 1886, that Romanists never persecuted Protestants; and we are told by a Protestant minister in Boston, in 1887, of the *beneficient ministry of Romanism.*

In 1643 Pope Urban VII. granted full and absolute remission of all sins to those who had taken part in gallantly doing what in them lay to extirpate and wholly root out the pestiferous leaven of heretical contagion.

Under Elizabeth, the Irish lords and commons recognized and generally supported the English Crown.

James II., a Roman Catholic, betrayed England, and turned to the Papist of Ireland for support. Priests thronged the court and ruled the king. Ireland was given up to the Papacy. Towns in which almost every householder was an English Protestant were, under Rome rule, placed under the government of Irish Roman Catholics. The civil power was transferred from the Saxon to the Celtic population. Six thousand Protestants were turned out of the army, and their places were supplied by Roman Catholics. The new soldier never passed an Englishman without cursing him, and calling him foul names.

Out of this conflict came the organization of Orange lodges to oppose what were called *"the Defenders,"* whose oath reads as follows: *"I swear that I will never pity the moans or groans of the dying from the cradle to the crutch,* and that I will wade knee-deep in Protestant blood. I swear that I am to bear my right arm to be cut off before I will waylay or betray or go into court to prosecute a brother, knowing him to be such." A man acting contrary to this oath was to be put to death as soon as possible. On Sept. 18, 1795, five hundred of these so-called Defenders came from Tyrone into Armagh, and, having raised the rebel flag, proclaimed their purpose of extirpating the Protestants. Then came the Orangemen for defence, who took their name from William III., Prince of Orange, whose memory they cherish, because that by him God delivered their country from Popery and tyranny. Orangemen hold that when bad men conspire for the destruction of life, property, and Christianity, good men should combine to protect them. An Orangeman should be a Protestant in reality and truth,—not merely by profession or education,—and should be distinguished by sincere love and veneration for his Almgihty Creator, for his steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, the only Mediator between God and man, humble reliance on the guidance and purifying power of the Holy Spirit, and the constant practice of truth and justice, brotherly kindness and charity, loyalty and obedience to the laws. He should honor and study the Holy Scriptures, making them the rule of his belief and life, uphold and defend by all legitimate means the Protestant faith in Church and State, protest against and oppose the erroneous and dangerous doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome, and resist the power, ascendency, encroachments, and extension of the Papacy.

Orangemen believe that the people of Great Britain are not ready to surrender to popery; and they have faith in God's purpose in affairs as communicated to mankind through His Word, in education along lines that reject superstition and the blighting influences of the Papacy, and that Ireland's curse now, as in the past, lies in—

Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

Macaulay says, it is easy to explain why there is a fear of trusting Roman Catholics. They think themselves free from all the ordinary rules of morality. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the murder of the first William Prince of Orange, are justified and praised. Falsehood, robbery, and every crime in the calendar, are supported and sustained, if they be committed for the good of the Church. Romanism here and everywhere is the enemy of morality and of piety. "The Irish," says Froude, "will be loyal and obedient if firmly but justly governed." Over two hundred thousand Irishmen, says John Bright, are neither discontented, miserable, nor disloyal. Give Ireland a rest from popish plotting, and prosperity will come back, and come to stay. Despite all this, the rule of the priest is tolerated. In the Roman-Catholic home, here as in Ireland, the priest is master, comes between the husband and wife, between parents and children. Until one studies Romanism, and descends into the depths of the subject, beholds the iniquities, the barbarities, the pollutions, the degradation incident thereto, much of the Word of God remains a mystery. Romanism in its purpose and life throws light on passages that without it would seem obscure. Romish priests contaminate the homes where their influence is supreme. In their conversation they drift towards vileness and lasciviousness. Their imagination broods over forbidden pleasures and ungratified desires. Sinful by nature, they are screened in wrong-doing

Clara Barton, president of the National Red Cross Association, who relieved the wants of starving Cubans and administered to the suffering American Soldiers.

as in no other class. Should a priest insult or attempt an assault upon a woman, she dare not reveal it under pain of damnation, except to another priest in confession, who is not only bound to secrecy, but in honor to help out his *confrère*. Bishops and priests and all females of the Roman-Catholic Church are bound to protect each other in wrong-doing. Virtue is on sale. The priests can pardon the woman or child for sinning, and then absolve each other, in this infallible Church of Rome.

Into the Protestant home the priest's shadow comes. Through the influence of servants over whom they exercise an almost supreme control, they give tone and character to the minds and thoughts of the young committed to their charge. A lady of wealth was compelled to put her child to bed, because her servant had been called away. On reaching the room, the little girl, not older than five, ran to the bed, pulled out a string of beads, and began saying her "Ave Maria." The mother was astounded and amazed. Without a word of reproof, she saw the little child bow and cross herself; and when she was through, she said, "Now let us say our prayer, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' " and then ended with the

Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and, kissing her child, waited until she saw her eyes close in sleep, and then bowing down, asked her God for forgiveness, and the next day secured a Christian attendant for her child.

The influence of Roman-Catholic servants is against freedom in the home.

Priests insist upon young mothers being *churched*. This is done by the repetition of a few prayers in Latin, a sprinkling of holy water, and the giving of a good fee. And the woman who does not submit to this mummery is believed by many a Roman-Catholic nurse whom she may employ to be eternally damned, together with her child. They go so far as to say the very ground on which the unchurched mother walks is cursed, that the house in which she lives is accursed, and that all she says and does is accursed. Until this ceremony is performed, none of her Catholic neighbors will hold any intercourse with her. Of course, every Protestant mother and child is under the ban, and the nurse knows it, and perhaps acts it. In this way does the priest invade the home.

Through schools attached to nunneries, a great influence is gained in homes by the priest. Priests, by their opposition to the Bible, have banished it largely from the schoolroom, and thus have invaded the spiritual life of all homes from which come the children of the public school.

Priests by their opposition to the Bible, make the servants unfit trainers for the children of the home. Every child is influenced more or less by the hired help. The old-fashioned girl, who was as much a companion as a servant, was a treasure. To the mother she was counsellor and friend, to children guide and companion. Her open Bible, or big lettered Testament, what a treasury of wisdom, what a fountain of life and love it was. Who can forget the Bible stories with which she charmed the ear, while she watched the corn popping over the fire, or the molasses cooking for the candy-pull? Who ever yet shook off the influence of such a teacher? She had to do with forming the minds and shaping the destinies of men and women who now rank highest in the world's regard. In the kitchen where the Romish servant is head, the Bible is banished. "The Garden of the Soul," a charming name for a book full of error, may have taken its place, but the trend of that portion of the home is, almost without an exception, against Christ and His Word. Many a Jesuit of culture enters the kitchen as a servant, to give the priest power in the home. Romish priests invade the home through the ballots which they control. Warnings enough were sounded out against woman suffrage. It was said then that the priest could control the Roman Catholic working women, and by them elect the boards of education, and so get control of our schools. The warnings were unheeded. The mischief is now apparent in the lack of a majority on the School Board, and the giving of the schools over to Rome. Teachers that love God's word are pushed out, and the places are given to those who make the *"sign of the cross."* This is but the beginning of the end. Books full of praise for Protestant statesmen are exchanged for books which lift to the front devotees of Rome. To-day Romanists seek to prove that America was discovered by Roman Catholics; that freedom was obtained by their aid, and that for all we are, or may hope to be, we are under obligation to Rome. This country is to be brought, we are told, under

The Spiritual Control of Rome.

"Spiritual" with Rome means things real and tangible, such as real estate, the conveying it from the rightful owner under the laws of the land to another under the laws of the Pope. This thing was tried in China. The Jesuits were summoned before the Commissioner; and when their real purpose was ascertained, the emperor instantly issued an order directing that every Roman Catholic Bishop, priest, friar, Jesuit, monk, and nun quit the country within a given time on pain of losing their heads. Many of them disobeyed the order, and were executed, and their churches were levelled with the ground. The Chinese had no objection to Papists worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences, but as soon as it was discovered that they owed allegiance to a foreign power, and were working in his interest, the Chinese saw their peril, and struck at it with haste and fierceness, as was done in Europe, in Mexico, and as will be done in the United States. Americans will yet resist this priestly intrusion, and will insist that the men who vote, and who hold office, shall be Americans, and that the tie binding them to the Vatican be severed in order that they may give their love, thought and support to the institutions that shelter them.

When priests shall wed, they will become the head of homes. Noble women will share their heart love and their toil. They will exchange impurity for purity; a woman without a name, and without a place of respectful regard, for the wife of a pastor, who in the Church is a helpmeet as in the home she is a partner.

America is the land of homes. Romanists are becoming Americanized. Among her clergy are a great many men better than the system which would degrade and fetter them. They owe it to the people, they owe it to themselves, they owe it to human nature that should not be despoiled, to marry, and to claim and contend for the right of marriage. If the papacy needs a degraded and a degrading priesthood to perpetuate its power, then we do not need, and ought not to tolerate or lend our support to, the papacy. Romanists are competitors for fame, for position, and for power. In art, in science, and in literature, her votaries find congenial pursuits. All that elevates *ennobles;* all that degrades *disgraces.* Out from the Roman Catholic Church are coming many of her noblest and best priests, because they cannot be true to their higher natures, and go through the degrading ritual of the confessional. As a result, another and an inferior class are taking their places, some of the poorest and worst, rather than of the noblest and best. As at present organized, it is not possible for a priest to secure for his home a pure and chaste woman. The value of such a woman should not be overlooked. For companionship they are driven to the vile. It is because of this, "*the Substitution for Marriage*" was invented. It is because of this, priests are so frequently found with harlots in their terrible drunken revels, whether in nunneries or hotels. Without improving society in the home, with their thoughts turned into impure channels in the confessional, where they come into the presence of women. we can see how utterly they lack the help and support enjoyed by those whose lives are blessed by the companionship of a woman of heart, of culture, and of piety.

What is bad for the priest is terrible for the women. Nothing can be worse, nothing more corrupting, than the law which forces the female to tell her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions, to an unmarried priest. American Catholic women deserve emancipation from this thraldom. The confessional is a school of pollution. Let it be closed. It is not more a necessity in a Roman Catholic than in a Baptist Church. Acquaint the law makers of the land with the polluting and degrading influences imperilling the life of woman through the confessional, and they would, by the most stringent laws, prohibit auricular confession as a crime against society. The best remedy is for the *priest to* marry. Then the wifely influence would make short work of a priest being closeted hour after hour with women, conversing on topics which could not be tolerated before a third person, and which disgraces and degrades those who thus lay siege to and plot the ruin of the soul.

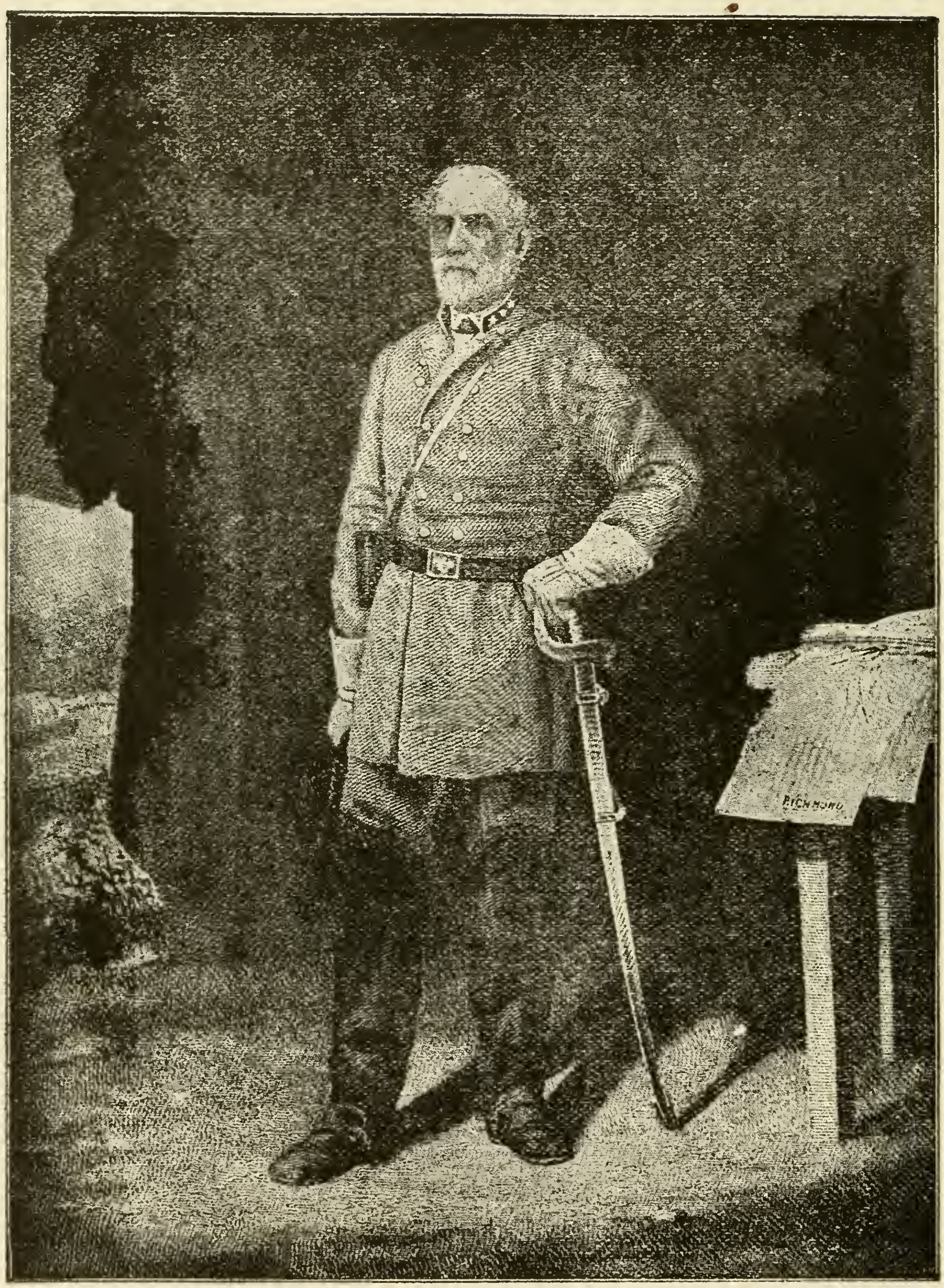
Then the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church would become American rather than Italian in sympathy, and they would build up their people in morality and purity. To achieve this result, the help is required of the better portion of the priesthood, and of the brainy and noble Roman Catholics who are interested in the elevation and disinthralment of mankind. Then no longer will the reproach come upon them of having their wives and daughters associating with men who keep company with harlots, and who go unblushingly from the brothel to the altar, but they will mingle with men of pure lives, and of noble purposes. It is for Americans breathing the free air of liberty, whose children are being educated with their sons and daughters in the public schools, to demand a married priesthood for the Roman Catholic Church in this New World.

With the evangelical portion of the community, the home has been the transcendant glory of their lives. In the North and South, in the East and West, the home is man's castle, and cursed be he who invades it. In common with others, Roman Catholics need to share in this blessing.

Opposed to this purity is the confessional, *that bottomless* sea *of iniquity,* in which the blind priests of Rome have to swim day and night. It ought not to exist in the world. Let the true men and women in the Roman Catholic Church, and outside of it, contend for a pure Christian home, and the boon will be secured, and a victory will be won that shall scatter the cloud that darkens the path of Romanists, and millions will find their way back to the halcyon days of Ambrose, before the shadow of the iron sceptre of Hildebrand cursed the world. Then confidence shall take the place of suspicion, and the priesthood of the Romish Church shall join with the ministry at large to secure an ennobling civilization for the land we love, and the God we serve.

Those who have climbed the snow-clad peaks of the Alps know how much depends upon the guide, and understand the value of the steel points on the shoes, and at the end of his alpenstock. They see him bind a rope about himself, which is fastened to those that follow him, so that, if the feet of one traveler go out from beneath him, all the rest may unite in holding him up. There is a sure guide in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Captain of our salvation. Where he leads, it is safe to follow. Rome needs His help, and so do we all. Let us demand that God's Book—Christ's New Testament—have its rightful place. Let us speak out.

God says, "Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they dwell with me." "He that walketh in a perfect way shall serve me." The home should be earth's training place for heaven. Let not the lecherous priest invade it. Hold it for the pure. Make it the resting place for the good. Have in it an altar. On it place the open Bible. Round it gather the household, and from it look across the flood, and catch glimpses of the eternal gates. Beyond them is the city of our God. The unclean cannot enter there, and yet it is thronged by a multitude no man can number, who have come up out of great tribulations, and have had their robes washed, and made white in the blood of the Lamb.



General Robert E. Lee, whose name is revered by every true Southerner and admired by every true American, both North and South, was perhaps the greatest admirer of Patriotic Protestantism of any noted American that ever lived or died.

Chapter XVII.

Our Common Schools, and Why Catholics Should Not Be Teachers.

If the Public Schools of America are not good enough for the children of Catholic parents, and the Pope and his followers believe that the common schools of this country are "plague spots," what right has a Catholic to be permitted by Americans and Protestants to teach our children? This is a problematic question that is a hard question for our Catholic brethren to answer. Why does not the Pope promulgate a "holy bull," and excommunicate those of his believers who take the money so freely for their services in the Public Schools of this country? Oh, no! the Pope and the priestcraft are perfectly willing, so long as Protestants have the power to maintain these schools, that their Jesuitical dupes shall receive the money that is set aside for these schools. My blood fairly boils with unbounded indignation when I think of the hard, harsh, and ungodly slurs that Catholicism is ever ready to throw at our Public School system, and then see blind Protestants help to place a Catholic teacher in one of our schools.

I am constrained at times to exclaim, "consistency, thou art a jewel," for well does every intelligent Protestant know, that if the Catholic dignitaries had the power, that the "little red school house" that is ever dear to an American, would be presided over by a representative of Rome.

We propose to give facts and figures in this chapter that we hope will open the eyes of drowsy, unconcerned Protestants, and help them to see where their carelessness will lead them and their children ere long, unless they apply the brakes to their downward course, and spike the guns of the Vatican with American manhood. We again will quote from "Romanism, or Danger Ahead," by our friend, Mr. Phillips, and we trust by the time the reader has finished this chapter, he or she will be ready to make inquiries who is to teach their children in the Public Schools. Let me ask any Protestant if they ever heard of a Protestant teaching in a Catholic school? Oh, no! But then you will fold your hands and be content to allow your children taught by a man or woman that secretly despises the Public School system. Shame! Ten thousand times we exclaim you should be ashamed for not asserting your American and God-given privileges of Protestantism, gained for you through the blood of your forefathers.

A general system of education, such as affords all alike an opportunity to cultivate and expand the intellect, the poor as well as the rich, is, beyond all question, one of the greatest blessings that any nation can enjoy. Such a system had its birth in America while it was yet comparatively free from the blighting influence of a religio-political corporation whose whole history is one uninterrupted and relentless war upon every system of education which broadens the intellect and causes people to think. In America was born the Public Free School system, and from the date of its birth in 1695, to the present, it has been the means of giving to this nation its most renowned statesmen, jurists, patriots, agriculturists, teachers and divines. It is one of the principal agents by which the United States of America has been enabled to advance to the very first rank in all things that makes a nation great.

But against this most sacred product of American liberty, Rome lifts her unholy hands. Against our schools she hurls her worst anathemas. But it is our purpose in these chapters to let the Roman Catholic Church speak for itself. Its language is plain and needs no interpretation.

These public schools are a devouring fire and pits of destruction. They ought to go back to the devil, whence they came.—*The Freeman's Journal.*

If your son or daughter is attending a State school, you may be sure that you are violating your duty as Catholic parents, and conducing to the everlasting anguish and despair of your child, as if you could take your oath of it. Take him away. Let him rather never know how to write his name than to become the bound and chained slave of Satan.—*The Shepherd of the Valley.*

The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell.—*Chicago Tablet.*

The public, or common schools system is a swindle on the people, an outrage on justice, a foul disgrace in matters of morals, and should be abolished forthwith.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

The hideous fetish, called the Public School, is only an ugly idol after all.—*Colorado Catholic.*

It will be a glorious day for Roman Catholics in this country when, under the laws of justice and morality, our school system shall be shivered to pieces.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

We hold education to be a function of the Church, and not of the State, and in our case we do not and will not accept the State as an educator.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.

Unless you suppress the Public School system as at present conducted, it will prove the damnation of this country.—*Father Walker.*

I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the Public Schools.—*Father Phelan.*

The duty of all loyal, God-fearing Christian men (Roman Catholics) then, I repeat it, is to make common cause against this common foe.—*Father Gleason, Oakland, Cal.*

The Public Schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards.—*Priest Schauer.*

I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to the Public Schools.—*Priest Walker.*

The Public School system must be destroyed. It must be done by stopping Bible reading, psalm singing, and eliminating objectionable books.—*Priest Phelan.*

To rescue these little ones out of the grasp of that monster (the Public School) of that popular idol, is our work.—*Bishop John Hennessy.*

We can have the United States in ten years. And I want to give you three points for your consideration: the negroes, the Indians, and the Public Schools.—*Bishop Ireland.*

Emphatically a social plague.—*Archbishop Perche.*

A ripe knowledge of the catechism, minus Massachusetts education, is preferable to her education, minus the catechism.—*Cardinal Antonelli.*

The common school system of the United States is the worst in the world.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The cathechism alone is essential for the education of the people.—*Cardinal Antonelli.*

We must take part in the elections. Move in solid mass in every State pledged to sustain the integrity of the Public Schools. *Cardinal McCloskey.*

The Roman Church alone is endowed with power to educate the young.—*Cardinal McCloskey.*

Education outside of the control of the Roman Catholic Church is a damnable heresy.—*Pius IX.*

Public Schools open to all children for the education of the young should be under the control of the Romish Church, and should not be subject to civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the ages.—*Pope Pius IX.*

When I see them drag from me the children, the poor little children, and give them an infidel education, it breaks my heart.—*Pope Pius IX.*

It is desirable, therefore, venerable brethren, that in concert with your colleagues in the Episcopate, your efforts and your zeal guard Catholic children from frequenting schools in which their religious instruction is neglected, and open danger incurred of spiritual loss. Therefore, we vehemently desire, as has already been intimated to you by the Propaganda, that in approaching Episcopal meetings you carefully discuss the measures that may best help to attain this end. We wish you also to use earnest efforts that the civil magistrates, who know full well that nothing is more advantageous to the commonwealth and religion, should provide, by the enactment of wise laws, that the office of teaching, which is carried on at the expense of the public, including consequently the contributions of Catholics, should contain nothing that stands in the way of their conscience or runs foul of their religion.—*Pope Leo XIII.*

The Roman Catholic Church not only opposes our American free school system, but it, as a Church, is opposed to educating at all. From the *Peabody Reporter* we take the following table, the truth of which will be corroborated by the official report of the United States Commissioner of Education. The *Reporter* says:

"To every 10,000 inhabitants under the Roman Catholic school system there were 1,400 illiterates, 410 paupers, 160 criminals, while by the Public School system of 21 States, there were to every 10,000 inhabitants 350 illiterates, 170 paupers and 70 criminals."

So you see the difference between the much cursed free schools and the Romish schools in producing illiterates. The Romish schools produce 1,050 more illiterates than the Public Schools, 240 more paupers, and 90 more criminals, still, the Romish Church says that the public free school is godless.

But the practical effect and working result which the control or overshadowing influence of the Roman Church has upon education, whenever such control or influence exists, is best shown by contrasting the percentage of illiterates in those countries where Romanism and Protestantism are respectively the dominant religions of the people. It will be seen that whatever the reason may be, the result of the two influences is widely different, that Romanism has a blighting effect upon public education, and that it leads to, or is contented with illiteracy to an astounding degree; in short, that in eight of the largest countries in America and Europe, where the Roman Catholics are in the ascendency, the percentage of illiteracy is many times greater than it is in the eight Protestant countries of the same portions of the world.

ROMAN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.	Area Square Miles.	Population.	Percentage Catholics.	Percentage Illiteracy.
Venezuela	439,120	2,075,245	90.	90.
Austria Hungary	240,942	39,224,511	67.6	32.
France	204,092	38,218,903	78.5	25.
Brazil	3,219,000	19,922,375	99.	84.
Spain	191,100	16,958,178	99.	60.
Portugal	36,028	4,708,178	99.	82.
Belgium	11,373	5,520,009	99.	42.
Italy	110,620	28,459,628	99.	61.94
TOTAL	4,452,275	148,087,027	731.1	476.94
Average Eight Countries			91.3	59.61

PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.	Area Square Miles.	Population.	Percentage Protestants.	Percentage Illiteracy.
Victoria	87,884	1,009,753	73.	0.33
Sweden	170,979	4,682,769	99.	.30
Switzerland	15,892	1,846,102	59.	.30
Netherlands	12,984	4,336,012	66.	10.50
Germany	211,149	46,852,680	62.6	1.27
Denmark	14,121	1,980,259	99.	.36
Great Britain	120,832	30,066,646	93.3	11.09
United States	3,501,404	57,928,609	86.4	9.40
TOTAL	4,134,309	140,702,830	638.3	35.225
Average Eight Countries			79.78	4.256

This tabular statement is from data furnished by the reports of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, the documents issued by the Bureau of Education, the census of 1880 and the Statesman's Year Book for 1887.

The conditions of the statistics are not alike in all cases, but they are sufficiently so as to give an approximately correct result. These eight Roman Catholic countries, which we have contrasted with eight Protestant countries, form two groups, each covering an area of over 4,000,000 square miles, and they contain about 150,000,000 people. In the one group, the Romanists show an average percentage of 91.3. In the other group the Protestants show an average percentage of 79.78. Each religion is respectively dominant in its own group. But right here similarity ceases. While the average percentage of illiteracy in the Roman Catholic group is 59.61, or over half the population, the average percentage of illiteracy in the Protestant group is only 4.156. In other words, illiteracy in the Roman Catholic group is 14.343 times greater than in the Protestant group.

A religious system which turns out or tolerates, as you please, an average of sixty illiterates out of every hundred inhabitants of the countries it controls, we wish to have no hand or voice in our public education. We must reject any interference from a system which produces on an average nearly fifteen times as many ignorant adults as are found in Protestant countries.

The hostility of the Roman Catholic Church to public education is so pronounced and so abundantly expressed through the different representatives of that corporation, that our astonishment knows no bounds when we see the growing indifference of the American people to the rapidity with which our Public Schools are being Romanized. In many States, through Roman Catholic influence, the Bible, the basis of all civil and religious liberty has been legislated out of the Public Schools, and the Romish prayer book and catechism placed in them. Not only so, but in many of the States, through the manipulations of the priests, Romanists have been placed upon the school boards, and they, obedient to their superiors, dismiss Protestant teachers and place over the children of this country, Roman Catholic teachers, who constantly violate the constitutions of both State and Nation by teaching Romish sectarian religion to the American youth at public expense.

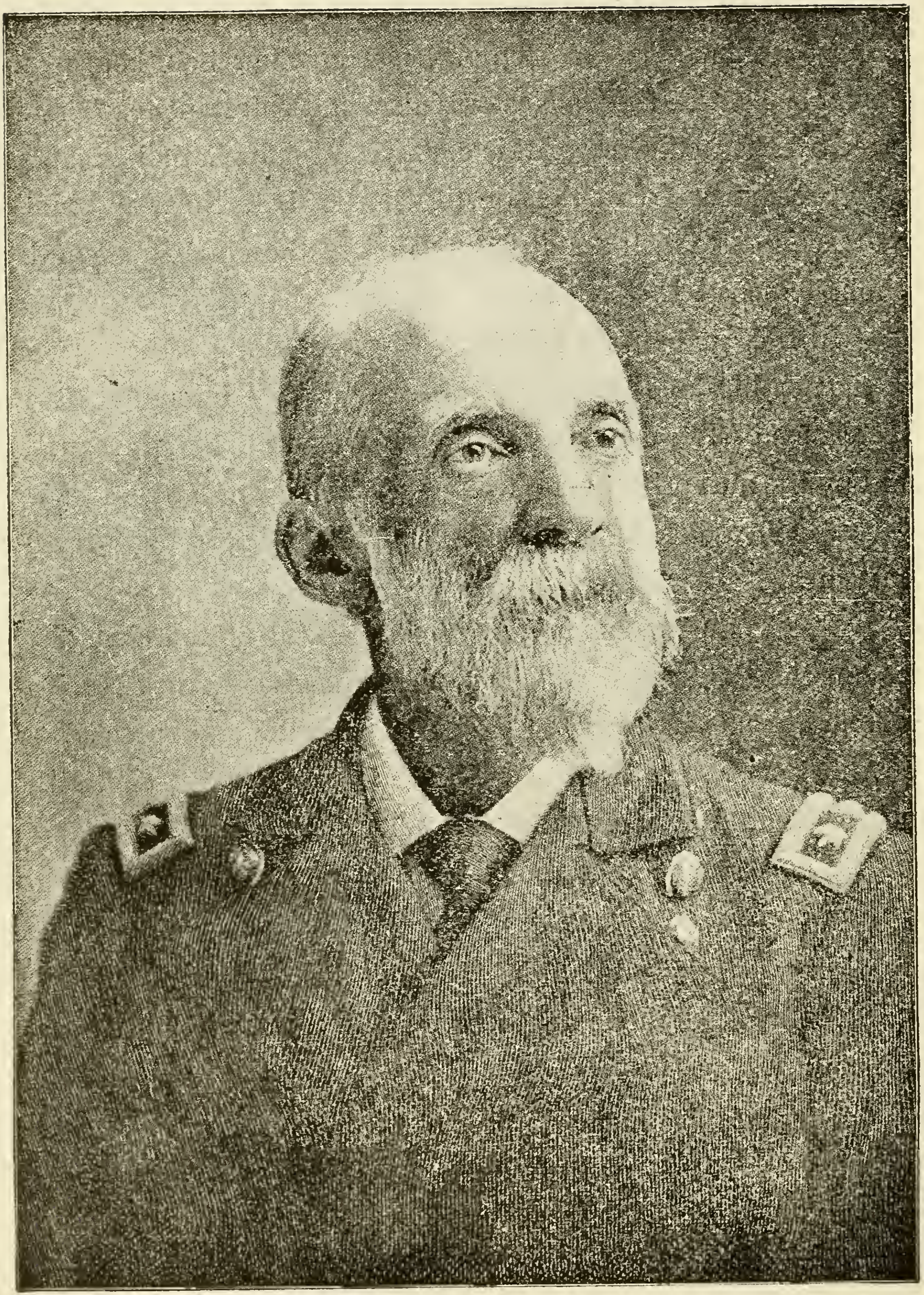
In this chapter we present the reader with further evidence of the hostility of Rome to our educational system, and also a few specimens of Romish education as carried on under the sanction, and by the authority of the Roman Catholic Church.

We introduce again the Pope himself, who, in his forty-fifth encyclical, says:

The Romish Church has the right to interfere in the discipline of the Public Schools, and in the arrangements of studies of Public Schools, and in the choice of the teachers of these schools. Public Schools, open to all children for the education of the young, should be under the control of the Romish Church, and should not be subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the age.

From "Judges of Faith," a standard Roman Catholic work, by an eminent Catholic author, we make the following extracts. On page 3, we read:

"These pages make no pretense to dictate to either State or individual in their own provinces; neither is it expected of, or designed by, a Catholic that he should aid in any secret conspiracy for the bootless enterprise of suddenly overthrowing a public legal system, unlawful though that system be. We bring home to the consciences of Catholics, that it is their duty to continue



General Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who was first to strike terror to Catholicism in Cuba, and has recently gone to the Philippine Islands to shatter the Romish mask there.

deserting all mere secular schools, and building schools of their own, until public opinion itself undermine what contains the source of its own downfall (now notice this last word), and we be relieved of unjust taxes."

On page 6, the following quotation is a direct thrust at Masonry, Odd Fellowship, Knights of Pythias, etc. He characterizes them as God-hating European societies.

The equal advance of God-hating European societies with God-eliminating systems of popular instruction, ought to enforce co-operation with the simultaneous, energetic action of our glorious Leo, smiting with one arm the audacious chiefs of secret revolutions, while with the other he shields the cradles and firesides of Christian homes. And Catholics will continue building schools on their own grounds; until, like the many deserted sectarian temples which are legally acquired by inpouring children of the Church, the future State School buildings, left empty by Catholics deserting them, and non-Catholics becoming practically disgusted with the unrepublican and unchristian system, shall also be lawfully acquired, and occupied by denominational schools.

The author is very earnest in his appeal to the faithful of the Church to break down the educational system, so long the cherished pride of the country, and to tear the children from the lap of liberty and save them to the Church. He says:

The faithful are required, by conforming to the word of Christ's Viceregent, their head and the head of all the militant faithful, to break down these schools; by doing their bounden duty in every country where the government, or others, publicly or privately, seek to divorce education from religion, by tearing the children of the Church from her bosom, to nurse them on the lap of a Pagan goddess of liberty.

So well has Lansing, in his "Romanism and the Republic," presented this matter that we take the liberty of quoting him. He says: On the 86th page we have the following declaration:

The doctrine that godless schools are good enough for Catholic children is explicitly condemned by the authority of the Church.

This is the declaration of the late Bishop Rosecrans, in Lent, 1873. Then follows this remarkable statement:

The sons of the crusaders are not yet extinct. They live, they breathe, they fight; not now for the sepulchre of Christ, for the honor of the dead now risen to die no more, but for his cradle, and that of his holy spouse, the Church; for the living sons of God, foully betrayed, robbed and plundered, of goods and spiritual life by the ruthless of the nineteenth century.

That is supposed to describe our school system. On the eighty-seventh page it is declared by the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Toebbe, Bishop of Covington:

The Puplic Schools are infidel and godless, and must therefore be avoided.

On the eighty-ninth page we have the same declaration, in the following words, from the Bishop St. Palais, of Vincennes, Indiana, who is characterized as a saint:

We object to the Public Schools on account of the infidel source from which they originated (there is history for you!); we object to those schools because the teachings of religion is excluded from them, and such exclusion will inevitably produce religious indifference, if not infidelity. We object to these schools again, because the promiscuous assembling of both sexes of a certain age is injurious to the morals of the children; and because we dread associations which might, in time prove pernicious to them, and distressing to their parents.

And later, on page ninety, he says that duty compels him to instruct pastors to refuse absolution to parents who permit their children to attend the Public Schools. On page ninety-seven, you have another important opinion of the same spirit, wherein it is said, by the Rt. Rev. Francis Janssens, Bishop of Natchez:

That since the Public Schools were bound by Contitution to leave out religion, and to teach science without inculcating God, His doctrine, His commands, hence, the Public School system should be looked upon by every Christian not only as insufficient, but as positively dangerous, promoting, of its very nature, indifferentism, if not infidelity.

When you remember the authority that the Romish bishops have in their Church, and that their word is law for the priests who are under them; when you remember that these priests, carrying out the law of their bishops, make those bishops a most dangerous power against what they oppose; when you recall all these declarations, which are unqualifiedly against our system of public education; then you can understand that their whole influence, as well as their fiercest denunciations, hurled at this method of imparting public instruction, are intended to destroy the system they denounce.

But now, suppose we turn to the public press of the Roman Catholic Church, and hear what that, as further representing the influence of the prelates, is ready to say; for the public press of the Roman Catholic Church is the organ of the dignitaries, rather than an organ of the people. The Boston *Globe,* a representative of Rome, wrote, in 1885:

We want to make our children good Catholics, which is the same as making them good Christians. We must have positive Christian schools, with entire liberty of religious instruction, even at the expense of building and supporting them, and though we should half empty the grand school buildings in Boston, and give them to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder.

We have still a further declaration from Roman Catholic writers, this time from the Boston *Advertiser,* wherein a Catholic priest says:

Catholics would not be satisfied with the Public Schools, even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious instruction were banished from them. They will not be taxed either for educating the children of Protestants or for having their own children educated in schools under Protestant control.

The New York *Tablet* says:

The education itself is the business of the spiritual society alone, and not the secular society. The instruction of children and youth is included in the sacrament of Order, and the State usurps the functions of the spiritual society when it turns educator. The secular is for the spiritual, and is subordinated to religion, which alone has authority to instruct man in his secular duties. The organization of the schools, their entire internal arrangement and management, the choice and regulation of studies, the selection, appointment and dismissal of teachers, belongs exclusively to the spiritual authority.

To sum up the whole matter, the Romish Church calls our American educational system "pits of destruction," "a devouring fire," "godless schools," "offsprings of the devil," etc. Can any man, or corporation of men who teach disloyalty to one of our cherished American institutions be a loyal subject of the government? Most certainly not.

Monsignor Capel, a very distinguished Roman Catholic, made a tour of this country, and among his utterances were the following, in answer to a question:

Whom must we obey if the State should command the citizen to do one thing and the Church command him to do another? Then he must obey the Church, of course. I have not yet spoken of this definitely, but I shall go to Washington when Congress is in session, and make a formal declaration which shall carry some authority with it. The result is, there is going to be a fight—there are a good many Catholics in this country; your Public School system is inadequate for them, and they are going to leave it. Suppose that the Church should send out a command to State schools in every parish to establish and support parochial schools, and send all Catholics to them. It can be done by the utterance of a word, sharp as the click of a trigger.

Still, with such utterances as the above, the American people continue to slumber as if perfectly secure. They pursue the phantoms of pleasure, self-gratification, wealth and destruction, as if they had no part or lot in this matter.

Said Priest D. S. Phelan (pardon us for blotting these pages with his name): "We will take this country and build our institutions upon the grave of Protestantism." In order to accomplish this, the Bible, through the manipulations of the Jesuits, has been legislated out of our Public Schools, and in many instances the Roman Catholic prayer book and catechism have taken its place.

In many of the States, Catholic boards of education have placed Catholic teachers in our Public Schools (these godless schools," these "pits of destruction," these "abominations") and these Catholic teachers teach Romanism to Protestant children at public expense. The Catholic Church demands that Romanism shall be taught, and while Protestants have been heedless of the demand, they, ever watchful for opportunities to take advantage of our stupidity, have not only placed their own books in the hands of American children, but have placed their own teachers over them. We have it from good authority that two out of every three of the public free school teachers in San Francisco, Cal., are Romanists; two out of three in Chicago, Ill., nine out of ten in Brooklyn, N. Y., and ten out of twelve in Providence, R. I. In June of this year in Troy, N. Y., twenty-one Protestant teachers were dismissed from the public free schools, and twenty-one Roman Catholic teachers put in their places. Why is this, when Rome is so bitter in its denunciations of the Public School? The Roman Bishop of the Netherlands answers the question in "Judges of Faith," page seventy-two, where he says:

It is further necessary that the schools teach the children, and make them practice the Catholic religion.

They call the Bible a sectarian book, and object to it; still they teach, are bound to teach, the most unqualified sectarianism. Do you know what your children are taught in these schools where you have allowed a Catholic teacher to be placed over them? Fortunately, we have upon our table a book secured from a Baptist child who had been placed in one of these schools under the instruction of a Catholic teacher. We make only two extracts. The first is from page one, fourth paragraph:

I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to blessed Michael, the Archangel, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and to all the saints that I have sinned, etc. Therefore, I beseech blessed Mary, ever Virgin, blessed Michael, the Archangel, blessed John the Baptist, and the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and all the saints to pray to the Lord God for me.

We would like to ask Protestants who may do us the kindness to read these pages if the above is what you want your children taught? But we turn to page thirty-two, and we have this doctrine, and remember that this book was secured from a Protestant child whose teacher was a Romanist.

Question. How do you (a Baptist child) know that the priest has the power of absolving from sins committed after baptism?

Answer. I know that the priest has the power of absolving from sins committed after baptism, because Jesus Christ granted that power to the priests of His church.

Q. How do the priests of the church exercise the power of forgiving sins?

A. The priests of the church exercise the power of forgiving sins by hearing the confession of sins and granting pardon for them as ministers of God and in His name.

Protestants, how do you like to substitute for the Bible, God's blessed book, the one from which we have just quoted. Your child must not read, must not hear read, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," or "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." No, the priests say that is sectarian; but they must learn that the "priest has power to forgive sins" and they must "practice the Catholic religion." But that you may know what lessons are instilled into the minds of the children we quote from Familiar Explanations of Christian Doctrine, published by Krenzer Brothers, Baltimore, Md. We quote Lesson XII., which is headed, "No Salvation Outside of the Roman Catholic Church."

Question. Since the Roman Catholic Church alone is the true church of Jesus Christ, can any one who dies outside of the church be saved?

Answer. He can not.

Q. Did Jesus Christ himself assure us most solemnly, in plain words, that no one can be saved out of the Roman Catholic Church?

A. He did; when He said to His apostles, "Go teach all nations," etc.

Q. What do the fathers of the church say about the salvation of those who die out of the Roman Catholic Church?

A. They all, without any exception, pronounce them infallibly lost forever.

Q. Are there any other reasons to show that heretics or Protestants, who die out of the Roman Catholic Church are not saved?

A. There are several. They can not be saved because (1) They have no divine faith; (2) They make a liar of Jesus Christ, of the Holy Ghost, and of the apostles; (3) They have no faith in Christ; (4) They fell away from the true church of Christ; (5) They are too proud to submit to the Pope, the Vicar of Christ; (6) They can not perform any good works whereby they can obtain Heaven; (7) They do not receive the body and blood of Christ; (8) They die in their sins; (9) They ridicule and blaspheme the mother of God and His saints; (10) They slander the spouse of Jesus Christ, the Catholic Church.

Q. Now do you think that God, the Father, will admit into His heaven those who make liars of His son, Jesus Christ, of the Holy Ghost and the Apostles?

A. No, He will let them have their portion with Lucifer in hell, who first rebelled against Christ, and who is the father of Liars.

Q. Have Protestants any faith in Christ?

A. They never had.

Q. Why not?

A. Because there never lived such a Christ as they imagine and believe in.

Q. In what kind of a Christ do they believe?

A. In such a one of whom they can make a liar, etc.

Q. Will such a faith in such a Christ save Protestants?

A. No sensible man will assert such an absurdity.

Q. What will Christ say to them on the day of judgment?

A. I know you not, because you never knew me.

Q. Are Protestants willing to confess their sins to a Catholic bishop, or priest, who alone has power from Christ to forgive sins?

A. No, for they generally have an utter aversion to confession, and therefore their sins will not be forgiven throughout all eternity.

Q. What follows from this?

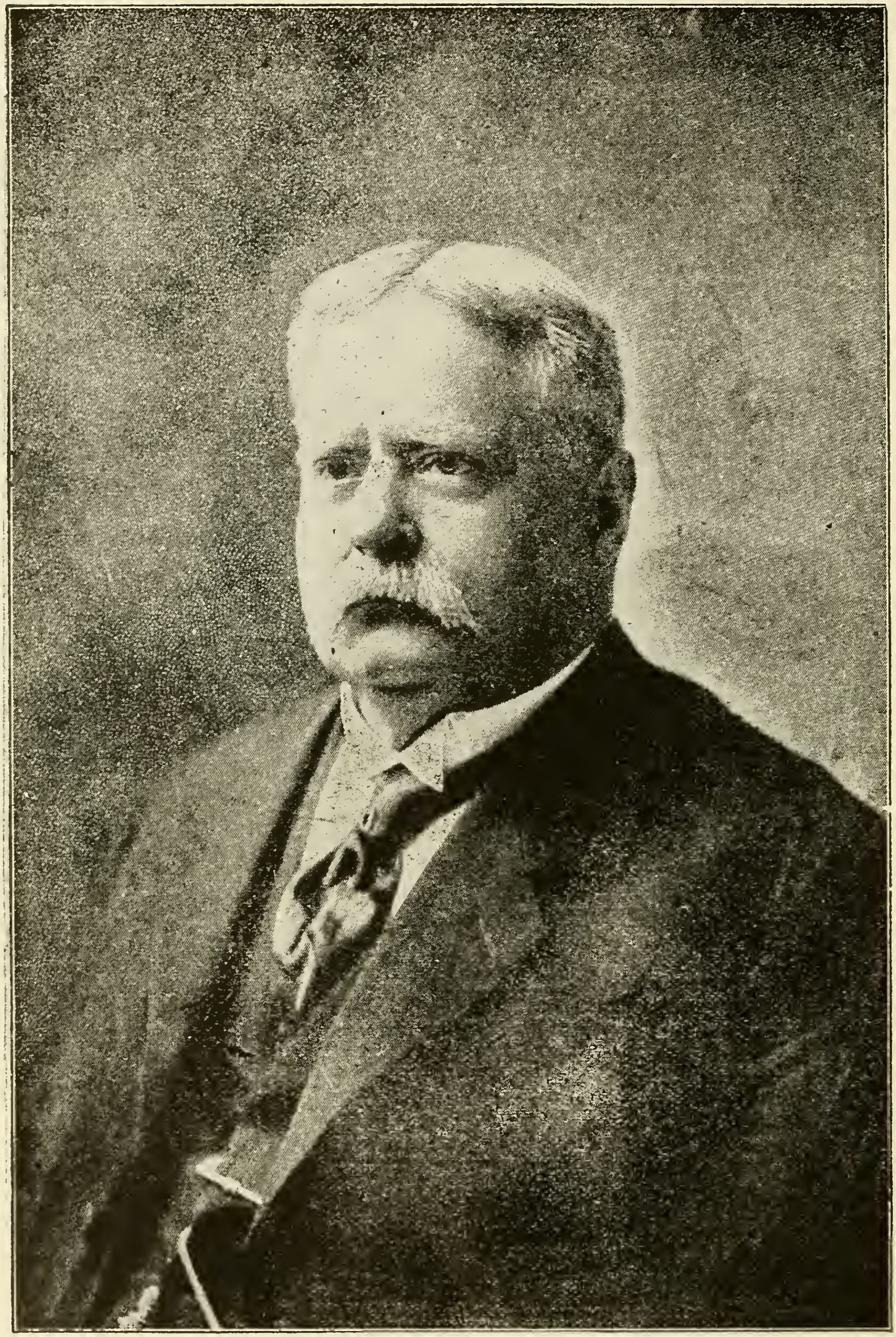
A. They will die in their sins and are damned.

These are the lessons instilled by Romish teachers into the minds of American youth. One of the first lessons learned by the child is that its parents are heretics having no true Christ in whom to believe, and consequently are not entitled to its respect. They are taught that Protestants will not submit themselves to the "true church," and consequently they will be damned, and that it is wrong to give aid or comfort to them. An eminent divine who was, when a child, sent to a Catholic teacher, said: "The first lesson learned as a Catholic child was to hate Protestants.' So are the children of all Protestant parents who send their children to Catholic teachers taught the same thing.

We want to repeat the statement then, that the Roman Catholic Church does not want to educate anybody, nor will it do so where it is not under the pressure of Protestant influence. The American people want the figures, however, before they will be convinced. So as further evidence of the truth of this proposition, we quote from the report of he Minister of Education in Italy for the year 1864. He says:

"Of every thousand males in the old provinces and Lombardy, 539 were able to read, and 461 did not know their letters. Of every thousand females, 426 could read, 574 could not. In Naples and Sicily, of every thousand males, 165 were able to read, 835 could not. Of every thousand females, 62 could read, 938 could not. That is, in every hundred of the population in these Neapolitan provinces, about ten only were able to read. The ratio of pupils to inhabitants was, in the old provinces and Lombardy, one pupil for every thirteen inhabitants; in the central region, one for forty-two; in Naples and Sicily, one for seventy-three, while the number of pupils in Connecticut was one to five. Compare that with one to seventy-three, and one to forty-two, as you have it in regions where Rome has sway. Out of twenty-one million people in 1864 in Italy, three and one-half millions could read and write, and the rest could not. We have the statement that in Spain seventy-five, and some authorities say eighty, per cent can not read nor write. In regard to Switzerland, in 1842 a Romish priest, Franscini, of the canton of Ticino, showed how much superior in every respect the Protestant cantons were, giving among the reasons the fact that Roman Catholic education prevails in Romish cantons, and Protestant education prevails elsewhere. We have also a picture of Ireland, showing us what the condition of Ireland was in the territory where the Romish church was dominant, and what it was outside of the Romish countries, revealing the same lessons as Switzerland. In the Protestant countries of Great Britain and Prussia, in 1869, where twenty can read and write, there are but thirteen in the Roman Catholic countries of France and Austria. In European countries one to every ten are in schools in Protestant countries, and but one in 124 in the Roman Catholic countries. In six leading Protestant countries in Europe, one newspaper or magazine is published to every 315 inhabitants, while in six Roman Catholic countries there is but one newspaper to 2,715 people. It was estimated in 1850 that at least seven-eighths of the twenty millions of people in Spanish America (Mexico, Cuba, Central America, and the north and west parts of South America, etc.,) were unable to read. See Barnum's "Romanism as It Is," pp. 14-17. That is what the Romish system has done on a large scale. In Mexico, 90 per cent of the people can not read and write."

Now you see what Roman Catholic education has done and will do, but the half has not yet been told. Will you encourage such a system by giving it your support? And will you do your child so great an injustice as to place it under the tutorage of a corporation whose instructive policy is to keep the masses in stupid ignorance, and to pervert their religion into the channels of baptized paganism? If Rome is anxious to educate the young, why is it that in Catholic Italy out of twenty-one million, seventeen million, five hundred thousand can neither read nor write? If Rome wants to educate the young, why is it that in the Neapolitan provinces for every ten who can read, ninety can not? It does seem to us that these reports should forever settle the question of placing the American youth in Roman Catholic schools, or placing Roman Catholic teachers in our public schools.



Brig. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who dwelt among the Spanish officials of Cuba long before the Maine was blown up, and who perhaps knows more about the treacherousness of Catholicism in Cuba than any other American.

Chapter XVIII.

Why Protestants Should Hold the Offices in the Gift of the American People.

If we emigrate to Rome with the expectation of making Rome our future home, we should become Romans, as regards her laws, and do as Rome does. If we go to Mexico and expect to make that country give us support, we should become a Mexican, so far as adhering to the laws of that government are concerned. If we do not believe in the government of Rome we should stay away; if we do not believe in the Mexican form of government, and do not expect to obey her laws and become loyal citizens of Mexico, we have no right to identify ourselves with their form of government. If the above statement is true, then why should this country be made the dumping ground for every nation on earth, whether they believe in our form of government or not? There is no office within the gift of the American people but what a foreign born may aspire to and hold, with the exception of President of the United States. A man born and raised in Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium, or any other nation on the face of the earth, with the exception of the Chinese empire, can come over to this country as ignorant of the principles of this government as an unborn babe, and become naturalized, and the next day permitted to cast his ballot with the young man who is personally acquainted with the American form of government in all of its ramifications, and who knows more about the fundamental principles of same at ten years of age than the average foreign born man will ever know, though he live in this country for fifty years. Our own boys who are born in this country, and who love every fold of the old flag, and who never expect to make any other nation their homes, must remain without a franchise for twenty-one years, while the Italian, and Polander, that can not read a single word in English, and who has no more interest in the welfare of this country, and who never has, nor never will make a conpanionable citizen, is permitted to cast his ballot, which is impossible for him to do intelligently, as he can not mingle with intelligent American citizens, as he can not understand their language, and his kinsmen are as densely ignorant as he is, but the laws of this country permit them these privileges, which are unjust as injustice itself.

Who is to blame for this state of affairs? Most assuredly it is the Protestants themselves, for they are in the majority in the halls of Congress, but they are lulled to sleep by the cunning chaunts of Catholicism, for these laws are spread upon our statute books that they may help the Vatican and her army of traducers of true Americanship to fasten their poisonous tallons more firmly in the vitals of this country.

We do not intend to infer by the above that our Protestant representatives maliciously and wilfully make these laws in order to aid in placing this country at the mercy of Catholicism, but we do intend to infer that they are not awake to the cunning skulduggery of the Pope, and fail to analyze a bill before voting for its passage. One trick of Catholicism is to wait until near the close of a session, and then bring to bear every conceivable force to have a pet measure passed before any one has time to thoroughly investigate its anterior meaning. Can you, or have you ever seen any one that could give you any good substantial reason why a Catholic, and especially a foreign born Catholic should hold an office within the gift of the American people? You never have, nor you never will. It is true they are American citizens in name, but are they in principle? If the officials and those high in power have views detrimental to the interests of America, can we expect more of those who are led by these rulers? It is unreasonable to expect such, is it not?

Well, if this argument is correct, permit us to demonstrate what we may expect from Catholic officials. We quote a paragraph from the oath that all priests must take before he is permitted to manage the affairs of the Church of Rome:

"I do furthermore promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly or openly, against all heretics, Protestants and liberals, as I am directed to do, and to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth," etc., etc.

Now, Protestant American, I beg to ask how any man who binds himself to a foreign power, as a priest binds himself to the Pope, who is an Italian born citizen, can make a true American citizen? If the priest must bind himself in this way, can we expect more of his subjects, who are directly under his influence?

The proposition is just as plain as intelligent deductions can make it. The Catholic religion does not only bind its members to mildly comply with all the commands of the Pope, but, further, binds them to spare none that may stand in their way of carrying out the Papal instructions. What does this oath mean? Let us, in a cool and deliberate manner analyze it. Can you find a syllable in this most damnable oath but what pertains to Protestants and their every interest? Not one word. So the unconcerned manner in which Protestants treat the ever grasping, unfeeling advances of the priestcraft is beyond our comprehension.

Suppose there was a secret order in the land which administered such a blood-curdling oath to its members, which is directly opposed and directed against this government, each member would be arrested and tried for treason. These facts are known to Protestants, and then they go blindly ahead and elect to office, followers of Catholicism, whom they know will, at the bidding of the officials of that Church, do everything in their power to paralyze Protestant interests. This they are compelled to do, as they are bound by an oath that combines all the savagery of heathenish superstition, with an inbred hatred for every thing Protestant. If you desire to go ahead and have your children taught by Catholics, and your offices filled with Catholics, it is to your everlasting undoing. There is no mockery but what is resorted to in the Catholic Church. They instigate "curses" against every thing Protestant, and call down the wrath of God in the most blasphemous manner. Christ said, "Bless those that curse you; bless and curse not." But the Pope of Rome and his Church regard not the teachings of Christ.

The following is the Popish curse pronounced against Victor

Immanuel, Rev. Wm. Hogan, Dr. McGlenn, and others, who had offended the Pope. When you read this abominable curse, that would put to shame the inhabitants of a murderous clan of villainous cut throats, it may be that you will in a degree open your eyes to what Catholicism is.

By the authority of the God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the undefiled Virgin Mary, Mother and patroness of our Savior, and of all celestial Virtues, Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubim and Seraphim, and of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles and Evangelists, of the Holy Innocents, who in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to sing the new song of the Holy Martyrs and Holy Confessors, and of all the Holy Virgins, and of all the Saints, together with the Holy Elect of God.—May he, ————————, be damned. We excommunicate and anathematize him from the threshold of the Holy Church of God Almighty; we sequester him, that he may be tormented, despised and be delivered over with Dathan and Abriam, and with those who say unto the Lord, "Depart from us, we desire none of thy ways;" as a fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out for evermore, unless it shall repent him and make satisfaction. Amen.

May the Father, who creates man, curse him!—May the Son, who suffered for us, curse him!—May the Holy Ghost, who is poured out in baptism, curse him!—May the Holy Cross, which Christ, for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him!

May the Holy Mary, ever Virgin and mother of God, curse him!—May St. Michael, the Advocate of Holy Souls, curse him!

—May all the Angels, Principalities and Powers, and all Heavenly Armies, curse him!—May the glorious band of the Patriarchs and Prophets curse him!

May St. John the Precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other of Christ's Apostles together curse him! and may the rest of the Disciples and Evangelists, who, by their preaching, converted the Universe, and the holy and wonderful company of Martyrs and Confessors, who, by their works, are found pleasing to God Almighty!—May the holy choir of the Holy Virgins, who, for the honor of Christ, have despised the things of the world, damn him!—May all Saints, from the beginning of the world to the everlasting ages, who are found to be beloved of God, damn him!

May he be damned, wherever he be, whether in the house or in the alley, in the woods or in the water, or in the church! May he be cursed in living and dying!

May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting and sleeping, in slumbering and in sitting, in living, in working, in resting, and * * * and in blood-letting!

May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body!

May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly! May he be cursed in his hair; cursed be he in his brains and in his vortex, in his temples, in his eyebrows, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his nostrils, in his teeth, and grinders, in his lips, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers!

May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and purtenances, down to the very stomach!

May he be cursed in his * * * and his * * * in his thighs, in his * * * and his * * * and in his knees, in his legs, in his feet, and his toe nails!

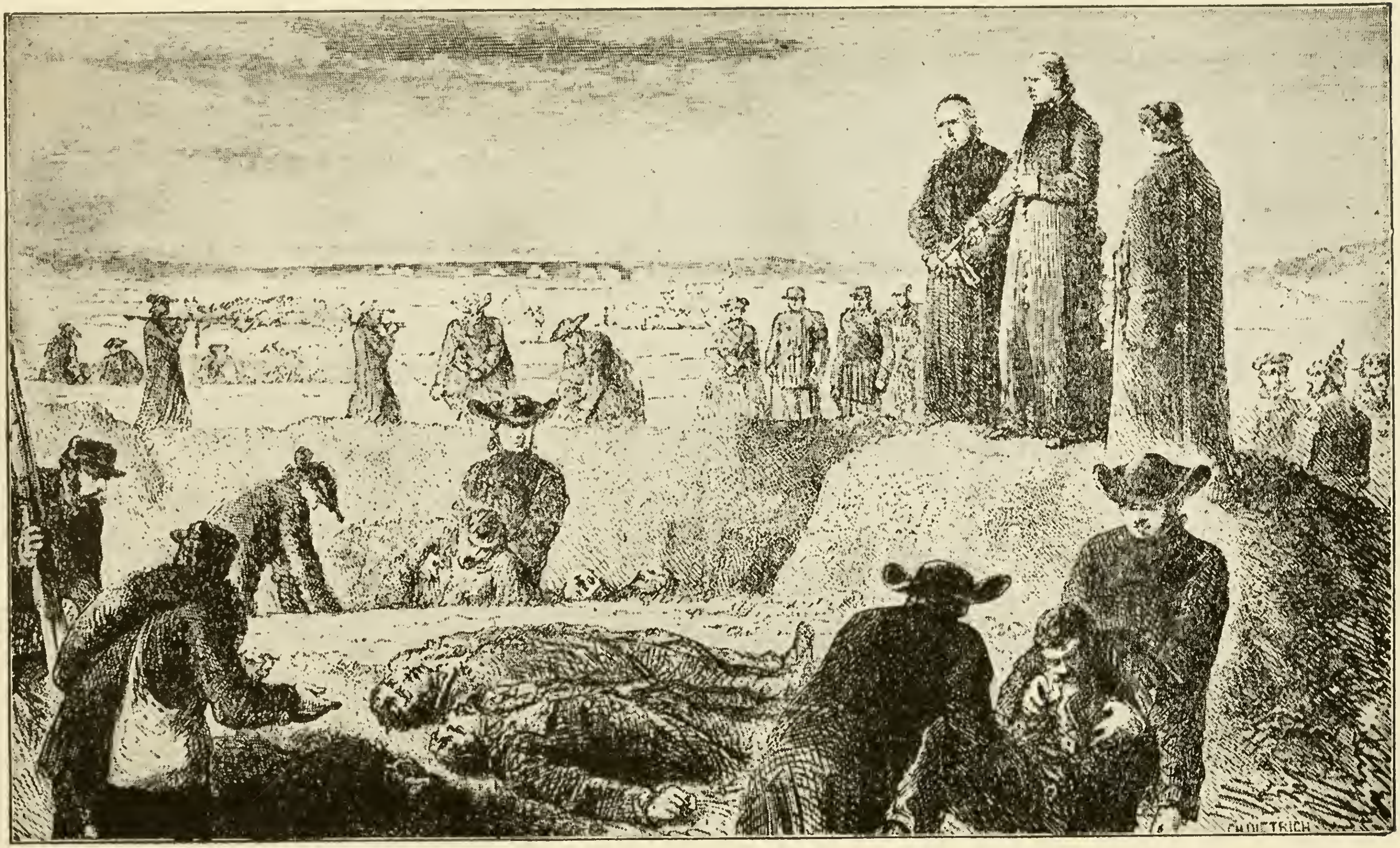
May he be cursed in all his joints and articulation of the members; from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet may there be no soundness!

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Majesty, curse him! and may Heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him, and curse and damn him, unless he repent and make satisfaction. Amen! So be it. Be it so, Amen!

Now, in this chapter, we only have to say that we have no apology to offer to any man or woman who may chance to read this book. We have, in our quotations, been accurate, and given them just as they are taught in the Church of Rome. In quoting from Peter Dens, Archbishop Kendrick, Alphonsus Liguori, and others, we have been compelled to use great caution, lest we go beyond what would seem to be the limits of propriety; and while we have quoted much that we would rather have left out, still it seemed to be necessary in order to place these questions at all in their true light before the reader.

Romanism is a power for evil unequalled in the countries where it predominates. As one closing sample, we call your attention to this fact: In the City of Rome, the home of the Pope, there are 39 cardinals, 35 archbishops, 1,469 priests, 2,832 monks and friars, 2,000 nuns, and 1,000 ecclesiastical students, making in all 7,576 learned, pious Catholic teachers of religion. For every 4,375 children born, 3,160 are illegitimate. Sixty-four per cent of the people born are illiterate, and one murder committed for every 750 of the inhabitants.

These being facts, we appeal to the ministers and liberty-loving Christian people of this country to stop and think before the hoof of Rome shall be placed upon the neck of American liberty.


CH. DIETRICH

Priests robbing the bodies of dead soldiers.

Chapter XIX.

American Priests and Their Influences.

From a Protestant standpoint, and most assuredly this is the correct standpoint, as America is and ought to be Protestant, the Catholic priest is an eyesore to the body politic of the American form of Government, as the fundamental principles of the American government is for the masses, and never was intended to be presided over by a king or potentate, and the Catholic form of government is many thousand times more absolute and despotic than any kingdom or country ruled by an absolute ruler. Rulers who have absolute sway over the destinies of a country are satisfied at ruling the political ambitions of their subjects, and seeing that their aspirations do not grow beyond his control. Not so with Catholicism, for her ever tyrannical and domineering spirit does not halt at the confines of temporal power, but Rome proposes to follow to the confines of the grave, and unless she be granted absolute control of both temporal and spiritual power, she is ever ready to damn those who put forth an independent effort to strike out in a free and untrammelled effort to extricate themselves from the degrading meshes of Popish power.

The foregoing is an established fact with all Protestant forms of government, and if this be the case, it is an easy matter then to see why priests are detrimental to the American government, for they acknowledge no power unless that power comes from and through the Pope, who is an Italian by birth, and a despot by education. His interests are foreign to that of any American, and since this is the case, his decisions must be diagonal to the interests of this government, and if this be the case, then the authority that the priest receives from his hand is also in favor and in the interest of himself and the head of the Catholic Church, so we can not arrive at a rational conclusion without finding that the priesthood of America is a chain of pontifical links that bind every interest of America and her people against her interests.

Whenever you strike down public schools, you tear the fabric of free government into shreds, and the Papal power never misses an opportunity to brand the public school system as a "nursery of vice," or "cesspools of iniquity." Again, if the priestcraft of America had have shown signs of improvement during the past century, then this chapter would never have been written, but there has been no improvement. Therefore, the same reason that existed a hundred years ago for denouncing Catholicism, and declaring that the priestcraft was detrimental to America still exists, and so long as it does, God help Americans to let their voice be heard around the civilized world fighting the battles of the "Land of the free, and the home of the brave."

It was the dream of many in the past, that an American Catholic Church would be the result of Romanists coming in contact with the life of the New World. Our schools and colleges, it was thought, would exert a liberalizing influence upon the Roman Catholics who should obtain in them an education. Rome saw it before Americans realized the entire truth, and headed against it with desperate energy. Our public schools were fought. The education of Roman Catholic youth in our American institutions of learning became an exception rather than a rule. The parochial school was established for the younger portion, and the American College in Rome was provided for those who desired advanced training. Every thing in the power of Rome to separate her youth from ours has been attempted, and with signal success. Rome holds her own despite the life of the Republic. The Roman Catholic schools and colleges are of inferior grade; which is much. They are anti-American from center to circumference, from bottom to top; which is more. They do not want their people to be Americanized. Rome is a government within a government, a despotism seeking to obtain despotic power in the very heart of a republic. A man educated for the priesthood is detached from family, separated from home ties and associations, and is taught to believe that growth in grace comes from torturing the body, and separating himself from those associations which brighten the path and cheer the hearts of the young men and women given to Christ and a religious life. From morning till night they speak of the necessity of mortifying the flesh, of taming the body, of destroying the "old Adam," the "old man."

Such is the foundation of all the Catholic virtues; such is their doctrine, received from and taught by Manes, the most romantic of all the impostors, which degrades man below beasts, or elevates him, sometimes, above humanity. It is because Romanists are carried into the darkness of papal night, that they remain in darkness. Education makes them what they are, and what they seem. Fastings, bad food, mortifications, long meditations in the morning, at noon, and evening; confession of sins every week, and much oftener; habits of a slavish submission to the most ludicrous practices; the study of a ridiculous theology; the idea which those ignorant young men recceive of God, of His severity, or rather cruelty, of the duties of a priest, of His eternal chastity, the hardness of discipline; all that, and many other practices which no one desires to recall, is so well mixed, directed, managed, that the pupils become as a rule stupid, fanatic, slavish, and quite like clay in the hands of the potter. Not one book is allowed to be read, but theology and the works of a blind piety. Every discussion against popery is so severely forbidden, that he who reads any, incurs excommunication, "*ipso facto;*" therefore the students are unaware of the doctrines of other religions, and of the charges which they lay against popery, save that the teachers repeat that the followers of other churches are damned because they shut their eyes to the light, and they remain out of the pale of the Church. Ignorant of the great throbbing world, and of its needs, thinking only of itself, Romanism builds on a depraved, not upon a renewed nature. In such a faith there is a charm for an ungodly man or woman. They have a form of godliness, while they deny the power thereof.

A priest does not profess to be a renewed man. Entering a car, a priest sat along in his seat, and I sat down beside him. He took out his Latin Prayer-book, and began reciting words in the usual way. I asked him, "Have you a Bible?"—"*Not with me.*"—"Why do you not carry a Bible instead of that Latin book?" He replied, "We are compelled to say so many prayers;

we are not commanded to read the Bible."—"Don't you think God infinitely wise?"—"Yes."—"Well, then, why do you not read His Word, and make it the lamp to your feet, and the light to your path?"—He frankly said he was not interested in it. Then I said, "Tell me your experience; were you ever converted?" He did not understand the question. I told him my own experience; he became interested; then opening my Bible I showed him what promises blessed my life. All day we talked. At night he said, "I never heard of this life before, and never traversed these paths." The Bible was to him an unknown book. He had never explored its mines of wealth, nor revelled in its beauties, nor drank from its streams of joy. As a result he was without the love of Christ, which is the mainspring of action in the redeemed. He chose the work and life of a priest for reasons entirely removed and apart from those experiences which control the students in our theological seminaries.

As a rule, priests come from the ranks of the humble. They desire heaven. They view a religious life, not as a condition of enjoyment, but of sacrifice. The joy of the Lord is not their strength, but rather the misery of the body and the agony and unrest of mind. We wonder how they can be up at early masses, because we forget their training. The parents glory in the distinction of having a child become a priest, and stand in the place of God, create the Lord Jesus Christ in the wafer, pardon sins, say masses for the living and the dead, grant indulgences, and perform services incident to the office. He enters the so-called theological school. There he comes in contact with others like himself. There is no knowledge of God communicated. Nothing is said of a soul's needs, of its peril without Christ. No prayer-meetings are held, where heart touches heart, where experiences light up the path, and appeals come to the soul. Instead is the monotony of forms and ceremonies. We wonder at the seclusion of the priest. We will wonder less when we see *how priests are brought up* to be a part of the machine with their manhood destroyed. Enter a school for priests. Behold a company of young men who at the outset believed they were to secure the salvation of their souls, not by exercising a faith in Christ's atoning blood, not by a consecration of life to the proclamation of the truth, but by submitting to torture, to self-denial, to fasting, to wakefulness. He enters the institution. Impenetrable silence is the rule. Mystery enshrouds everything. He takes the vows of celibacy, obedience, and poverty, and in due time learns to break them all. He begins his life. Let us go through a day. All arise at 1:30 a. m., and assemble in the choir to sing Latin canticles known as matins. These are chanted in a low and monotonous tone for one hour and a quarter. After fifteen minutes silent meditation on some pious subject, they again retire, and meet at six o'clock in the chapel. Two masses are read, and further meditations are indulged in, requiring altogether one and a half hours. The rooms are now put in order. Then breakfast is announced. Twelve minutes are now allowed for this meal, which is eaten standing, and consists of dry bread and one cup of coffee. From 8:15 to 9, he engages in reading in the room. During the next three-quarters of an hour they perform the necessary household work; then examination of conscience, one quarter hour. At 10, study and recitation one hour. At 11, all gather in the choir, and devote one hour to Latin prayers. During the half hour allowed for dinner, a spiritual book is read aloud. At 12:30, recreation and rest in room two hours. At 2:30, vespers in choir one-half hour. The windows are now darkened, and all sit in silent meditation one hour. Now the rosary is said: this consists of the Creed, six repetitions of the Lord's prayer, fifty-three Hail Mary's, and as many pious ejaculations. At 4:15, spiritual readings in rooms one half hour, then one hour's study. At 5:45 each goes to arrange his room. At 6, recreation one half-hour. At 6:30, chanting in choir one half-hour. From 7 to 8:45, supper and recreation. The day closes with another rosary. On Sunday the studies are omitted, and on that day and on Thursday the time after vespers is given to recreation. We have here six and three-quarter hours occupied by devotions, so called, which consist solely in the repetition of words. Of the two hours assigned to study, one is occupied with Latin grammar, the other is passed in translating into English a few Latin verses of Scripture daily selected for them. Their knowledge of Latin is, of course, extremely limited, and the Bible in that tongue is almost a sealed book. The institution has a good library; but no novice has access to it, for, as a priest puts it, "Many books should be read only by those who understand them." How one is to understand them without reading them, passes comprehension. How can they understand it except they read it? "Don't know," replies the so-called infallible teacher, but "don't forget the command." Besides, those who can read can spend but a little time in the library. By the time one is interested, the bell calls to the choir, the chapel, or to other duties. The Bible in the common tongue, history, fiction, and newspapers of every description, are rigidly excluded. The novice is absolutely confined to his spiritual reading,—a few purely devotional books, mainly the lives of saints. To these are devoted, including the noon, about one and three-quarter hours daily.

Let us open the biography of "St. Paul of the Cross," an Italian monk of the last century, and founder of the Passionist Order. After describing on p. 225, Paul's delights in early youth, such as long prayers, fasting, sleeping on the bare floor, scourging himself to blood, drinking gall, etc., we are told on p. 227, in Gaeta there is preserved a belt of iron set with points, three or four inches wide; and a discipline of cords with seven thongs, each of which has at the end a ball of lead with six iron points round it all stained with blood.

In his cell at the Retreat of Vetralla may be seen a cross set with a hundred and eighty-six iron points, which he used to wear on his naked breast. Elsewhere we found a heart of iron, full of sharp points, a ball set with longer points, and several disciplines prepared in a similar way. All these instruments were stained with blood pressed out of his body.

Of the saint's voluntary poverty we read on p. 230: "It was really edifying to see him oftentimes leave his place in the refectory, go round the table, and humbly ask of the religious who were seated at it, a little bread for charity; and this he ate modestly, kneeling on the floor by the door."

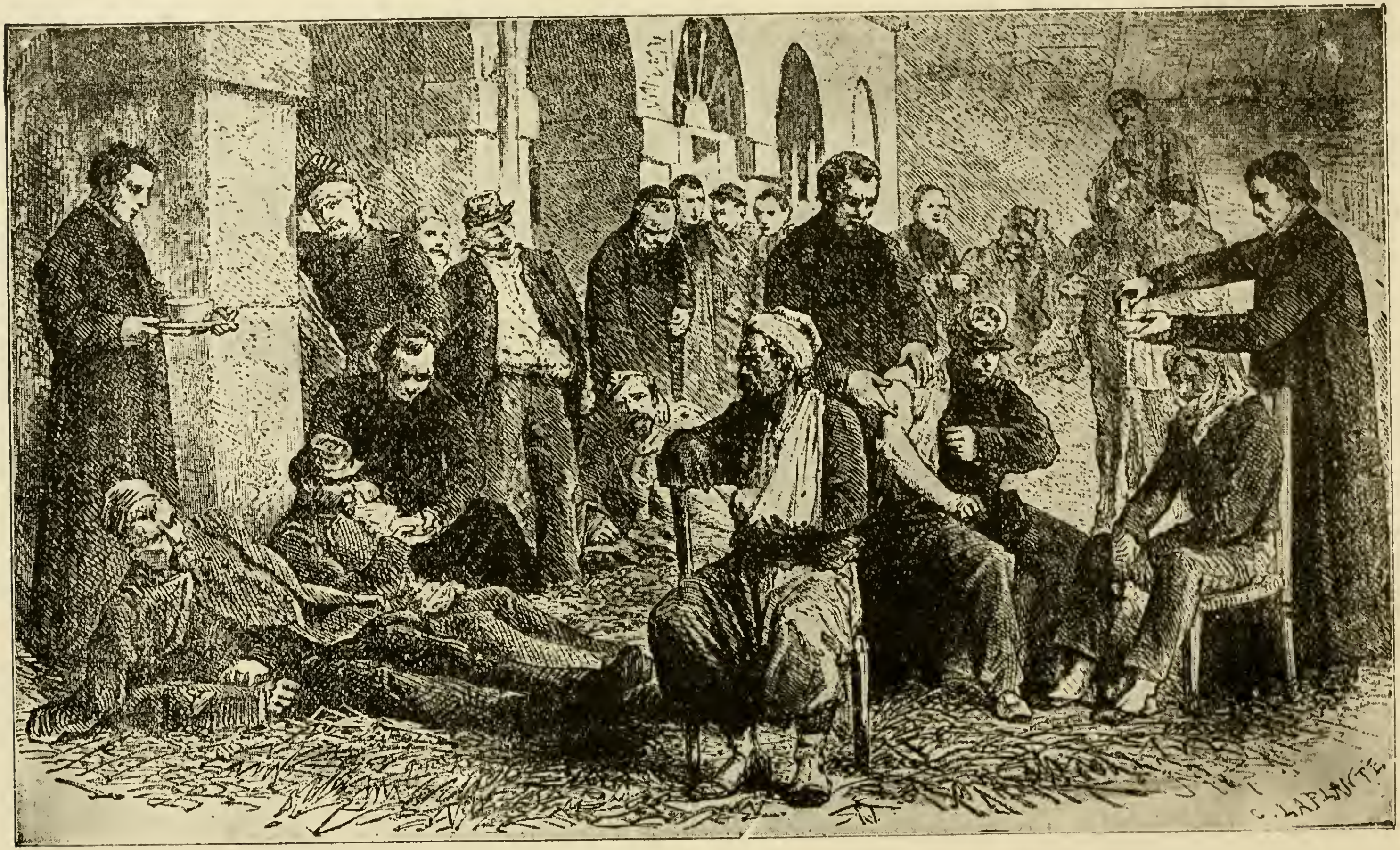
In a long chapter entitled, "His most unsullied Purity," Paul himself says (p. 234), "I had rather have my eyes plucked out by the hangman than fix them on the face of a person of the other sex." On p. 236, "Our Lord was pleased to recompense the spotless purity of his servant by a sweet fragrance which came from his virginal body. In the Retreat of Tascanella his room preserved this heavenly fragrance for about six months." Surely that was the odor of sanctity.

Page 222 informs the reader that often the saint's room was filled with devils, who woke him in terror by their hisses and other horrible noises, as if there were discharged several pieces of artillery. Sometimes they violently pulled off his bedclothes, sometimes walked over his bed in the form of cats, often appeared like enormous dogs, or hateful-looking birds, or as enormous giants, tormenting and vexing him for the defeats they underwent from him. On p. 249 a miracle is described: "In the city of Handi a hen is preserved because of a miracle recorded by a witness on his oath. He was stopping in that city, at the house of Senor Gaffredi. His very kind benefactors, wishing to treat the servant of God with due respect, sent out and bought a hen for his dinner. When St. Paul saw it on the table, he said to the lady of the house, 'You have done wrong to kill that poor animal, because, with her eggs, she was the support of the poor woman to whom she belonged. Let us do an act of charity. Open that window.' The window is opened. He now blesses the animal, already cooked as she was, in the name of the Trinity. He had hardly pronounced the words, when the hen returned to life, was covered with feathers, took wing, and went screaming through the window, to the house of the poor widow from whom she had been stolen by the man who sold her." A hen already cooked, restored to life, re-feathered, flying home, and beginning to lay eggs for her owner, is a first-class miracle. The feat was performed by a saint, recorded by an eye witness, and sworn to by a Romish oath, which settles the question of its reliability. This St. Paul, Pio Nono, on June 29, 1867, indorsed, and declared to be a saint to be invoked and prayed to by the whole Catholic world. In this school the Bible is banished as an unsafe book to read, and such fables as have been described are given the novices being trained as the leaders of the Roman-Catholic host. *They will not* endure strong doctrines. They turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. Not only do the priests study these biographies, but they form the choice literature of Roman Catholics.

Are men thus educated fitted for the responsibilities of our American life? Why is such education given? There is method in this madness. By means such as these, every vestige of common sense is carefully eradicated, every spark of independence or feeling of manhood is completely extinguished. Rome believes that ignorance is the mother of devotion. This training was not given in France, nor in Ireland, but in Allegheny City, Penn. It is not a sketch drawn from the past, but from the living present. Its design, end, and aim is to make in America, Roman-Catholic priests as bigoted, as superstitious, as fanatical, as were those who groped in the dark ages. The purpose is not to lift up, but to drag down. Their breviary is their Bible, their God the Pope. His voice they hear, his commands they obey.

Rev. F. J. McCarthy, S. J., in December, 1887, in a lecture at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Boston, pronounces the American public-school system *a national fraud.* The Father that does not defend the children of the Church antagonizes the interests of every child in the State. Why? Because of his education. What will American Romanists do about it? Well has a Roman Catholic said,—

"You say the common-school system is a national fraud,



Priests who administered to the wants of Catholic soldiers and allowed Protestant soldiers to die crying for just a drink of water.

that it is contrary to the common weal, that it is against the interests of the citizen, and cannot be a national instituion any longer; it must cease to exist, and the day will come when it will cease to exist. Do you call a system of education that places the poor man's child and the rich man's child side by side in the schoolroom, with the same books, with the same teacher for instructor, and starts them equally on the path to knowledge, a fraud, and contrary to the common weal? Do you pronounce the law a fraud, and against the interest of the citizen, that compels the children of the ignorant, the children of the vile and degraded, who care nothing for education or law, to go to school where they can learn knowledge and purity, and aspire to the highest honors in the State? And do you pray for the time when such benign laws and beneficent institutions shall cease to exist?

"Allow me to tell you, reverend sir, that when they do cease to exist, the free institutions of this country will cease to exist, for the public schools are the palladium of our free institutions. You declare there are some eight millions of Catholics in this country now who protest against this institution. I deny it. Take away the fear and thunder of the clergy, and you will not find a Catholic—a citizen of these United States who is interested in education—protesting against this institution. I admit there are some recent importations of Catholics who would like to Germanize, Irishize, and whiskeyize America. Go down into the Catholic rum-shops, and drag those lazy, drunken, villainous rumsellers from behind their counters, and make them stop selling their vile, poisonous liquor, and you will stop three-quarters of the poverty and wretchedness and crime in your cities, and you will then be able to gather the children of your parish into the Sunday schools

"No, Father McCarthy, your fears are groundless. Leave the public schools alone. Let this munificent institution be your devotion by day and your prayers by night. Love and cherish it, and exhort your people to make the most of its advantages It has been a great blessing to the Catholics and to the country, and extends its liberal and beneficent aid to all. It stands a bulwark between the State and the evils of the Irish rumseller and the German beer-garden. To-day how many Catholics bless the public schools for the influence they lent in advancing their children to places of wealth and honor!"

As a writer in "The Journal of Education," Boston, Mass., in January, 1888, said, "Methods must be determined by the logic of events: by some means to be developed by circumstances they will establish as great American principles (1) that it is un-American for any class to be exclusive in their education; (2) that it is ruinous to the individuals of any faith that establishes class distinctions in American society; (3) that the common-school system is largely responsible for making America what she is; (4) that it was our universal education as contrasted with very general home ignorance, that first attracted many of her peoples to our shores; (5) that they owe more to our schools than to any thing else in this country; (6) that Rome has never furnished universal education in any country; (7) that there is no ground for suspicion that she would furnish it in America if it were not for the purpose of withdrawing the children from the common schools; (8) that America is jealous of the common-school idea, and will resent any movement that would dethrone it; (9) that it is not the voice of the American Romanists, who have been, and still are, loyal to the system at heart."

Lastly and chiefly, America objects to this attack upon her common-school system, because it comes from Rome.

Men wonder that such a church prospers. Wonder no more. The foundations of its success are laid not in a redeemed nature, but in human nature, and *carnal* at that. The work of salvation is taken out of God's hands, and put into the hands of men who, outside of their vestments, are like other men, touched with a feeling of the infirmities of others, *because they have them.* They are not like our Christ, tempted in all points, like as we are, yet without sin, but tempted, yet with sin. A drunkard sees at the altar a man who drinks, who gives way to appetite, who lives a life of sensual delight. The sinner who cannot go to God through Christ without repentance and without making the attempt to break off his sins by righteousness, can go to him and confess and cling to sin, and go on and out from the confessional-box as if the play was real. As if that man at the altar was God, and as if the man taking the wafer-God and eating it was redeemed by what was done outside, not by what is done within by the cleansing of the blood and the washing of the soul.

The people in Rome here are like the people in Rome in Ireland, in Europe, anywhere. They tolerate wrong-doing as it could not and would not be tolerated in any evangelical church. Let a breath of scandal touch an evangelical minister. and he is set aside and silenced until the stain is removed. In Romanist circles this is not the rule. Take the case of Rev. Florence McCarthy.

He was pastor for many years of St. Cecilia, a large, fashionable Roman Catholic church, situated on North Henry and Herbert Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. His organist came to his room to inquire about some tickets. A little boy was with her. The priest tells the boy to stay down stairs, and invites the organist to his parlor, near which is his study and sleeping room. The door is closed. Without warning he leaps upon her like a beast, attempts to bear her down upon the sofa and commit an assault. She shrieks for help, and gets away from him. Her hair is disturbed, her bonnet is awry and one-sided, her face is flushed, and she passes by the servant into the street, after the Father begs of her to say nothing about it, and offers her a brush and comb to make herself presentable. Does that ruin him, even in her estimation? She goes on and plays. By and by, months afterward, she tells her parents as an excuse for not going to confession. There is a scene in St. Cecilia. The irate Irish mother rises in a crowded service, and denounces the priest, saying, "*You have insulted my daughter! meddle with her again, and I will shoot you!*" The father leaps upon his feet, and shakes his fist at him. Both are arrested for disturbing a service. The priest is master. Does such notoriety do him harm? Not at all. The services are just as crowded. The priest laughs at the opposition, says the organist had been dismissed, when, in fact, she gave up the keys because of the insults she received and the fear she endured. She carried the case to the bishop. Nothing was done. Did it make the man more careful? Not at all. He drank as deeply, and in a little time called up to him a girl whom he took out of an orphan asylum when twelve years of age, brought to his priest's house, where he assaulted her as a girl, and without doubt did as he chose after it, and, in a short time after the assault upon the organist, accomplished an assault upon his servant, then eighteen years of age, again and again, until one day, in his drunken wild-ness, he struck her and knocked her against an ice chest, when she ran out into the yard, climbed over the fence, and made her escape. When she, too, went to Bishop Laughlin, the man of power in the town, he expressed his disapprobation at the conduct of Priest McCarthy, said these complaints were constantly coming to him, and yet, in compliance with his Jesuit oath, furnished the priest the best lawyer money could procure, and stood by him as if innocence was being betrayed. The poor girl was accused of stealing, and sent to jail. No one went on her bail bond, while the priest, who had been sent to the lock-up, was bailed out at once. The trial came on. The girl told her story. The priest denied it, doubtless with a mental reservation, saying doubtless to himself, "I deny it, *though it is true;* I deny it to others in word, though I admit it to myself as a fact," which St. Liguori allows him to do. The case is adjourned. Arrested as a thief, the poor girl tells her story, and is acquitted. The case of assault comes on. The priest denies everything. She affirms. At length, because she did not scream while he held a hand over her mouth, or scratch the adulterer's face, the court decided against her. This is

Justice Naeher's Decision.

He said the only question for the court to decide was whether there was probable cause to believe that the alleged crime was committed by the defendant. While Kate Dixon's account of the transaction was very minute, and she declared that she made resistence, yet the law required *that there should* be the utmost resistance on the part of the person thus assaulted. She declared that she was dragged by force from the parlor into the bedroom, and yet during this alleged violence she did not scream aloud. The court said it could not believe it was impossible for the prosecutrix to free her hands from the grasp of the defendant, and make use of them, as the law requires. According to the evidence, there was not a mark of violence either on the prosecutrix or the defendant after the alleged assault. The court then went into details regarding the assault.

Her statement, said Justice Naeher, that the defendant made her take an oath not to reveal the crime, might account for her not revealing it immediately, in consequence of her religious fear. She was not affected thereby at the time of the alleged commission of the crime.

The opinion of this court is that a girl outraged as the complainant declares she was would have shown some excitement in her bearing or her speech so shortly after the perpetration of the crime upon her. *Upon these grounds the court finds that the crime has not been committed, and that there is not probable cause to believe the defendant guilty. The complaint is hereby dismissed, and the prisoner discharged.*

Notice, not a word is said in condemnation of the lecherous priest, not a word disapproving the act, but only that the girl yielded too readily. This occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., and the trial took place July 9, 1883. Was the priest set aside? By no means. He went on with his duties as priest, and in January, 1884, was tried for his assault upon his organist, and the jury unanimously convicted him, and he was fined six cents. This shows that the standard is extremely low for the Roman Catholic Church in public estimation, and evidences that here, as in the Old World, priests are indifferent to public opinion. The paper that champions Romanism, and is its swift apologist, was compelled to enter its protest against this conduct of bishop and priest, and say, "Is it creditable that two Roman Catholic young women should separately charge this priest with the same offence, which was alleged to have been successful in the case of the servant, but only attempted in that of the organist? What could induce these young women to swear away their characters if he was innocent?" This is not new in Romish circles. In Spain, in France, in Mexico—wherever the opportunity has been given, the brutality of the priesthood has brought forth a mighty cloud of witnesses against them.

"The remarkable thing to the public has been *that his bishop has made no sign, and that, with a criminal charge against him, he has suffered the priest to administer the sacraments, and continue to receive young women as penitents at confession.* It is now impossible for his ecclesiastical superior to avoid taking action. A jury of twelve citizens of Brooklyn have found him guilty of a criminal assault. It is an affront to the whole Catholic population." Not a bit of it. The Catholic population made no sign. The priest continued to minister at the altar, until other offences, combined to drive him forth to pastures new. Another priest, riding with a harlot, falls from his carriage because of intoxication, is arrested, carried to the station house, and sent to his church. It was such facts as these, spread upon the printed page day after day, that demanded that some one with a character unstained and a reputation unsullied should permit the wrongs of a poor nun, compelled to flee for her life and the life of her child from the Black Nunnery of Montreal to the alms-house, New York; the statement of a priest, who, revolting against the iniquities he saw and shared, gave up position and livelihood for honor; the wail of the poor, helpless women and girls outraged in the confessionals, and rising up to God, and crying aloud for deliverance from the terrible cruelty and barbarities of the priesthood—to find voice in human speech as he should take these terrible truths, forge them into a livid thunderbolt, and, standing across the track of Rome, should hurl it with might and main into the face of that power that has beggared and degraded Europe, and that seeks to despoil America of her birthright, and leave the proud inheritance of our fathers to become the play and the sport of these enemies of liberty.

In marriage there is a remedy for these evils. A good wife in the St. Cecilia parish would have furnished protection to servant and organist. Besides, a priest needs the companionship of an ennobling helpmeet, whose brain is cultured, whose heart is filled with love, to brighten and bless his life. What saith the Word of God? "Let a bishop be the husband of one wife;" and in the first part of Genesis we read. "It is not good for man to be alone."

Though forbidding to marry is a characteristic of the apostasy, yet it is said the Pope issued a dispensation permitting the Puseyite clergymen to enter the Roman Church with their wives. This is done on the ground that they come in as men not apostolically ordained. If this can be done for Englishmen, and if it be true that priests are men with like passions with prophets, apostles, and patriarchs, all of whom were free to marry, why may it not be possible for priests in America to have their own wives, as do the priests of Greece, and the Maronites of Russia, who joined the Roman Catholic communion, and have been permitted to retain their wives?

"Chickens come home to roost,"

Is an old proverb which it will do well for the people of this free land to consider. Over and over again it has been said that the theology of Rome tolerates lying, stealing, and all crimes. The people do not realize it. Some saw it when this priest, McCarthy, was proven on the stand to have lied. He got out of it by claiming that he spoke with a mental reservation. Again, when on his oath, he denied flatly what had been proven. The lawyer asked:

Do you ever testify under reservation?

Father McCarthy—I do.

Lawyer—Do you say this girl did not come voluntarily, and deliver up the keys?

Father McCarthy—No.

Lawyer—Is this a mental reservation?

Question ruled out as trenching on religious belief.

Lawyer—Were you, on June 12, under the influence ot liquor?

Father McCarthy—No.

Lawyer—Is this a mental reservation?

Question ruled out.

Lawyer—How many times have ladies and girls complained to your bishop of your assaults?

Ruled out.

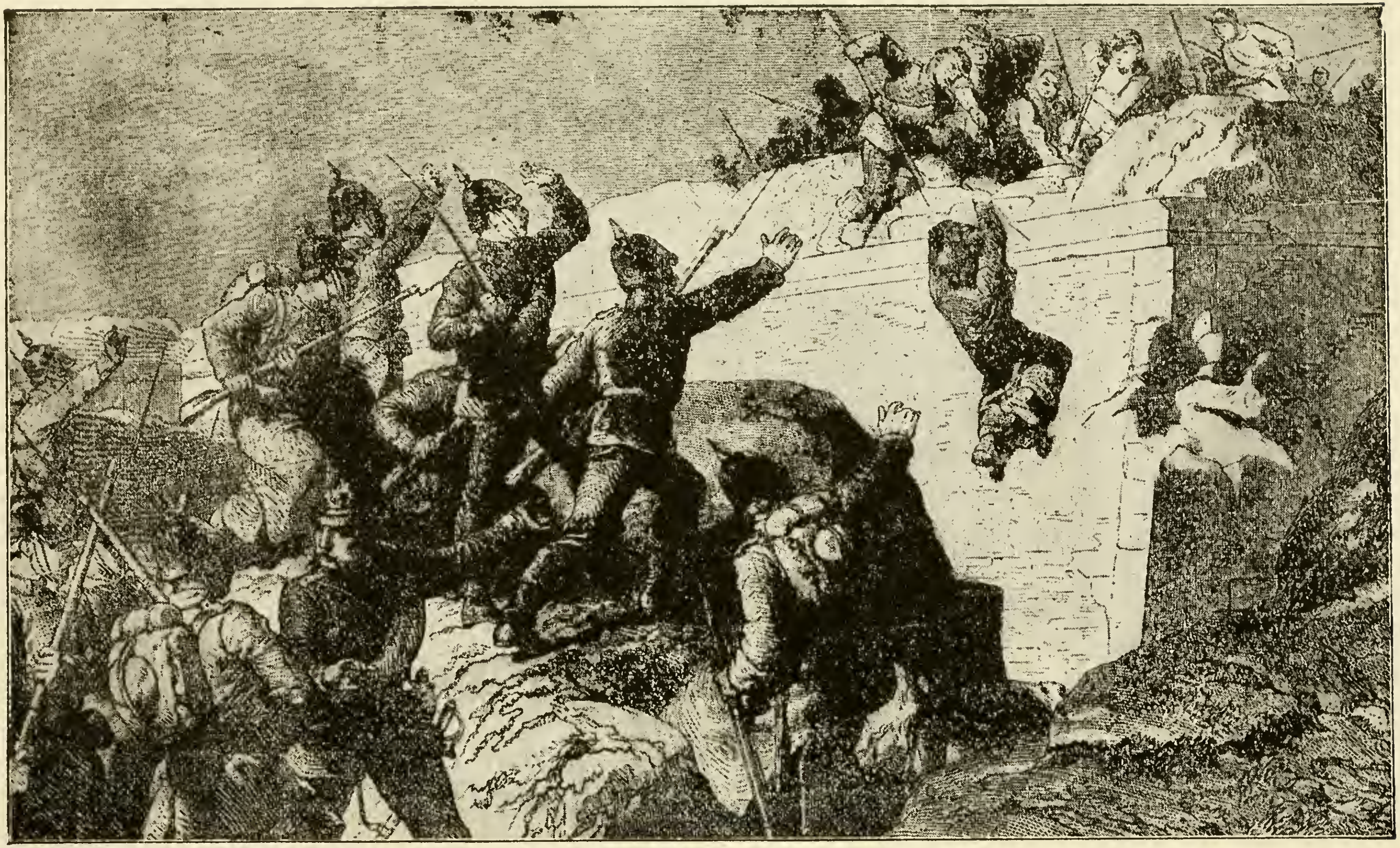
Lawyer—How many bottles of whiskey did you drink while professedly sick?

Ruled out.

This is the man, drunken, lecherous, vile, who passed from his assaults on the helpless to the altar, and was tolerated because

Romanism is what it is. From such examples and influences, harm and only harm can come. These are the educators of the youth. They pose before them as representatives of the Christ who offers us salvation. Their characters are disgraced and degraded, as a rule. To-day they are sowing to the wind; to-morrow we shall reap the whirlwind. Our cities are filling up with hoodlums, and our prisons and alms-houses are being crowded with these representatives of a Church that panders to vice, making a jest of virtue and a plaything of religion. It becomes the people to remember that America is surrendering to Rome, and in this surrender there is greater peril than they apprehend.

It is a well-established fact, that parochial schools, under the guardianship of the priests and bishops, are valueless. The exercises are made up principally of the rudiments of theology, and are such as lead the boys to shun the process to which they are subjected in the schoolroom. Hence they become truants, not permitted to attend the public schools, and acquire vicious habits in their wanderings about the city. The result is, that scarcely a boy can be found in the Catholic schools of our large cities to exceed fourteen years of age. It has been well said that "no one will deny the right of any sect to establish schools among themselves for the instruction of their children." But while this is true, it would be equally absurd to approve of a course calculated to weaken our influence over the masses that are thronging our shores. They learn, in sectarian schools, to regard themselves as a distinct sect, a people with scarcely a single interest in common with their neighbors. They grow up foreigners, though invested with functions of citizens. It is notorious that the range of studies in these church schools is very restricted, and that



Spanish Soldiers hurling to death innocent Cubans, both men and women.

children confined to them cannot attain the generous culture which our public schools afford. Such children are not taught what it most concerns them to know. They are not instructed in reference to the nature of our institutions; but, what is more, they are inspired with the most active jealousy, if not filled with the most bitter hatred, of all other denominations. They are led to make it a matter of conscience to support their Church, at whatever pecuniary sacrifice to themselves, and at whatever risks to the interests of the Commonwealth.

The question to be decided by the citizens of the Republic is this: How shall Americans be educated? Doubt history, ye who can; but if the past is capable of teaching useful lessons, if the experience of a thousand years is worth anything, it shows that it is not safe to intrust the measureless interests of education to that Church which created the deep, dense gloom of the dark ages.

The nunneries of this land are particularly deserving of attention. They are placed in the hands of the Church for propagating the faith among Protestants. For this reason they will educate Protestant children at less expense than Catholics. Every attention is bestowed upon them. The Sisters of Charity, by kindness, flattery, and insinuating acts of devotion, exercise an influence over them, which oftentimes destroys their confidence in the Bible, and produces an impression upon their minds which is only deepened by remonstrance and advice. Every part of the great machine called Popery is of such a nature as requires to be fully understood. Protestant parents cannot believe that there is danger in allowing children to receive their education from Catholic hands. They will not believe it until they find them, in secret, counting their beads, and performing orisons to the Virgin Mary. Instances innumerable could be given to substantiate this position. The disclosures of convent life have been substantiated. They are real facts, occurring in the history of hundreds of young women, fascinated by the quiet beauty that characterizes the exterior of these institutions. But when it is shown that they have lost not only their happiness but their virtue, then the charm is dissipated.

On July 7, 1854, William Adams, mayor of Allegheny City, Pa., took a deposition from a young lady, possessed of great wealth, who had been placed in the palace of the bishop. She testified to the conduct of the bishop and said that her person was violated, and that when she resisted, she was told not to resist a bishop or priest, because, if she did, she would not get a reward in the other world, and escape the torments of purgatory. She also told of the results of the illicit intercourse with the Sisters of Charity, made apparent by the stench of the dead bodies of babies put to death to avoid detection.

Nunneries occupy a conspicuous place. The Church of Rome is composed, to a great extent, of servant girls and poor day laborers, who are unable to read, and who commit their souls' keeping to the Church. Many of the girls look forward with joyous anticipation to a place in a convent or nunnery. There they learn to care for the sick in hospitals; they administer to the passions of the priests, and the menial wants of the higher orders. The system of Romanism provides servants, who, like the frogs of Egypt, come into our very bread troughs. They report secrets learned at the fireside. Music teachers gain access to our parlors and drawing rooms; Jesuits pour into every nook and corner of society; each and all reporting all that will further the interests of the organization.

Many Protestants think that they ought to regard papists as belonging to one of the many fraternal Christian sects. But in this stretch of their liberality they do not seem to recognize the fact that the papists refuse to acknowledge Protestants as in any sense Christians. They are unwilling to be put on a level with them. They have no part or lot with them. They regard them as sons of Belial, and children of perdition without God or hope.

Is it strange that priests and people educated in this manner in character, in purpose, and in conduct, become similar to the servile tools of popery in Italy or Austria?

Count Joseph de Maistre, in his book entitled "The Pope," says:

The government of the Church (the papal) *must be monarchial;* and if monarchial, as it certainly and invincibly is, what authority shall receive an appeal from its decisions?

Without the sovereign Pontiff there is no real Christianity. Christianity is wholly based upon the sovereign Pontiff, and without the sovereign Pontiff, the whole edifice of Christianity is undermined.

The will of man goes for nothing in the establishment of government.

The sovereign Pontiff, in absolving subjects from their oath of fidelity, would do nothing contrary to divine right.

Would to God the faithful were all as well persuaded as the infidels of this one great maxim, "that the Church and the Pope are all one."

The *opposite* of the foolish assertion, "*Man is born free,*" is the truth.

All civilization commences with the priesthood by religious ceremonies, by miracles even *whether true or false.*

Monarchy is the best and most durable of governments, and the most natural to man.

In accordance with the sentiments given above, all of which are reliable extracts from a volume indorsed by the Romish Church, the highest official of that Church in America—the Cardinal—upon assuming his office swore unalterable fidelity to the following as part of his creed: "I do give my allegiance, *political* as well as religious, to the Bishop of Rome. Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our lord the Pope, I will, to my utmost, oppose and persecute."

Yet in the face of this oath, and the declaration of principles which we have quoted above, Cardinal Gibbons, in his letter accepting the invitation to officiate at the Constitutional Centennial, says, "The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold."

With the oath of allegiance to the Pope resting on his conscience, how can this cardinal, with any sincerity or consistency, eulogize the Constitution of a Republic which was begotten by Protestant prayers, and which is now sustained and carried forward by Protestant piety and Protestant brains?

"We are very strongly tempted," says Rev. R. H. Nevin, "to believe, in this case, that what was condemned in the Epistle of James many centuries ago has been illustrated in these modern times by the Baltimore Cardinal: 'Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessing and cursing.'"

Are men thus taught and ruled becoming Americanized in character? The reverse is true. Their back is to the future. Their face is to the past.

The Romish priesthood is retrograding rather than advancing. One who was for a time identified with mission work on Blackwell's Island, and is cognizant of the condition of affairs in Roman Catholic circles, sadly says:

"We have often sighed and wept over the polluting practices of priests, and the baleful effects on confessors and penitents alike of the things prescribed by the Church for the salvation and guidance of both. Nobody who has made a careful study of the degrading effects of the Romish system upon the morals of the female portion of the community can fail to be moved with indignation or contempt at the lying boast of superior purity that is so frequently made by the priests of Rome in behalf of themselves and their male and female dupes. It is absurd to think or expect that men and women who are knee-deep in moral pitch every time they enter the sin-box of Rome can escape defilement. It is foolish to expect that any young blood of a priest, whose ears are the cesspool of unbounded and unmentionable infamy, will escape contamination, when the word of God expressly says that 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' "

We often hear of the purity of Irish Catholic females; but little is said of the thousands and tens of thousands of them, in New York and elsewhere, who live lives of shame, with the scapula of the Virgin around their necks, and in many instances a rosary of beads in their pockets with which to count their Hail Marys, or machine prayers, in the so-called mother of God, when they have not the boldness to approach Jesus, because they have crucified him afresh, and are calloused, wilful reprobates at heart, who have no desire to turn from their vile and perverse ways, and whose polluted souls it is impossible to renew again.

We asked a missionary who was instrumental in reaching four hundred fallen women, what proportion of them were Catholics, and were informed that ninety-five per cent of them were accustomed to bend the knee to a priest, and be questioned in the most unblushing manner by these sacerdotal celibates.

In the city of Boston are priests whose lives, if laid bare to public gaze, would be a most striking object lesson to the denizens of Catholic households, and the citizens generally of the Hub. We know whereof we affirm. We have seen these things with our own eyes, and not through blue glasses either, for we were then admirers of the scarlet woman of Revelation. Doctors have told us a thing or two of the diseases that afflicted these ecclesiastical saints. Hotel keepers have told us of the many times these chaste angels of Rome came to their place in the society of women whom they introduced as their sisters, and remained until the small hours of the morning drinking wine, smoking cigars, and devouring turkey and chicken salad till their brains were very much muddled, and their eyes stuck out with fatness.

The Romish Church has contravened the law of God and nature by this impious dogma that prohibits its priests and bishops marrying, but, nevertheless, nature will have its fling somehow, and if they can't do as the gospel advises, they'll pluck the forbidden fruit.

We were told by a priest of Rome that the best priest of his acquaintance was married, and the father of seven bright, happy little ones. Could that be so? Well, in the city of Brooklyn was a priest who, while officiating at the altar of Rome, hearing confessions and pardoning sins, marrying men and women, and baptizing their children, was lawfully married by a Protestant minister across the river, and now and then occupied the same apartment with the wife whom he loved, and in the face of the most awful and trying persecutions clung to.

We knew of another, just passed to his eternal reward, who confessed to a brother in this work that not less than sixty-five young ladies in his congregation were victims of his fiendish lust.

Where we spent a portion of our time in wretched seclusion was an institution ruled by the abbot of the monastery, in which common prostitutes held high revel with the holy Fathers who had sworn before God tc be chaste. This we were told by the chancellor of that diocese.

During a portion of our time in New York we came in contact with a Protestant young lady who was educated in a convent; and she confessed that for years she had been the concubine of a Boston priest, who every two weeks came on here to spend a little time with this miserable girl, whom he influenced in the convent while she was yet in her teens.

We could bring a cloud of witnesses to show that if there is an unchaste set of men on the face of the earth, who, to avoid fornication, ought to have their own wives, it is Romish priests. We could bring the McCarthys. O'Connells, and O'Donnells, the Ryans, O'Briens, and Finnigans, to bear testimony to the truth of the statements we make. And how can it be otherwise? Ask any priest who has ever studied the theology concerning the relations of the sexes, if it is possible for any man to wade through such filth without having his imagination corrupted and his soul defiled? We stranded on that rock, and refused to deluge our brain with facts so abominable and filthy. If there is any man on the face of the globe who ought to shun the perusal of such things and the study of such subjects, it is the celibate priest, monk, or nun.

The facilities Rome has to hide the vileness of its priests, hinder the onward march of a work of downright opposition to the Church. They have their Magdalen Homes and Orphan Asylums, institutions which have been a hiding place for rascals, a refuge for the weak victims of their insatiable lust, and a help rather than a hindrance to crime and immorality. It is a sin to erect an institution that is avowedly for the purpose of sheltering in its widespread arms the fruit of secret wrong. It were better for America or any other country that such an institution never existed, because to a certain extent the safeguards, that fear of exposure places around the young, are entirely removed.

Has it slipped the memory of the people, that several priests of the most secret, oath-bound, and terrible system that ever dominated the thought or cursed the liberty of humanity have been exposed in the near past, and proved to be moral monstrosities?

Romanism is not improving. A few Romanists are coming to the light, and such are being helped. But for those who stay in Rome, and bow down to her idols, and worship her images, there is no progress. They are chained to a body of death. Their end is destruction, their future is eternal night. If they are to be saved, Christians must undertake for them, and they must do it now.

These about us are to be saved through our instrumentality, or they are to pass beyond the bounds of hope; and God hath said, *"This shall they have at my hand, they shall lie down in sorrow."* Who preaches to them? Who prays for them, believing that the love of Christ will constrain and save them? Employ it, and the blessing is sure to come. Roman Catholic priests who stay in Rome, and yield to its temptations and fascinations, are making a mock of religion; they are gambling with the hopes of immortal souls; they believe a lie. They practice what they believe, and will be damned unless they repent of their sins, and turn to God, through Jesus Christ, and be made men and women, pure in the likeness of Christ, and be saved.

Americans, arouse yourselves, and strike Catholicism anywhere and everywhere, and don't be cowards, for God hates nothing worse than cowardice in his cause.

High Priest Zironos, of Puerto Rico, who had control of all church affairs in that Island until his idolatrous customs were checked by the humane hand of a Protestant nation.

Chapter XX.

The Catholic Church in Politics.

GREED AND LUST THEIR EVERY OBJECT.

Why should any church, or body of religious people be eternally grasping out for worldly gains if their mission on earth is to save souls, and how can they hide under a cloak of chastity and Christianity, when every page of their history is marked with the scarlet blood of the innocent? To prove to the American public and the Protestant world that Catholicism is now, and always has been, bloodthirsty and ravenous for gain, regardless of how she came in possession of it, we desire to quote a few figures, taken from statistical reports which can not be denied.

The Spanish government, through Torquema, her representative, who was appointed by Spanish officials to raise funds for the support, both of the government and the Catholic Church, condemned to the galleys, 97,371 subjects, and caused to be burned at the stake, 10,220, and within the next fifty-three years there were 20,570 people burned alive, 11,700 burned in effigy, and 215,950 consigned to a lingering death in the galleys.

It is natural to ask why this was done, for one would suppose there must have been some treasonable offense committed, that so many subjects should give up their lives, but not so, as this blood-thirsty inquisitor had nothing to find fault with, and only trumped up lame and unreasonable charges against men and women of means, in order that they might be condemned for treason, and their property confiscated by the government, and the Catholic Church of Spain. Romanism is a monstrosity. It is inconceivable in extent, in purpose, and in plan, because it is the creation of that being cast down from heaven to hell, and doing his utmost to capture the race, and whelm it in ruin.

Romanism is a diabolical plot. By its aid, millions on millions have been ruined, and millions more are on the way. Nothing but the gospel of Christ can save them. Every surrender to Rome injures them. The truth alone can redeem them. As a system of error, Romanism is more to Satan than is Mohammedanism, Brahmanism, or any other of the great systems of error that have found on this earth a theatre for operation, and in the soul of man a place for habitation. Rome stays longer. It holds a larger place in prophecy. It has in it more brain, more skill, more wit, and more wisdom. In the service of Rome, at this hour, are some of the mightiest intellects of the race. Pity it is that it is true. To Macaulay it was a mystery that a man who had balanced worlds, and weighed them, that was familiar with science and literature, could starve and dwarf his soul so as to make a god out of a wafer which he could eat, and which a rat could eat as well. God is angry with men because of this. Stupidity is not innocence. God says, "If ye will not harken to me, to walk in my law, which I have set before you, then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a desolation.

To the individual and to the city or country that bows down to Rome, there is peril. Though the peril of this surrender has been put into language, Satan closes the ears and blinds the eyes. Though it is known that popery has made Rome a den of shame, and Italy the home of paupers, yet thousands welcome it here, though they are aware that it is contributing more to the decay of religious and even political ethics than any other combination organized in the history of the human race.

To worship the beast, is to stand with the supporters of Rome. Men cannot serve God and Baal. Recently this language was used by one who ought to have known better, and ought to have done better: "It is said that there are among us those who are alien in religious thought and feeling, and purpose and corporate action, who are aiming a blow at the foundation of our institutions and our civilization, by striking at the public school system. *I have no religious prejudices,"* said this distinguished divine. "No religious prejudices!" Does he mean by this that those who fight Rome are *ruled by prejudice?* Prejudice is an opinion formed without due knowledge. This man stultifies himself, for he says, "I recognize its beneficent service to humanity during the Middle Ages." That would have the appearance of being a religious prejudice of the most baneful kind. What service did Rome render to humanity in the Middle Ages? By persecution, by fire and fagot, by casting God's children into boiling vats of oil, by throwing others over the precipice, by putting to death millions of the lovers of Christ Rome extinguished the lights of Christianity, and then sank into such depths of shame that by universal consent the times in which her rule prevailed are called the *Dark Ages.*

In Piedmont in 1160, the Waldenses found a home. Though they were harmless in their behavior, inoffensive in their conversation, and paid tithes to the Romish clergy, yet the latter could not be contented, but wished to give them some disturbance. They accordingly complained to the Archbishop of Turin that the Waldenses of the valley of Piedmont were heretics, for these reasons:

1. That they did not believe in the doctrines of the Church of Rome.
2. That they made no offerings for prayers for the dead.
3. That they did not go to mass.
4. That they did not confess, and receive absolution.
5. That they did not believe in purgatory, or pay money to get the souls of their friends out of it.

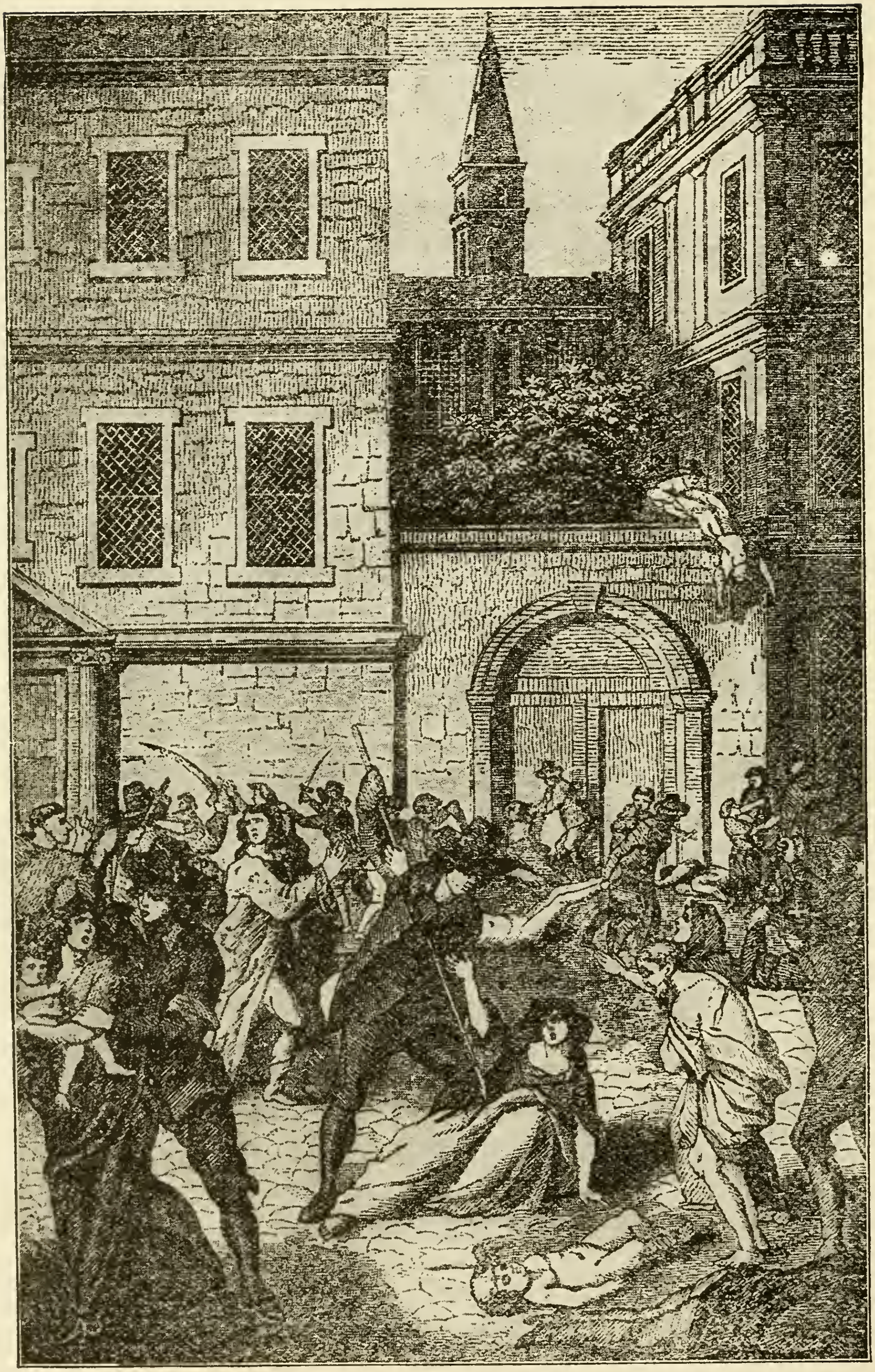
Upon these charges, the archbishop ordered a persecution to be commenced, and thousands and thousands were slain. Rome had religious prejudices, and acted on them, and blood ran in streams through the valley of Piedmont. At length they flew to arms and resisted the invaders. After this, the Nuncio of the Pope called on the Duke of Savoy, who was a Papist, and told him he was surprised that Protestantism had not been rooted out of Piedmont, that he could not help looking upon such conduct with a suspicious eye, and that he really thought him a favorer of the heretics, and should report the affair accordingly to His Holiness the Pope. Stung by this reflection, and unwilling to be misrepresented to the Pope, the duke issued express orders for all the Waldenses to attend mass regularly on pain of death. This they refused to do, on which he entered the Piedmontese valley with a formidable body of troops, and began a most furious persecution, in which great numbers were hanged, drowned, ripped open, burned, stabbed, racked to death, tied to trees, and pierced with prongs, thrown from precipices, crucified with their heads downwards, worried by dogs, etc. Those who fled had their goods plundered, and their houses burnt to the ground.

They were particularly cruel when they caught a minister or a schoolmaster, whom they put to such exquisite tortures as are almost incredible to conceive. The Roman Catholic inhabitants of the valley of St. Martin likewise did all they could to vex and torment the neighboring Waldenses; they destroyed their churches, burned their houses, seized their properties, stole their cattle, converted their land to their own use, committed their ministers to the flames, and drove the Waldenses to the woods, where they had nothing to subsist on but wild fruits and the bark of trees.

Turn to Ireland,

and gain a conception of the "beneficent ministry of Rome" by looking at some scenes in the Irish massacre.

Though the various attempts made by the Irish against the English usually go under the name of rebellion, yet they deserve more properly the epithet persecution, as all their destructive efforts were particularly levelled at the Protestants only, whom they were determined, if possible, totally to extirpate from the kingdom. In 1641 came the O'Neal conspiracy, in which it was planned to murder every Protestant in Ireland. The day fixed was October 23, 1641, the feast of Ignatius Loyola. Men and women were put to every form of cruelty which the devilish ingenuity of man could devise. In the Castle of Lisgool, a hundred and fifty men, women and children were burned together.



Men, Women and Children being tortured for refusing to have a Catholic Priest christen their children.

At the Castle of Moneah, not less than one hundred were put to death by the sword. Some of them were laid with the center of their backs on the axletree of a carriage, with their legs resting on the ground on one side, and their arms and heads on the other. In this position one of the savages scourged the wretched object on the thighs, legs, etc., while another set on furious dogs, who tore to pieces the arms and upper parts of the body, and in this dreadful manner were they deprived of their existence.

Great numbers were fastened to horses' tails, and the beasts being set on full gallop by their riders, the wretched victims were dragged along until they expired. Others were hung on lofty gibbets, and a fire being kindled under them, they finished their lives partly by hanging and partly by suffocation. Nor did the more tender sex escape the least particle of cruelty that could be projected by their merciless and furious persecutors. Many women of all ages were put to deaths of the most cruel nature. Some, in particular, were fastened with their backs to strong posts, and, being stripped to their waists, the inhuman monsters *cut off their right breasts with shears,* which, of course, put them to the most excruciating torments, and in this position they were left till, from loss of blood, they expired.

Such was the savage ferocity of these Romanists, that even unborn infants were dragged from the womb to become victims to their rage. Many unhappy mothers, who were near the time of their delivery, were hung naked on the branches of trees, and, their bodies being cut open, the innocent offspring were taken from them and thrown to dogs and swine. And to increase the horrid scene, they would oblige the husband to be a spectator before this terrible barbarity to his innocent wife and his unborn offspring.

Men who drink, and want some kind of a religion, can join Rome. A drunkard can bow down at one end of the Church, and be ministered unto by a drunkard at the altar. If one goes to heaven, the other will, and so the blind lead the blind, and both shall fall into the ditch of destruction at last. The beastly has rule. A man who trifles with virtue finds a congenial home in the Church of Rome. Says one who was once with them, "The sober American people will scarcely believe what I have to say about the intemperance of the priests, although I shall not say all the truth. They feast almost daily; they drink to excess; they gamble; and when their money is gone, they *gamble their masses.* The winner says to the loser, 'You will say ten, twenty masses for me.' He therefore keeps for himself the money he has received from some deluded woman, and the loser has to say them. Priests call their days of revelling after some notable battle. Empty bottles they call corpses. They often quarrel on their Marengo or Austerlitz day when drunk, and roll among their bottles in utter helplessness."

God holds the American people responsible for flattering wrong-doing. They know better, *or might know better.* "If any man worship the beast, he shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God. "If it curses to worship the beast and to become beastly, it blesses to worship Christ, and to become Christly. As the former Christians of Egypt, who at the peril of their lives penetrated into the temples of idolatry, searched in the bosom of a gloomy sanctuary for the pretended divinity offered by the priesthood to the worship of a deceived people, and carried to the light, instead of the god the ignorant imagined was within, the horrible monster they found, and held it up to them, pointing them to Christ;

so let Christians draw from the darkness the idol of popery, and, showing it to mankind, shout with a voice which shall ring throughout the land, "We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned."

God inhabits the truth. To stand with God is the highest wisdom. Whoever does that is identified with all that is ennobling, helpful, life-giving, in the universe. Liberty, soul liberty, liberty to grow, to believe the truth, to reject error, finds in God its author. Civilizations are the product of the seed-sowing of truth.

There are battles being fought above us. The battle of Lookout Mountain was fought above the clouds by men who were trained on the earth.

The Battle now raging above

Is being fought by the angels of God and by the minions of Satan. It is our privilege to stand with the angels of God, and to share in the shout of a universal victory when it comes, as come it will. Then the earth will be lightened with the glory of God.

To-day the world's need is a man that will not surrender to Rome. Can we say that in all the land such a man has appeared? The age waits for him. How few knights-errant there are ready to ride out into the field and level their lances at Rome, and in the eye of the world fight for God and the right.

In contrast with the Presbyterian divine praising the "beneficent ministry of Rome," read these words of L. K. Washburn, in a speech delivered in Boston, Mass. He says:

"We may as well face the fact that the Catholic Church intends to educate her own children, and to educate them to suit herself. The fear that the influence of popular education upon the mind of the Catholic youth would be fatal to the authority of the priesthood, has been realized, and the Catholic parent has been urged to support the parochial school, and threatened to the extent of ecclesiastical punishment if he refused.

"Catholicism has reached its crucial period, and it has acknowledged that it cannot contend in the open arena of the intellect with the forces of modern civilization. In a few years the Church would become a thing of the past, were the educating and emancipating power of scientific knowledge and liberal ideas allowed to influence the mind. There is but one purpose in establishing separate schools for Catholic children, and that is, to make Catholics. It is not to give the child a better education, to teach what cannot be had in the public school, that the already heavily taxed parents are commanded to contribute towards the maintenance of parochial schools, but that the priest may have the power to mould the mind of the child in the doctrines of the Church.

"Can we afford to have in this State, or in this country, an ecclesiastical education that is directly opposed to the spirit of our government, that makes war upon our free institutions? It seems to me that every man who lives in the United States should be first an American citizen; that he should be concerned first in those things that will make his country prosperous, and that will secure to his children the blessings of liberty which he enjoys.

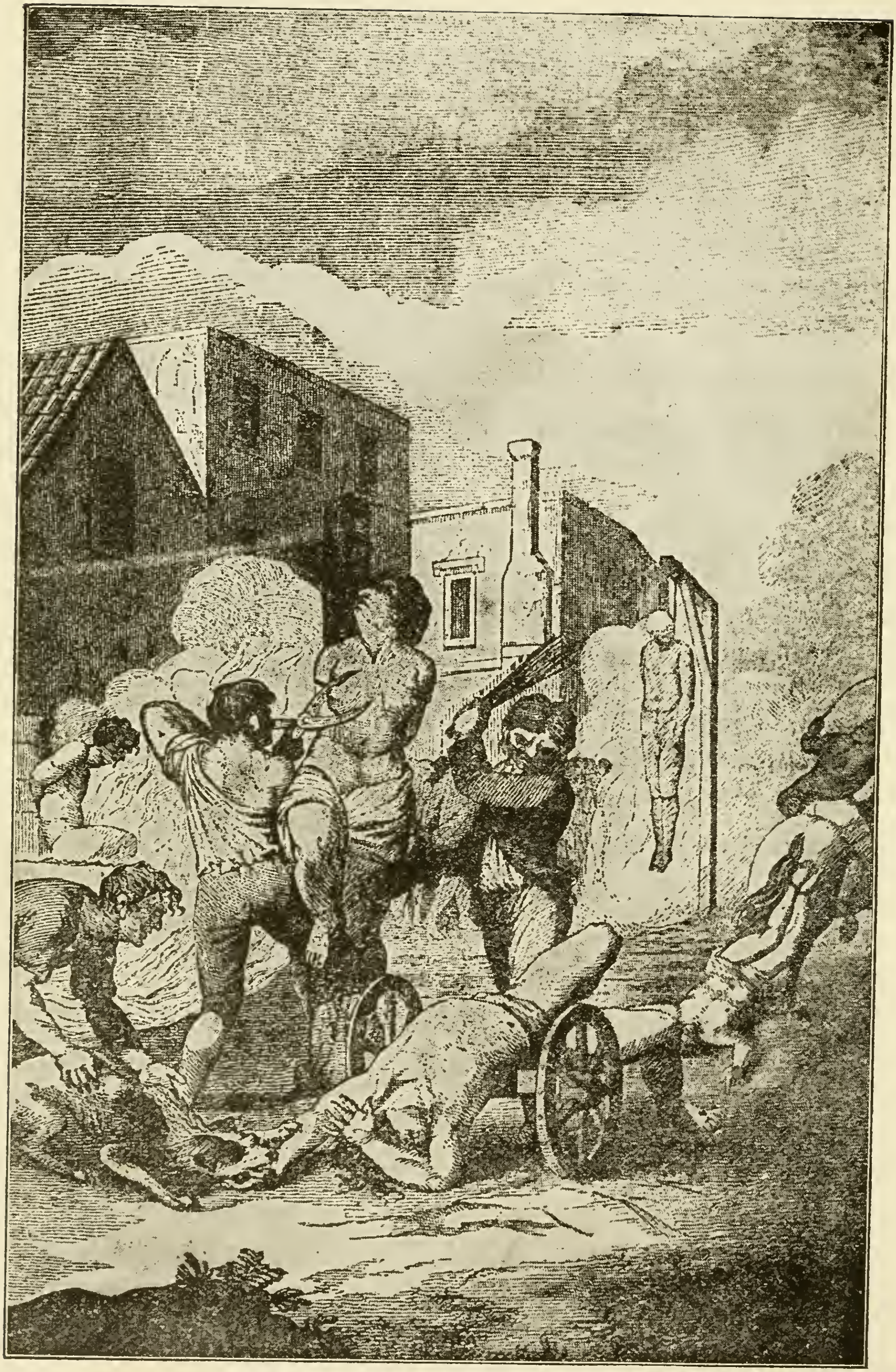
"The establishment of Catholic schools does not mean the desire for a better or higher education. Catholicism does not rest upon enlightenment; it does not flourish where there is knowledge; it does not conquer where there is freedom. This ecclesiastical vampire has fastened to our nation, to suck its life-blood, and to fatten upon the growth of our land.

"Dr. McGlynn tells the truth when he says, 'It is not risking too much to say, that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and the Catholic children, for all the churchmen would do for them, would grow up in brutish ignorance of letters.'

"It might be queried whether a priest would tell the truth about Catholicism, but it is safe to say that he would—after he had quit the Church. The question whether attendance at a parochial school will answer the requirements of the statute respecting compulsory education, needs to be answered. Whether all supervision of these Catholic schools is to be left to the Church is another matter to be decided. If it is, we may rest assured that no education that will make the pupil more than a good Catholic will be permitted.

"The State should say to every citizen within her borders: 'If you cannot support our public institutions, you had better emigrate.' I do not believe that this government was founded to give aid and comfort to the enemies of political or religious liberty. I do not believe that the United States can afford to invest in any more population that cannot read or write, and I do not believe that any organization that is opposed to the education received in our public schools, has any business in this country.

"We do not need, and we do not want people here who demand the liberty to establish a despotism. We have no room for a Church that is afraid of knowledge, that declares that the secular schools of the United States 'cannot be frequented with a safe conscience,' that they are full of 'deadly peril.'



All the Agonies of the Inquisition practiced by Catholicism in the Nineteenth Century.

"I agree fully with Mr. Carrigan of the State Board of Education. He says, 'Our institutions are purely American, and those who object to them we can well afford to lose.' But the difficulty is, you cannot get rid of them. Archbishop Williams, in an address to the clergy of his diocese, a short time ago, urged them to 'establish Catholic schools in every parish.' He should have urged them to see that their parishioners sent their children to some school, and saved the State from the disgrace of having a hundred and twenty-one thousand persons ten years of age and over who are unable to read and write. It is a fact that nearly the whole nine thousand persons in Fall River who are 'unable to read and write in any language' are Catholics, or children of Catholic parents.

"The Catholic Church knows that the effect of education is to make man independent of priestly control. For this Church to educate her subjects, in any fair sense of the word, would be to commit suicide. The Catholic school is simply a device to keep education away from the mind of the child.

"Catholicism has expressed its fear of popular education and popular knowledge. It has acknowledged, that, if it keeps up with civilization, it must leave behind its theology. It knows that science is its executioner. Every natural fact is a witness against it. It has no hope, only in prolonging darkness. It dies at the sunrise of truth in the soul. The whole stock in trade of Romanism is superstition. It has nothing else to preach, nothing else to teach. It is a dead religion, and fitly reads its prayers in a dead language. Instead of letting in the light of the future, it shuts out the light of the present. None of its products are worthy of this age. Its dogmas, instead of being guideboards on the road of life, are only scarecrows.

"One teacher is worth a thousand priests, one wife and mother, a thousand nuns; one husband and father, a thousand monks; and one MAN, a thousand Catholics. Catholicism makes a pretentious use of the word 'morality' to-day, and lays particular emphasis upon the necessity of moral education for the young. The moral trimming on the religious gown of the Catholic Church is very scant and narrow. There are nine parts of theology to one part of morality in its creed.

"I cannot believe that this age is to be turned backward, that what has been done for freedom is to be undone, that all that the world is working for is never to be realized. Man stands to-day at the wheel of liberty. His hand is on the plough of reform. His foot is on the stair of progress. In his grasp he carries the banner of hope; and he goes forward, not to be nailed to the cross of defeat, but to win for his brow the crown of victory.

"I believe in this country, in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution of the United States, and in every amendment to the Constitution. I believe in free thought, free speech, and a free press; and I never want to see any power in this land that shall forbid the mind to think, the lips to speak, or that shall control the newspapers—this product of the nineteenth century—in the interest of the priestcraft."

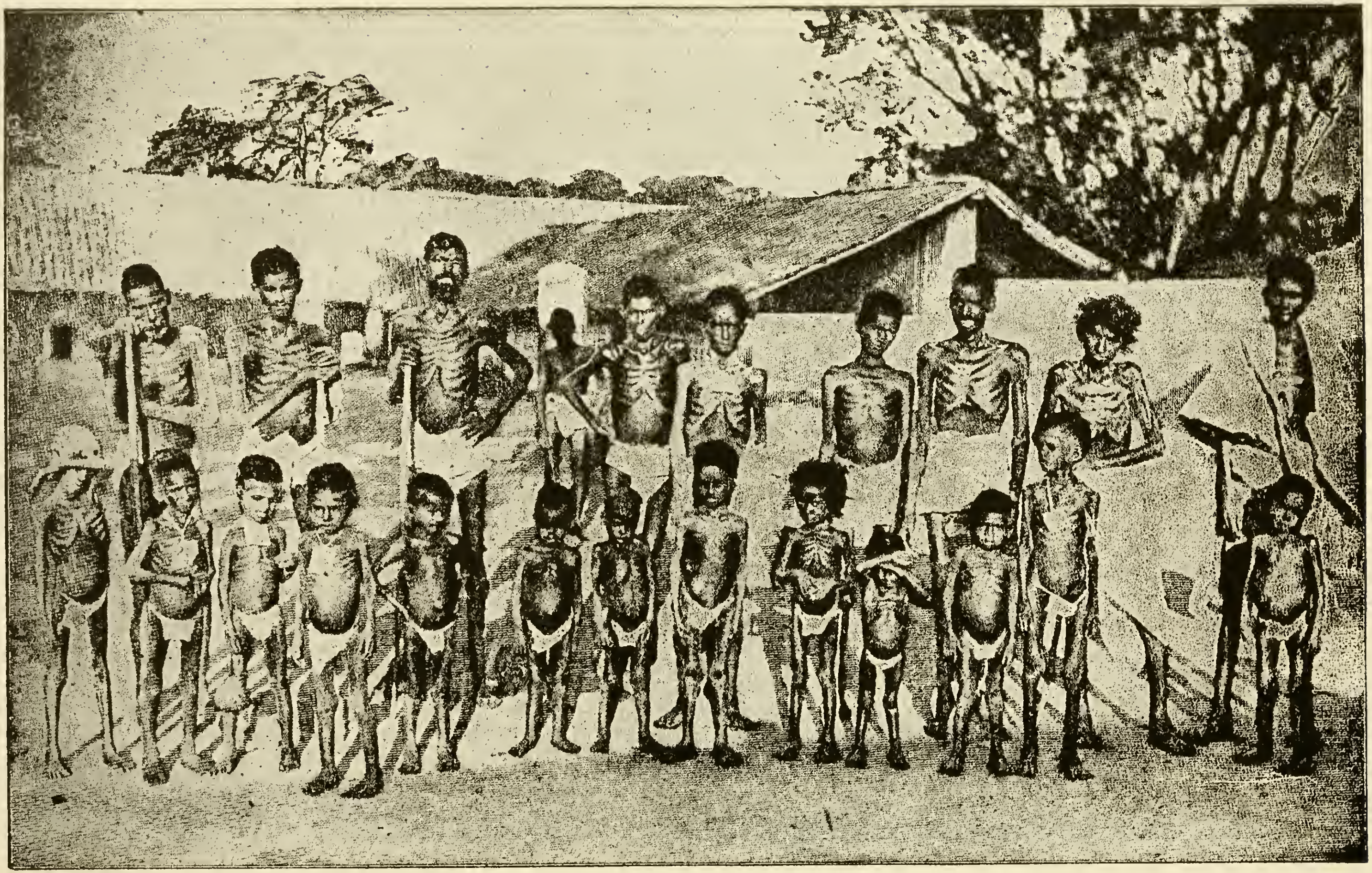
These words denote the ground-swell for freedom. The wave will rise higher and higher, until Romanism shall be submerged, and her people carried to the tableland of a new era, where education and enlightenment shall become the inheritance and the watchword of her people.

Rome plots the breaking-up of the British Empire. Cardinal Manning boldly avows this purpose. "We have," said he, "to break or bend that will which nations have found invincible and inflexible." Were England, the stronghold of Protestantism, overthrown, Protestantism, says Cardinal Manning, would be conquered throughout the world. The fight in Ireland against England means Popery against religion. It declares that the Pope has found in Ireland a fulcrum on which to plant the lever of his hellish intent to subvert the altar of hope for humanity. Romanism in England and in America must be crippled, and held and restrained, that there may be progress.

Religious liberty is now to be discussed through all its moods and tenses. There is a difference between religious and devilish liberty, between a liberty to do right and a liberty to do wrong. Religious liberty is the pennant which flies from the mast-head of the Ship of State as it sails out upon the sea of a world's troubled life—liberty to worship God, not to serve the Devil; liberty to be true, not false.

The Pope as a prisoner in the Vatican seeks deliverance, and claims that the Holy See ought to be independent of whatever terrestrial authority, that the Church is a divine institution, and that to try to reduce its interest to a question of the laws of Italy can only be the result of most deplorable blindness. Opposed to him is the free spirit of the world. Let the good and true of all parties, who love their God and Bibles and country, and upon whose strong arm and bold heart rests the question, whether humanity shall be free to worship God, or become the slave of the Pope—determine that the Scriptures shall be circulated, that the press shall be kept unmuzzled, that the pulpit and the school shall be free, so that the spiritual may be trained and fitted to be the dome of the mental and physical and spiritual nature. Then shall the old refrain of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men," be sung again as darkness disappears, and the sun of truth is unveiled to our eyes.

Rome is ready for the death-grapple. Are the lovers of God ready? If not, then get ready. They have not a moment to lose. There is peril in betraying truth. There is safety and happiness in proclaiming it. In the olden times men fought their great naval battles on the sea, while their wives and children, from the rocky heights of the shore above them, gazed down upon them. They fought under their eye. If their courage failed, they looked above and were made strong. To-day heaven's ramparts are crowded with witnesses of what we do and of what we seek to achieve. In their center is Jesus Christ, and the cloud of witnesses. Let us play the part of men, and be true, and we shall have the help of God and the blessing of the true and the noble of the earth.



The Result of Romish Rule in Cuba.

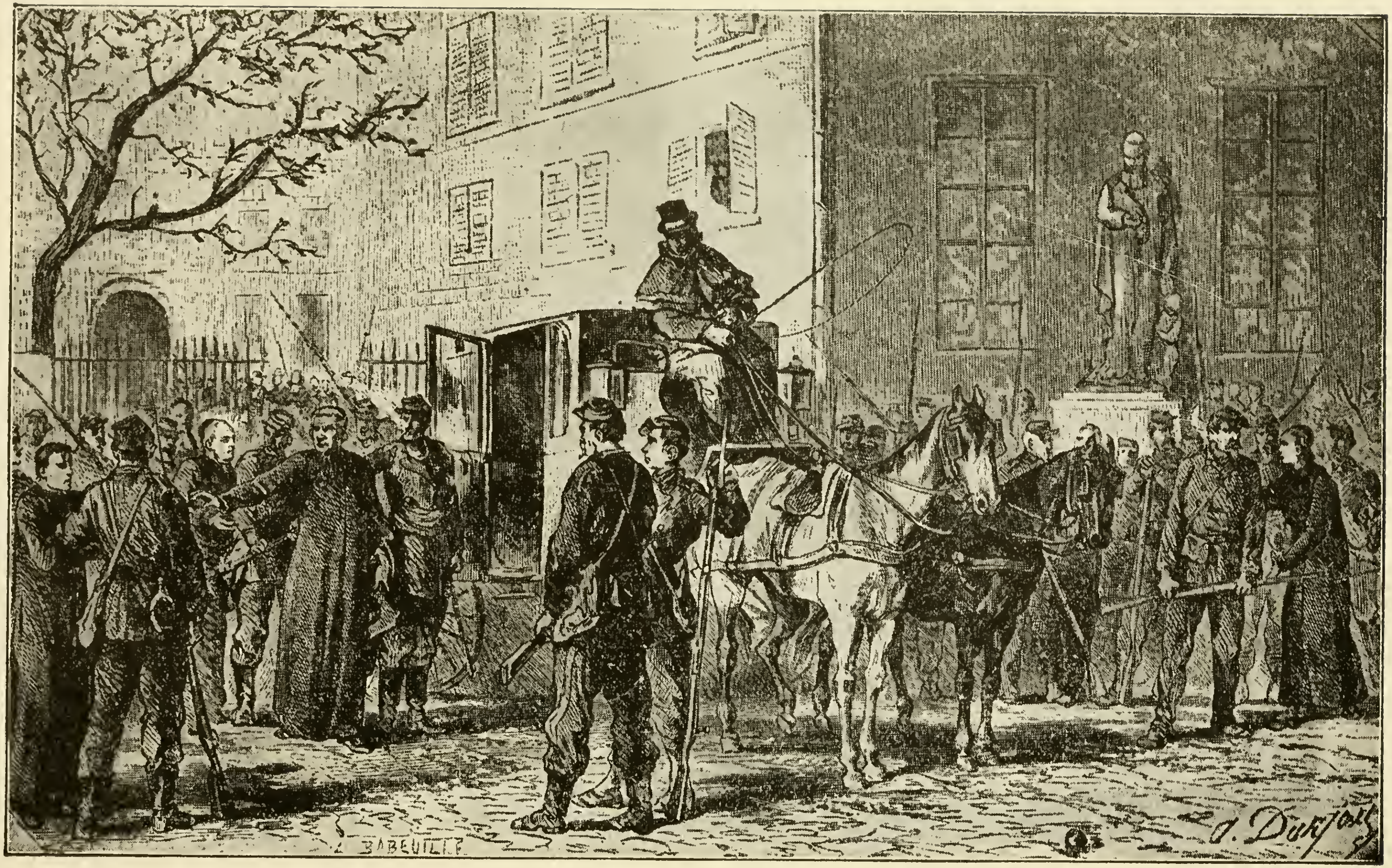
Chapter XXI.

American Officials to Blame for the Presumption of Romanism in the United States.

Is the United States a Protestant or a Catholic nation? This is the question that confronts the American people to-day. If it is a Catholic nation, and controlled by the powers from the Vatican, then our hands are tied and we can look forward to nothing but despair and papal bondage for our children, but if it is a Protestant country, then why should the officials whom we elect cater to Pontifical power? We expect to treat this subject in an open, explicit manner, and ask God to give us the courage to present facts in no uncertain way, as our object in life is to arouse sleepy, drowsy Protestants to a realization of the bondage that our officials are yearly placing us under. Where does the officeholder derive his right to vote public moneys for the benefit of private and Pontifical individuals? Why should the President of the United States hold secret conferences with a representative of the Vatican and treat with Popish power the same as he would with a minister of some foreign power? Democrats and Republicans lay aside their own conscience and cater to Catholicism in order to strengthen their political fences, not caring a whit for the interests of their constituents just so they are permitted to pluck the political job that promises a remuneration for their services, not thinking or caring whether the interests of taxpayers are properly guarded or not. Suppose that the Pope and his horde of blear-eyed foreign priests knew that the officials of this country were true, God-loving Protestants, worthy of the name of Protestant, do you think they would have the courage and audacity to approach them with a demand for their support in railroading some bill through a State Legislature, or Congress to give the powers of Romanism a foothold on the shores of this country? *Never,* the Catholic dignitaries are as afraid of a *pure Christian Protestant* as they are of the true teachings of the Gospel. Americans, do you not think you have silently given your consent to Romanism long enough? Suppose from this day forward you scrutinize your ballot before casting it, and if you have reasons to believe that there is any one on your ticket that is tainted with the "scarlet beast" drop him as though your existence depended upon it. Be a *Protestant* and not a sore-headed politician. How much have you ever gained by being a Republican or a Democrat? I will tell you—you have done the hallooing and the official has lived upon the "fat of the land," and did not give a fig for neither you nor your interests. It matters not what the office may be that is to be filled, find out whether the applicant is a Protestant or a Catholic, and whether he is untrammeled from the influences of Catholicism, and do not take him behind the door or some secret place to ask him. Wait until he takes the platform, and then demand to know whether he is or is not a *Protestant.* A man that is afraid to define his principles in public is a man to be watched as you would a thief.

Take our American cities as an example of political intrigue and you will find that both the Republicans and Democrats are made out of the same material when it comes to catering to Catholicism for votes, as the aspiring office-seeker in nine cases out of ten lays aside his principles and that of his father and mother and winks with favor upon all the overtures made by Catholicism, and will secretly meet Catholic officials and enter into a secret compact that should he be elected that he will appoint to lucrative and important places those whom the Catholic Church may mention. That the reader may know what element controls municipal governments, we desire to call attention to the fact that over one-half of the officials of all of our large American cities are representatives of the Vatican, and that two-thirds of all policemen of these cities are of the same stripe. Answer me why this state of affairs exist? You say you can't do it. Well, I'll tell you. It is on account of *you* yourself. Yes, I say you, the voters of this great and grand country, which we boast of being the land of freedom. You may not be able to reason it out that it is your fault, but if you will stop for one moment and realize that when the time comes to elect a mayor of a city, the candidate which has the greater chance of election is being courted by every element of society and Catholicism has no politics when it is reduced to selecting and choosing a candidate whom they can control, for they are like the chameleon, as their color changes to suit the object they come in contact with if that object can be made to serve their purpose. If they can extract a promise from a Republican candidate, they are Republicans, if they can make a

Democratic candidate do their bidding, they are Democrats, if they can "tickle" into submission the Populist, they are Populists; in fact, they are anything that will serve their purpose and help to bind and throttle Protestant principles. As we said before, the candidate for the mayoralty of a city that has the greatest chance of election is the Catholic's candidate, provided he does not publicly announce that he is a *Protestant* and opposed to Catholicism, and this is exactly the very thing that the Protestants want to force their candidates to do from this on, and if they fail to do it, get up an independent candidate and beat the other one if you do yourselves go down to defeat, for it is much better to go down to defeat with American principles spiked to your banner than to ride into a successful port with a standard-bearer who the Devil won't trust, and God despises and man abhors. I say, go down to defeat and let the Catholics elect their own candidate, and the Protestant element will soon be so disgusted with their Papal and ungodly administration that by the next time an election rolls around Protestantism will put forth a solid front, and will march to victory with a candidate who has declared he was an American with no "strings" and secret chains binding him to the Vatican. Don't stop with the mayor of your cities, but go up the line from road supervisor to the President of the United States. The writer is human, and of course has a preference of political parties, but wish to say that I am not a Cleveland Democrat, for while President he made a specialty of recommending legislation that would vote money for the use of Catholic schools which educated every day in the year against all that is Protestant and American. I am not a McKinley Republican, because he was tied too completely to the cords of Bishop Ireland's gown during the Spanish-American war. Oh, no, not a McKinley Republican. And I am not a Bryan Populist, or Democrat, because in the Congressional records to-day at Washington he is recorded as voting not to teach English in the schools of one of our territories, which was just to the liking of Catholicism, and which was a Catholic measure. Oh, no, never a Bryan man. Never will I halloo or toss my hat for Cleveland, McKinley or Bryan. How could I or any other true Protestant-American? But up goes my hat for any "true blue" Protestant-American, I don't care on what ticket he runs. Protestants, in 1900 let's not cast our ballot for any man for President unless he is an American, and so declare it. What I mean by being an American is that he has "sand enough in his gizzard" to say I am a Protestant first, last and all the time.



French Priests arrested for inciting riots in Paris within the past year.

Chapter XXII.

Where Strikes and Public Disturbances Arise, and by Whom Engendered.

Strikes are evils when engendered and controlled by selfish and evil-minded men. Strikes are often a necessity, for many times the interest of the laborer is ruthlessly trodden underfoot by men of means and influence, simply to increase their own income regardless of the suffering and misery it may cause others. We do not intend to allude to honestly deserved strikes in this chapter, for our intentions are to only mention facts that are detrimental to good government, and vicious strikes are not American strikes, and the difficulties of honest, true men who candidly believe they have a grievance, and in order to right it suspend work until the difficulty has been amicably adjusted. A good illustration of vicious strikes is the numerous strikes and broils that appear among the coal miners of Pennsylvania and other Eastern States, and some Western and Southern States as well.

The difficulties among this class of labor is most generally started by a vicious class of foreigners who never have nor never will make good American citizens; in fact, they have no idea of citizenship, as they are Italians, Poles and from other nations which are controlled by Catholicism, and have never been taught the elements of true citizenship. Catholicism knows no individuality, she recognizes no rights save that of her own greedy, selfish inclinations. Citizenship from an American standpoint is treason in the eyes of Romish doctrines.

Reader, did it ever occur to you that it was an absolute impossibility for a Catholic who devoutly believes in all the creed and superstitions of the Catholic Church to make a true patriotic American citizen? This may appear to you to be a very broad assertion and one that you may have your doubts whether we can substantiate. If we fail to make this point clear to your mind we will not ask you to believe it. The Catholic religion is founded on the rock of superstition. Why? Because every code of their church doctrine teaches that the Pope is infallible and cannot err in his judgment, which is an absurd proposition, for if you believe the teachings of the Bible you cannot believe that any man has, in this life reached a state of immortality, and if the Pope cannot err, he necessarily must be superhuman, and no one can be immortal so long as he is mortal, and so long as there is life in the body that long we are mortal and liable to the Adamic sin which was placed upon the world in the Garden of Eden at the fall of Adam when he ate the forbidden fruit. Now, if the Pope is infallible and immortal, and every action of his is pure, and if it is impossible for him to err, then the priests of every nation are infallible and just as pure and immortal as he, for they are of his creation, as their power is not originated by themselves, but comes directly and solely from the Pope, and as he is infallible and immortal (as all Catholics claim) it would be impossible for him to create anything impure, and as the priests are of his own creation, then they must be of the same composition as he, consequently the only logical deduction that any intelligent man or woman can arrive at (if Catholic doctrines be true) is that *all* Catholic priests are infallible and immortal, therefore, are as pure as the Pope, who claims to be just as pure as God himself.

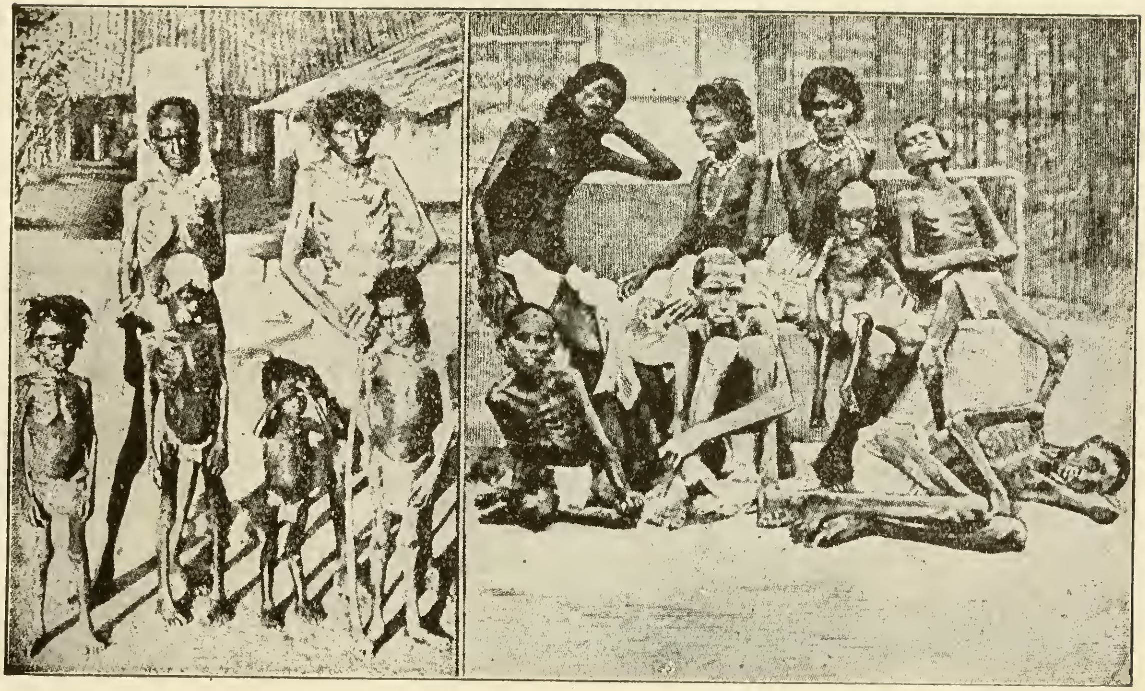
Again, if the Pope is infallible and cannot err, necessarily the priests are also, and if both be pure and cannot err, then the members of the Catholic Church as they leave the confessional box after having the priest pardon their sins are just as pure as an angel in heaven, and have arrived at this state of purity without a semblance of God.

Now, in conclusion of what we claim to be the only logical construction that can be placed upon the claims of Catholicism, if the Pope cannot err, it is impossible for the priestcraft to err, as they are the handiwork of the Pope, and if neither can err, then they have just as much power to save a soul as God Almighty, and any intelligent Protestant can see at a glance that when you educate a man to believe that he can be saved without a living God, that he is not a true American citizen, for it is impossible to be true to his country and believe at the same time that his existence on earth and in eternity depends upon a foreign decrepit mortal who never was a man of even moderate intelligence, compared with the American standard of intellectuality. If it is impossible for a foreign born, who is bound to the Vatican of Rome to make a thorough patriotic citizen of America, then we can trace, and lay at the door of Catholicism all of the fermentation of our American strikes and labor agitations, we mean by this, among common labor, such as coal mining and other labor that is performed by the lower class of foreigners. Not only can you saddle upon the followers of Catholicism this dissatisfied element, but the vicious and dastardly deeds that astonish the world during these strikes, such as using dynamite and other agencies that take innocent and unprotected human lives. It is impossible to trace any of these diabolical deeds to a true patriotic Protestant-American, and I defy any man living to furnish convicting evidence of one instance, and I will give him five years to make out his case.

Can you expect more of a class of people who have never been taught anything but blind and idolatrous superstition? Can you expect more of a class of men who believe in no power but the Pope at Rome, and acknowledge no one as having the right to administer justice but the priestcraft? They know no civil government, they have been filled full of abominable heathenish doctrines from their infancy, and taught to believe that no sin is so grievous or terrible but what the parish priest has the power to forgive.

If you want to find the cause of any and all strikes which occur among the lower element, you can trace it to the blind followers of Roman Hierarchy. An American strike is not a strike, it is simply a grievance which is stated by the employes to their employer in a frank and straightforward manner, and then if it cannot be peacefully and amicably settled, the workmen walk out and the factory shuts down. But who ever heard or *Americans* sacrificing human lives and destroying property. *Never, never;* nor you never will so long as the spirit of free Protestant-American manhood does not become contaminated by the insidious doctrines of "*The Beast and false Prophet.*" Who ever heard of an American-Protestant-Anarchist? It is something unknown. Whenever you hear of an anarchist, follow the thread of their existence and it will lead you to the Vatican on the Tiber with her polluted and vaulted walls reeking with a stench that paralyzes morality, strangles free government and will debase and lower any nation upon God's universe.

Someone may say, "Oh, you are too rough, you are to strong in your language," etc., but if it is the truth, then what? Certainly the truth is worth telling in a forceful manner, and if it is not the truth let the Catholic world call me down. I live, I breathe, I exist, I can be found, I am no myth, so if this chapter is false, I ask, I demand a contradiction, yea, I defy the world to successfully deny it. I believe in what the world calls strikes, but not an anarchistic strike. I say Amen to a deserved strike, as it shows American manhood, but I am opposed to strikes engendered by the lowest scum of Catholicism, in fact, of the universe.



They Suffered for Liberty's Sake.

Chapter XXIII.

Republicanism and Democracy Lashed for Catering to Catholicism for Votes.

Shame! yea eternal shame to any political party for so far forgetting themselves as to wallow in the mire of Catholic pollution in order to catch their votes. Were I to undertake to describe the rottenness of both parties, I would be at a loss to know how to find language to do so, as Republicanism is at all times ready to embrace the pontifical degenerates at any and all times that they may tenaciously hang on to the public teat, and Democracy stands with a watering mouth eager to offer the powers of the Vatican the earth and the fullness thereof if they will aid them in fastening themselves upon the public purse of the Government. Not one Protestant in every one hundred has ever read the awfulness of the "inquisition," and that each American may know just who the politician is catering to when he listens to the cunning and deceitful chants of the Pope and his followers, we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the inquisition, and what is to follow is truth, in every word and syllable, as the writer has for years haunted libraries and crossed the ocean time and again that he might bring it vividly before the minds of the Protestant-American people.

An Account of the Inquisition.

When the reformed religion began to diffuse the gospel light throughout Europe, Pope Innocent the Third entertained great fear for the Romish church. He accordingly instituted a number of inquisitors, or persons who were to make inquiry after, apprehend and punish heretics, as the reformed were called by the papists.

At the head of these inquisitors was one Dominic, who had been canonized by the pope, in order to render his authority the more respectable. Dominic, and the other inquisitors, spread themselves into various Roman Catholic countries, and treated the Protestants with the utmost severity. In process of time, the pope, not finding these roving inquisitors so useful as he had imagined, resolved upon the establishment of fixed and regular courts of inquisition. After the order for these regular courts, the first office of inquisition was established in the city of Thoulouse, and Dominic became the first regular inquisitor, as he had before been the first roving inquisitor.

Courts of inquisition were now erected in several countries; but the Spanish inquisition became the most powerful, and the most dreaded of any. Even the kings of Spain themselves, though arbitrary in all other respects, were taught to dread the power of the lords of the inquisition; and the horrid cruelties they exercised compelled multitudes, who differed in opinion from the Roman Catholics, carefully to conceal their sentiments.

The most zealous of all the popish monks, and those who most implicitly obeyed the Church of Rome, were the Dominicans and Franciscans; these, therefore, the pope thought proper to invest with an exclusive right of presiding over the different courts of inquisition, and gave them the most unlimited powers, as judges delegated by him, and immediately representing his person; they were permitted to excommunicate, or sentence to death whom they thought proper, upon the most slight information of heresy. They were allowed to publish crusades against all whom they deemed heretics, and enter into leagues with sovereign princes, to join their crusades with their forces.

Their power was further increased by the emperor Frederic the Second, who declared himself the protector and friend of all the inquisitors, and published the cruel edicts, viz. 1. That all heretics who continued obstinate, should be burnt. 2. That all heretics who repented, should be imprisoned for life.

This zeal in the emperor, for the inquisitors of the Roman Catholic persuasion, arose from a report which had been propagated throughout Europe, that he intended to renounce Christianity, and turn Mahometan; the emperor therefore, attempted, by the height of bigotry, to contradict the report, and to show his attachment to popery by cruelty.

The officers of the inquisition are three inquisitors, or judges, a fiscal proctor, two secretaries, a magistrate, a messenger, a receiver, a jailer, an agent of confiscated possessions; several assessors, counsellors, executioners, physicians, surgeons, door-keepers, familiars, and visitors, who are sworn to secrecy.

The principal accusation against those who are subject to this tribunal is heresy, which comprises all that is spoken, or written, against any of the articles of the creed, or the traditions of the Roman Church. The inquisition likewise takes cognizance of such as are accused of being magicians, and of such who read the Bible in the common language, the Talmud of the Jews, or the Alcoran of the Mahomedans.

Upon all occasions the inquisitors carry on their processes with the utmost severity, and punish those who offend them with the most unparalleled cruelty. A Protestant has seldom any mercy shown him, and a Jew, who turns Christian, is far from being secure.

A defense in the inquisition is of little use to the prisoner, for a suspicion only is deemed sufficient cause of condemnation, and the greater his wealth the greater his danger. The principal part of the inquisitors' cruelties is owing to their rapacity; they destroy the life to possess the property; and, under the pretence of zeal, plunder each obnoxious individual.

A prisoner in the inquisition is never allowed to see the face of his accuser, or of the witnesses against him, but every method is taken by threats and tortures, to oblige him to accuse himself, and by that means corroborate their evidence. If the jurisdiction of the inquisition is not fully allowed, vengeance is denounced against such as are in question, for if any of its officers are opposed, those who oppose them are almost certain to be sufferers for their temerity; the maxim of the inquisition being to strike terror, and awe those who are the objects of its power into obedience. High birth, distinguished rank, great dignity, or eminent employments, are no protection from its severities; and the lowest officers of the inquisition can make the highest characters tremble.

When the person impeached is condemned, he is either severely whipped, violently tortured, sent to the galleys, or sentenced to death; and in either case the effects are confiscated. After judgment, a procession is performed to the place of execution, which ceremony is called an *auto de fe,* or act of faith.

The following is an account of an *auto de fe,* performed at Madrid:

The officers of the inquisition, preceded by trumpets, kettle-drums, and their banner, marched on the 30th of May, in cavalcade, to the palace of the great square, where they declared by proclamation, that, on the 30th of June, the sentence of the prisoners would be put in execution.

Of these prisoners, twenty men and women, with one renegado Mahometan, were ordered to be burned; fifty Jews and Jewesses, having never before been imprisoned, and repenting of their crimes were sentenced to a long confinement, and to wear a yellow cap. The whole court of Spain was present on this occasion. The grand inquisitor's chair was placed in a sort of tribunal far above that of the king.

Among those who were to suffer, was a young Jewess of exquisite beauty, and but seventeen years of age. Being on the same side of the scaffold where the queen was seated, she addressed her, in hopes of obtaining a pardon, in the following pathetic speech: "Great queen, will not your royal presence be of some service to me in my miserable condition? Have regard to my youth; and, oh! consider, that I am about to die for professing a religion imbibed from my earliest infancy!" Her majesty seemed greatly to pity her distress, but turned away her eyes, as she did not dare to speak a word in behalf of a person who had been declared a heretic.

Now mass began, in the midst of which the priest came from the altar, placed himself near the scaffold, and seated himself in a chair prepared for that purpose.

The chief inquisitor then descended from the amphitheatre, dressed in his cope, and having a mitre on his head. After having bowed to the altar, he advanced towards the king's balcony, and went up to it, attended by some of his officers, carrying a cross and the gospels, with a book containing the oath by which the kings of Spain oblige themselves to protect the Catholic faith, to extirpate heretics, and to support with all their power and force the prosecutions and decrees of the inquisition; a like oath was administered to the counsellors and whole assembly. The mass was begun about twelve at noon, and did not end till nine in the evening, being protracted by a proclamation of the sentences of the several criminals, which were already separately rehearsed aloud one after the other.

After this, followed the burning of the twenty-one men and women, whose intrepidity in suffering that horrid death was truly astonishing. The king's near situation to the criminals rendered their dying groans very audible to him; he could not, however, be absent from this dreadful scene, as it is esteemed a religious one; and his coronation oath obliges him to give a sanction by his presence to all the acts of the tribunal.

What we have already said may be applied to inquisitions in general, as well as to that of Spain in particular. The inquisition belonging to Portugal is exactly upon a similar plan to that of

Spain, having been instituted much about the same time, and put under the same regulations. The inquisitors allow the torture to be used only three times, but during those times it is so severely inflicted, that the prisoner either dies under it, or continues always a cripple, and suffers the severest pains upon every change of weather. We shall give an ample description of the severe torments occasioned by the torture, from the account of one who suffered it the three respective times, but happily survived the cruelties he underwent.

At the first time of torturing, six executioners entered, stripped him naked to his drawers, and laid him upon his back on a kind of stand, elevated a few feet from the floor. The operation commenced by putting an iron collar around his neck, and a ring to each foot, which fastened him to the stand. His limbs being thus stretched out, they wound two ropes round each thigh; which ropes being passed under the scaffold through holes made for that purpose, were all drawn tight at the same instant of time, by four of the men, on a given signal.

It is easy to conceive that the pains which immediately succeeded were intolerable; the ropes, which were of a small size, cut through the prisoner's flesh to the bone, making the blood to gush out at eight different places thus bound at a time. As the prisoner persisted in not making any confession of what the inquisitors required, the ropes were drawn in this manner four times successively.

The manner of inflicting the second torture was as follows: They forced his arms backwards so that the palms of his hands were turned outward behind him; when, by means of a rope that fastened them together at the wrists, and which was turned by an engine, they drew them by degrees nearer each other, in such a manner that the back of each hand touched, and stood exactly parallel to each other. In consequence of this violent contortion, both his shoulders became dislocated, and a considerable quantity of blood issued from his mouth. This torture was repeated thrice; after which he was again taken to the dungeon, and the surgeon set the dislocated bones.

Two months after the second torture, the prisoner being a little recovered, was again ordered to the torture-room, and there, for the last time, made to undergo another kind of punishment, which was suffered twice without intermission. The executioners fastened a thick iron chain round his body, which, crossing at the breast, terminated at the wrists. Then they placed him with his back against a thick board, at each extremity of which was a pulley, through which there ran a rope that caught the end of the chain at his wrists. The executioner then, stretching the end of this rope by means of a roller, placed at a distance behind him, pressed or bruised his stomach in proportion as the ends of the chain were drawn tighter. They tortured him in this manner to such a degree, that his wrists, as well as his shoulders, were quite dislocated. They were, however, soon set by the surgeons; but the barbarians, not yet satisfied with this species of cruelty, made him immediately undergo the like torture a second time, which he sustained (though, if possible, attended with keener pains,) with equal constancy and resolution. After this, he was again remanded to his dungeon, attended by the surgeon to dress his bruises and adjust the parts dislocated, and here he continued till their Auto de Fe, or jail delivery, when he was discharged, crippled and diseased for life.

The fifth day of November, Mr. Nicholas Burton, citizen some time of London, and merchant, dwelling in the parish of Little St. Bartholomew, peaceably and quietly following his traffic in the trade of merchandise, and being in the city of Cadiz, in the party of Andalusia, in Spain, there came into his lodging a Judas, or, as they term them, a familiar of the fathers of the inquisition; who, asking for the said Nicholas Burton, feigned that he had a letter to deliver into his own hands; by which means he spake with him immediately. And having no letter to deliver to him, then the said promotor, or familiar, at the notion of the devil, his master, whose messenger he was, invented another lie, and said, that he would like lading for London in such ships as the said Nicholas Burton had freighted to lade, if he would let any; which was partly to know where he loaded his goods, that they might attach them, and chiefly to protract the time until the sergeant of the inquisition might come and apprehend the body of the said Nicholas Burton; which they did incontinently.

He then well perceiving that they were not able to burden or charge him that he had written, spoke, or done any thing there in that country against the ecclesiastical or temporal laws of the same realm, boldly asked them what they had to lay to his charge that they did so arrest him, and bade them to declare the cause, and he would answer them. Notwithstanding they answered nothing, but commanded him with threatening words to hold his peace, and not speak one word to them.

And so they carried him to the filthy common prison of the town of Cadiz, where he remained in irons fourteen days amongst thieves.

All which time he so instructed the poor prisoners in the word of God, according to the good talent which God had given him in that behalf, and also in the Spanish tongue to utter the same, that in that short space he had well reclaimed several of those superstitious and ignorant Spaniards to embrace the word of God, and to reject their popish traditions.

Which being known unto the officers of the inquisition, they conveyed him laden with irons from thence to a city called Seville, into a more cruel and straiter prison called Triana, where the said fathers of the inquisition proceeded against him secretly according to their accustomable cruel tyranny, that never after he could be suffered to write or speak to any of his nation: so that to this day it is unknown who was his accuser.

Afterward, the 20th of December, they brought the said Nicholas Burton, with a great number of other prisoners, for professing the true Christian religion, into the city of Seville, to a place where the said inquisitors sat in judgment which they called Auto, with a canvass coat, whereupon in divers parts was painted the figure of a huge devil, tormenting a soul in a flame of fire, and on his head a copping tank of the same work.

His tongue was forced out of his mouth with a cloven stick fastened upon it, that he should not utter his conscience and faith to the people, and so he was set with another Englishman of Southampton, and divers other condemned men for religion, as well Frenchmen as Spaniards, upon a scaffold over against the said inquisition, where their sentences and judgments were read and pronounced against them.

And immediately after the said sentences given they were carried from thence to the place of execution without the city, where they most cruelly burned them, for whose constant faith God be praised.

This Nicholas Burton, by the way, while in the flames of fire, had so cheerful a countenance, embracing death with all patience and gladness, that the tormentors and enemies who stood by, said that the devil had his soul before he came to the fire; and therefore they said his senses of feeling had left him.

It happened that after the arrest of Nicholas Burton immediately all the goods and merchandise which he brought with him into Spain by the way of traffic, were (according to their common usage) seized and taken into the sequester; among which they also rolled up much that appertained to another English merchant, with whom he was credited as factor. Whereof, as soon as news was brought to the merchant of the imprisonment of his factor, also of the arrest made upon his goods, he sent his attorney into Spain, with authority from him to make claim to his goods, and to demand them; whose name was John Fronton, of Bristol.

When his attorney landed at Seville, and had shown all his letters and writings to the holy house, requiring that such goods might be delivered into his possession, answer was made to him that he must sue by bill, and retain an advocate (but all was doubtless to delay him), and they by way of courtesy assigned him one to frame his supplication for him, and other such bills of petition as he had to exhibit into their holy court. demanding for each legal bill eight rials, albeit they stood him in no more stead than if he had put up none at all. And for the space of three or four months this fellow missed not twice a day attending every morning and afternoon at the inquisitors' palace, suing before them upon his knees for his dispatch. but especially to the bishop of Tarracon, who was at that very time chief of the inquisition at Seville, that he of his absolute authority would command restitution to be made thereof; but the booty was so good and great, that it was very hard to recover it again.

At length, after he had spent four whole months in suits and requests, and also to no purpose, he received this answer from them: That he must show better evidence, and bring more sufficient certificates out of England for proof of this matter than those which he had already presented to the court. Whereupon the party forthwith posted to London, and with all speed returned to Seville again with more ample and large letters of testimony and certificates, according to their request, and exhibited them to the court.

Notwithstanding, the inquisitors still held him off, excusing themselves by lack of leisure, and that they were occupied with more weighty affairs, and with such answers put him off four months longer.

At last, when the party had well nigh spent all his money, and therefore sued the more earnestly for his dispatch, they referred the matter wholly to the bishop. Of whom, when he repaired unto him, he made this answer, that for himself, he knew what he had to do, howbeit he was but one man, and the determination appertained to the other commissioners as well as unto him; and thus by postponing and passing it from one to another, the party could obtain no end to his suit. Yet, for his importunity's sake, they were resolved to dispatch him; it was on this sort one of the inquisitors, called Gasco, a man very well experienced in these practices, told the attorney to come to him after dinner.

The fellow being glad to hear this news, and supposing that his goods would be restored to him, and that he was called in for that purpose to talk with the other that was in prison to confer with him about their accounts, rather through a little misunderstanding, hearing the inquisitor cast out a word, that it should be needful for him to talk with the prisoner, and being thereupon more than half persuaded, that at length they meant good faith, did so, and repaired thither about the evening. Immediately upon his coming, the jailer was forthwith charged with him, to shut him up close in such a prison where they appointed him.

The party hoping at the first that he had been called for about some other matter, and seeing himself, contrary to his expectation, cast into a dark dungeon, perceived at length that the world went with him far otherwise than he supposed it would have done.

But within two or three days after, he was brought into the court where he began to demand his goods: and because it was device that well served their turn without any more circumstance, they bid him say his Ave Maria; "Ave Maria gratia plena, Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus, Amen."

The same was written word by word as he spake it, and without any more talk of claiming his goods, because it was needless, they commanded him to prison again, and entered an action against him as a heretic, forasmuch as he did not say his Ave Maria after the Romish fashion, but ended it very suspiciously, for he should have added moreover; "Sancta Maria mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatorious:" by abbreviating whereof, it was evident enough (said they) that he did not allow the mediation of saints.

Thus they picked a quarrel to detain him in prison a longer season, and afterward brought him forth upon their stage disguised after their manner, where sentence was given, that he should lose all the goods which he sued for, though they were not his own, and besides this, suffer a year's imprisonment.

Mark Brughes, an Englishman, master of an English ship, called the Minion, was burnt in a city in Portugal.

William Hoker, a young man about the age of sixteen years, being an Englishman, was stoned to death by certain young men in the city of Seville, for the same righteous cause.

When the crown of Spain was contested for in the beginning of the present century, by two princes, who equally pretended to the sovereignty, France espoused the cause of one competitor, and England of the other.

The Duke of Berwick, a natural son of James II., who abdicated England, commanded the Spanish and French forces, and defeated the English at the celebrated battle of Almanza. The army was then divided into two parts; the one consisting of Spaniards and French, headed by the Duke of Berwick, advanced towards Catalonia; the other body, consisting of French troops only, commanded by the Duke of Orleans, proceeded to the conquest of Arragon.

As the troops drew near to the city of Arragon, the magistrates came to offer the keys to the Duke of Orleans; but he told them, haughtily, they were rebels, and that he would not accept the keys, for he had orders to enter the city through a breach.

He accordingly made a breach in the walls with his cannon, and then entered the city through it, together with his whole army. When he had made every necessary regulation here, he departed to subdue other places, leaving a strong garrison at once to overawe and defend, under the command of his lieutenant-general, M. de Legal. This gentleman, though brought up a Roman Catholic, was totally free from superstition; he united great talents with great bravery; and was, at once, the skilled officer, and accomplished gentleman.

The duke, before his departure, had ordered that heavy contributions should be levied upon the city in the following manner

1. That the magistrates and principal inhabitants should pay a thousand crowns per month for the duke's table.

2. That every house should pay one pistole, which would monthly amount to 18,000 pistoles.

3. That every convent and monastery should pay a donative, proportionable to its riches and rents.

The two last contributions to be appropriated to the maintenance of the army.

The money levied upon the magistrates and principal inhabitants, and upon every house, was paid as soon as demanded; but when the proper persons applied to the heads of convents and monasteries, they found that the ecclesiastics were not so willing, as other people, to part with their cash.

M. de Legal sent to the Jesuits a peremptory order to pay the money immediately. The superior of the Jesuits returned for answer, that for the clergy to pay money for the army was against all ecclesiastical immunities; and that he knew of no argument which could authorize such a procedure. M. de Legal then sent four companies of dragoons to quarter themselves in the college, with this sarcastic message: "To convince you of the necessity of paying the money, I have sent four substantial arguments to your college, drawn from the system of military logic; and, therefore, hope you will not need any further admonition to direct your conduct."

These proceedings greatly perplexed the Jesuits, who dispatched an express to court to the king's confessor, who was of their order; but the dragoons were much more expeditious in plundering and doing mischief, than the courier in his journey; so that the Jesuits, seeing everything going to wreck and ruin, thought proper to adjust the matter amicably, and paid the money before the return of their messenger. The Augustins and Carmelites, taking warning by what had happened to the Jesuits, prudently went and paid the money, and by that means escaped the study of military arguments, and of being taught logic by dragoons.

But the Dominicans, who were all familiars of, or agents dependent on, the inquisition, imagined that that very circumstance would be their protection; but they were mistaken, for M. de Legal neither feared nor respected the inquisition. The chief of the Dominicans sent word to the military commander that his order was poor, and had not any money whatever to pay the donative; for, says he, the whole wealth of the Dominicans consists only in the silver images of the apostles and saints, as large as life, which are placed in our church, and which it would be sacrilege to remove.

This insinuation was meant to terrify the French commander, whom the inquisitors imagined would not dare to be so profane as to wish for the possession of the precious idols.

He, however, sent word that the silver images would make admirable substitutes for money, and would be more in character in his possession, than in that of the Dominicans themselves, "For," said he, "while you possess them in the manner you do at present, they stand up in niches, useless and motionless, without being of the least benefit to mankind in general, or even to yourselves; but, when they come into my possession, they shall be useful; I will put them in motion; for I intend to have them coined, when they may travel like the apostles, be beneficial in various places, and circulate for the universal service of mankind."

The inquisitiors were astonished at this treatment, which they never expected to receive, even from crowned heads; they, therefore, determined to deliver their precious images in a solemn procession, that they might excite the people to an insurrection. The Dominican friars were accordingly ordered to march to De Legal's house, with the silver apostles and saints, in a mournful manner, having lighted tapers with them, and bitterly crying all the way, heresy, heresy.

M. de Legal, hearing these proceedings, ordered four companies of grenadiers to line the street which led to his house; each grenadier was ordered to have his loaded fuzee in one hand, and a lighted taper in the other; so that the troops might either repel force with force, or do honor to the farcical solemnity.

The friars did all they could to raise the tumult, but the common people were too much afraid of the troops under arms to obey them; the silver images were,therefore, of necessity delivered up to M. de Legal, who sent them to the mint, and ordered them to be coined immediately.

The project of raising an insurrection having failed, the inquisitors determined to excommunicate M. de Legal, unless he would release their precious silver saints from imprisonment in the mint before they were melted down, or otherwise mutilated. The French commander absolutely refused to release the images, but said they should certainly travel and do good; upon which the inquisitors drew up the form of excommunication and ordered their secretary to go and read it to M. de Legal.

The secretary punctually performed his commission, and read the excommunication deliberately and distinctly. The French commander heard it with great patience, and politely told the secretary he would answer it the next day.

When the secretary of the inquisition was gone, M. de Legal ordered his own secretary to prepare a form of excommunication, exactly like that sent by the inquisition; but to make this alteration, instead of his name to put in those of the inquisitors.

The next morning he ordered four regiments under arms, and commanded them to accompany his secretary, and act as he directed.

The secretary went to the inquisition, and insisted upon admittance, which, after a great deal of altercation, was granted. As soon as he entered, he read, in an audible voice, the excommunication sent by M. de Legal against the inquisitors. The inquisitors were all present, and heard it with astonishment, never having before met with any individual who dared behave so boldly. They loudly cried out against De Legal as a heretic; and said this was a most daring insult against the Catholic faith. But, to surprise them still more, the French secretary told them they must remove from their present lodgings, for the French commander wanted to quarter the troops in the inquisition, as it was the most commodious place in the whole city.

The inquisitors exclaimed loudly upon this occasion, when the secretary put them under a strong guard, and sent them to a place appointed by M. de Legal to receive them. The inquisitors, finding how things went, begged that they might be permitted to take their private property, which was granted, and they immediately set out for Madrid, where they made the most bitter complaints to the king; but the monarch told them he could not grant them any redress, as the injuries they had received were from his grandfather, the king of France's troops, by whose assistance alone he could be firmly established in his kingdom. "Had it been my own troops," said he, "I would have punished them; but as it is, I cannot pretend to exert any authority."

In the meantime, M. de Legal's secretary set open all the doors of the inquisition, and released the prisoners, who amounted in the whole to 400; and among these were sixty beautiful young women, who appeared to form a seraglio for the three principal inquisitors.

This discovery, which laid the enormity of the inquisitors so open, greatly alarmed the archbishop, who desired M. de Legal to send the women to his palace, and he would take proper care of them; and at the same time he published an ecclesiastical censure against all such as should ridicule, or blame, the holy office of the inquisition.

The French commander sent word to the archbishop that the prisoners had either run away, or were securely concealed by their friends, or even by his own officers, that it was impossible for him to send them back again; and, therefore, the inquisition having committed such atrocious actions, must now put up with their exposure.

One of the ladies thus happily delivered from captivity, was afterward married to the very French officer who opened the door of her dungeon, and released her from confinement. The lady related the following circumstances to her husband, and to M. Gavin (author of the Master Key to Popery) from the latter of whom we have selected the most material particulars.

"I went one day, says the lady, with my mother, to visit the Countess Attarass, and I met there Don Francisco Tirregon, her confessor and second inquisitor of the holy office.

"After we had drunk chocolate he asked me my age, my confessor's name, and many intricate questions about religion. The severity of his countenance frightened me, which he perceiving, told the Countess to inform me that he was not so severe as he looked for. He then caressed me in a most obliging manner, presented his hand, which I kissed with great reverence and modesty; and, as he went away, he made use of this remarkable expression: "My dear child, I shall remember you till the next time." I did not, at the time, mark the sense of the words; for I was inexperienced in matters of gallantry, being, at that time but fifteen years old. Indeed, he unfortunately did remember me, for the very same night, when our whole family were in bed, we heard a great knocking at the door.

"The maid, who laid in the same room with me, went to the window and inquired who was there. The answer was: 'The Holy Inquisition.' On hearing this I screamed out: 'Father! father! dear father, I am ruined forever!' My father got up, and came to me to know the occasion of my crying out; I told him the inquisitors were at the door. On hearing this, instead of protecting me, he hurried down stairs as fast as possible; and, lest the maid should be too slow, opened the street door himself; under such abject and slavish fears, are bigoted minds! as soon as he knew they came for me, he fetched me with great solemnity, and delivered me to the officers with much submission.

"I was hurried into a coach, with no other clothing than a petticoat and a mantle, for they would not let me stay to take anything else. My fright was so great, I expected to die that very night; but judge my surprise when I was ushered into an apartment, decorated with all the elegance that taste, united with opulence, could bestow.

"Soon after the officers left me, a maid servant appeared with a silver salver, on which were sweetmeats and cinnamon water. She desired me to take some refreshment before I went to bed; I told her I could not, but should be glad if she could inform me whether I was to be put to death that night or not.

"'To be put to death!' exclaimed she, 'you do not come here to be put to death, but to live like a princess, and you shall want for nothing in the world but the liberty of going out; so pray don't be afraid, but go to bed and sleep easy; for to-morrow you shall see wonders within this house; and as I am chosen to be your waiting maid, I hope you'll be very kind to me.'

"I was going to ask some questions, but she told me she must not answer anything more till the next day, but assured me that nobody would come to disturb me. 'I am going,' said she, 'about a little business, but I will come back presently, for my bed is in the closet next yours.' So she left me for about a quarter of an hour, and then returned. She then said: 'Madam, pray let me know when you will be pleased to have your chocolate ready in the morning.'

"This greatly surprised me, so that without replying to her question, I asked her name; she said, 'My name is Mary.' 'Mary, then,' said I, 'for heaven's sake tell me whether I am brought here to die or not?' 'I have told you already,' replied she, 'that you came here to be one of the happiest ladies in the world.'

"We went to bed, but the fear of death prevented me from sleeping the whole night; Mary waked; she was surprised to find me up, but she soon rose, and after leaving me for about half an hour, she brought in two cups of chocolate and some biscuit on a silver plate.

"I drank one cup of chocolate, and desired her to drink the other, which she did. When we had done, I said, 'Well, Mary, can you give me any account of the reasons for my being brought here?' To which she answered, 'Not yet, madam, you must have patience,' and immediately slipped out of the room.

"About half an hour after, she brought a great quantity of elegant clothes, suitable to a lady of the highest rank, and told me I must dress myself. Among several trinkets which accompanied the clothes I observed with surprise a snuff-box, in the lid of which was a picture of Don Francisco Tirregon. This unraveled to me the mystery of my confinement, and at the same time roused my imagination to contrive how to evade receiving the present. If I absolutely refused it, I thought immediate death must ensue; and to accept it, was giving him too much encouragement against my honor. At length I hit upon a medium, and said to Mary, 'Pray present my respects to Don Francisco Tirregon, and tell him that, as I could not bring my clothes along with me last night, modesty permits me to accept of these garments, which are requisite to keep me decent: but since I do not take snuff, I hope his lordship will excuse me in not accepting his box.'

"Mary went with my answer, and soon returned with Don Francisco's portrait elegantly set in gold, and richly embellished with diamonds. This message accompanied it: 'That his lordship had made a mistake; his intent not being to send me a snuff-box, but his portrait.' I was at a great loss what to do, when Mary said: 'Pray, madam, take my poor advice; accept of the portrait, and everything else that his lordship sends you; for if you do not, he can compel you to do what he pleases, and put you to death when he thinks proper, without anybody being able to defend you. But if you are obliging to him,' continued she, 'he will be very kind, and you will be as happy as a queen; you will have elegant apartments to live in, beautiful gardens to range in, and agreeable ladies to visit you; therefore, I advise you to send a civil answer, or even not to deny a visit from his lordship, or perhaps you may repent of your disrespect.'

" 'O, my God!' exclaimed I, 'must I sacrifice my honor to my fears and give up my virtue to his despotic power? Alas! what can I do? To resist is vain. If I oppose his desires, force will obtain what chastity refuses.' I now fell into the greatest agonies, and told Mary to return what answer she thought proper.

"She said she was glad of my humble submission, and ran to acquaint Don Francisco with it. In a few minutes she returned, with joy in her countenance, telling me his lordship would honor me with his company to supper. 'And now give me leave, madam,' said she, 'to call you mistress, for I am to wait upon you. I have been in a holy office fourteen years, and know all the customs perfectly well; but as silence is imposed upon me, under pain of death, I can only answer such questions as immediately relate to your own person. But I would advise you never to oppose the holy father's will; or if you see any young ladies about, never ask them any questions. You may divert yourself sometimes among them, but must never tell them anything; three days hence you will dine with them; and at all times you may have music and other recreations. In fine, you will be so happy, that you will not wish to go abroad; and when your time is expired, the holy fathers will send you out of this country and marry you to some nobleman.' After saying these words she left me, overwhelmed with astonishment, and scarce knowing what to think. As soon as I recovered myself, I began to look about and finding a closet, I opened it, and perceived that it was filled with books. They were chiefly upon historical and profane subjects, but not any on religious matter. I chose out a book of history, and so passed the interval with some degree of satisfaction till dinner time.

"The dinner was served up with the greatest elegance, and consisted of all that could gratify the most luxurious appetite. When dinner was over, Mary left me and told me if I wanted anything I might ring a bell, which she pointed out to me.

"I read a book to amuse myself during the afternoon, and at seven in the evening, Don Francisco came to visit me in his night-gown and cap, not with the gravity of an inquisitor, but with the gaiety of a gallant.

"He saluted me with great respect, and told me that he came to see me in order to show the great respect he had for my family, and to inform me that it was my lovers who had procured my confinement, having accused me in matters of religion; and that the informations were taken, and the sentence pronounced against me, to be burnt in a dry pan, with a gradual fire; but that he, out of pity and love to my family, had stopped the execution of it.

"These words were like daggers to my heart. I dropped at his feet, and said, 'Ah, my lord! have you stopped the execution forever?' He replied, 'That belongs to yourself only,' and abruptly wished me good night.

"As soon as he was gone I burst into tears, when Mary came and asked me what could make me cry so bitterly. To which I answered, 'Oh, Mary! what is the meaning of the dry pan and gradual fire, for I am to die by them?'

" 'Madam,' said she, 'never fear; you shall see ere long the dry pan and gradual fire; but they are made for those who oppose the holy father's will, not for you who are so good as to obey it. But pray,' says she, 'was Don Francisco very obliging?' 'I don't know,' said I, 'for he frightened me out of my wits by his discourse; he saluted me with civility, but left me abruptly.'

" 'Well,' said Mary, 'you do not yet know his temper; he is extremely obliging to them that are kind to him; but if they are disobedient he is unmerciful as Nero; so, for your own sake, take care to oblige him in all respects; and now, dear madam, pray go to supper, and be easy.' I went to supper, indeed, and afterward to bed; but I could neither eat nor sleep, for the thoughts of the dry pan and gradual fire deprived me of appetite and banished drowsiness.

"Early the next morning Mary said that as nobody was stirring, if I would promise her secrecy, she would show me the dry pan and gradual fire; so taking me down stairs she brought me to a large room, with a thick iron door, which she opened. Within it was an oven, with fire in it at the time, and a large brass upon it, with a cover of the same, and a lock to it. In the next room there was a great wheel, covered on both sides with thick boards, opening a little window in the center. Mary desired me to look in with a candle. There I saw the circumference of the wheel set with sharp razors, which made me shudder.

"She then took me to a pit, which was full of venomous animals. On my expressing great horror at the sight, she said: 'Now, my good mistress, I'll tell you the use of these things. The dry pan is for heretics, and those who oppose the holy father's will and pleasure; they are put alive into the pan, being first stripped naked; and the cover being locked down, the executioner begins to put a small fire into the oven, and by degrees he augments it, till the body is reduced to ashes. The wheel is designed for those who speak against the Pope, or the holy fathers of the inquisition; for they are put into the machine through the little wheel, which is locked after them, and then the wheel is turned swiftly, till they are cut to pieces. The pit is for those who contemn the images, and refuse to give proper respect to ecclesiastical persons; for they are thrown into the pit and so become the food of poisonous animals.

"We went back again to my chamber, and Mary said that another day she would show me the torments designed for other transgressors, but I was in such agonies at what I had seen that I begged to be terrified with no more such sights. She soon after left me, but not without enjoining my strict obedience to Don Francisco; 'for if you do not comply with his will,' said she, 'the dry pan and gradual fire will be your fate.'

"The horrors which the sight of these things, and Mary's expressions, impressed on my mind, almost bereaved me of my senses, and left me in such a state of stupefaction that I seemed to have no manner of will of my own.

"The next morning Mary said, 'Now let me dress you as nice as possible, for you must go and wish Don Francisco good-morrow, and breakfast with him.' When I was dressed, she conveyed me through a gallery into his apartment, where I found that he was in bed. He ordered Mary to withdraw, and to serve up breakfast in about two hours' time. When Mary was gone, he commanded me to undress myself and come to bed to him. The manner in which he spoke, and the dreadful ideas with which my mind was filled, so terribly frightened me that I pulled off my clothes, without knowing what I did, and stepped into bed, insensible of the indecency I was transacting; so totally had the care of self-preservation absorbed all my other thoughts and so entirely were the ideas of delicacy obliterated by the force of terror.

"Thus, to avoid the dry pan, did I entail upon myself perpetual infamy; and to escape the so much dreaded gradual fire, gave myself up to the flames of lust. Wretched alternative, where the only choice is an excruciating death, or everlasting pollution!

"Mary came at the expiration of two hours, and served us with chocolate in the most submissive manner; for she kneeled down by the bedside to present it. When I was dressed, Mary took me into a very delightful apartment, which I had never yet seen. It was furnished with the most costly elegance; but what gave me the greatest astonishment was the prospect from its windows of a beautiful garden, and a fine meandering river. Mary told me that the young ladies she had mentioned would come to pay their compliments to me before dinner, and begged me to remember her advice in keeping a prudent guard over my tongue.

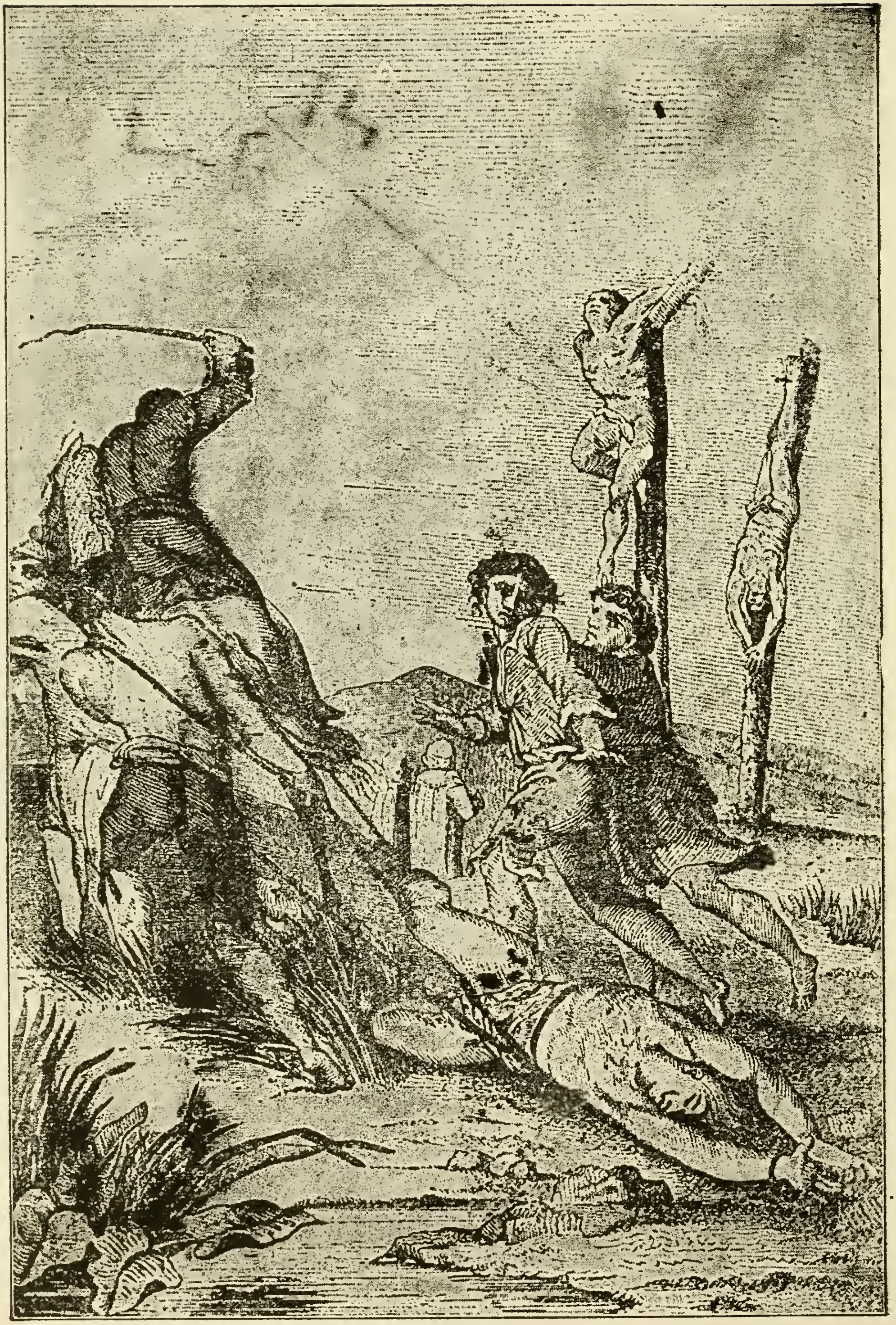
"In a few minutes a great number of very beautiful young ladies, richly dressed, entered my room, and successively embracing me wished me joy. I was so surprised that I was unable to answer their compliments, which one of the ladies perceiving, said, 'Madam, the solitude of this place will affect you in the beginning, but whenever you begin to feel the pleasures and amusement you may enjoy, you will quit those pensive thoughts. We, at present, beg the honor of you to dine with us to-day, and henceforward three days in a week.' I returned them suitable thanks in general terms, and so went to dinner, in which the most exquisite and savory dishes, of various kinds, were served up with the most delicate and pleasant fruits and sweetmeats. The room was long, with two tables on each side, and a third in the front. I reckoned fifty-two young ladies, the eldest not exceeding twenty-four years of age. There were five maid servants besides Mary to wait upon us; but Mary confined her attention to me alone. After dinner we retired to a capacious gallery, where they played on musical instruments, a few diverted themselves with cards, and the rest amused themselves with walking about. Mary, at length, entered the gallery, and said, 'Ladies, this is a day of recreation and so you may go into whatever rooms you please till eight o'clock in the evening.'

"They unanimously agreed to adjourn to my apartment. Here we found a most elegant cold collation, of which all the ladies partook, and passed the time in innocent conversation and harmless mirth; but none mentioned a word concerning the inquisition, or the holy fathers, or gave the least distant hint concerning the cause of their confinement.

"At eight o'clock Mary rang a bell, which was a signal for all to retire to their respective apartments, and I was conducted to the chamber of Don Francisco, where I slept. The next morning Mary brought me a richer dress than any I had yet had; and as soon as I retired to my apartment, all the ladies came to wish me good-morning, dressed much richer than the preceding day. We passed the time till eight o'clock in the evening, in much the same manner as we had done the day before. At that time the bell rang, the separation took place, and I was conducted to Don Francisco's chamber. The next morning I had a garment richer than the last, and they accosted me in apparel still more sumptuous than before. The transactions of the two former days were repeated on the third, and the evening concluded in a similar manner.

"On the fourth morning Mary came into Don Francisco's chamber and told me I must immediately arise, for a lady wanted me in her own chamber. She spoke with a kind of authority which surprised me; but as Don Francisco did not speak a syllable, I got up and obeyed. Mary then conveyed me into a dismal dungeon, not eight feet in length; and said sternly to me: 'This is your room, and this lady your bed-fellow and companion.' At which words she bounced out of the room and left me in the utmost consternation.

"After remaining a considerable time in the most dreadful agonies tears came to my relief, and I exclaimed: 'What is this place, dear lady! Is it a scene of enchantment, or is it a hell upon earth? Alas, I have lost my honor and my soul forever!'



Protestant Missionaries and their families suffering untold miseries at the hands of Catholic officials.

"The lady took me by the hand and said in a sympathizing tone of voice: 'Dear sister (for this is the name I shall henceforth give you), forbear to cry and grieve, for you can do nothing by such an extravagant behavior, but draw upon yourself a cruel death. Your misfortunes, and those of all the ladies you have seen, are exactly of a piece; you suffer nothing but what we have suffered before you; but we dare not show our grief, for fear of greater evils. Pray take courage, and hope in God, for He will surely deliver us from this hellish place; but be sure you discover no uneasiness before Mary, who is the only instrument either of our torments or comfort. Have patience until we go to bed, and then I will venture to tell you more of the matter.'

"My perplexity and vexation were inexpressible; but my new companion, whose name was Leonora, prevailed on me to disguise my uneasiness from Mary. I dissembled tolerably well when she came to bring our dinners, but could not help remarking, in my own mind, the difference between this repast and those I had before partook of. This consisted only of plain, common food, and of that a scanty allowance, with one plate, and one knife and fork for us both, which she took away as soon as we had dined.

"When we were in bed, Leonora was as good as her word, and upon my solemn promise of secrecy thus began to open her mind to me:

" 'My dear sister, you think your case very hard, but I assure you all the ladies in the house have gone through the same. In time, you will know all their stories, as they hope to know yours. I suppose Mary has been the chief instrument of your fright, as she has been of ours; and I warrant she has shown you some horrible places, though not all; and that, at the very thought of them you were so terrified that you chose the same way we have done to redeem yourself from death. By what hath happened to us, we know that Don Francisco hath been your Nero, your tyrant; for the three colors of our clothes are the distinguishing tokens of the three holy fathers. The red silk belongs to Don Francisco, the blue to Don Guerrero, and the green to Don Aliga; and they always give those colors (after the farce of changing garments and the short-lived recreations are over) to those ladies whom they bring here for their respective uses.

" 'We are strictly commanded to express all the demonstrations of joy, and to be very merry for three days, when a young lady first comes amongst us, as we did with you, and as you must now do with others. But afterward we live like the most wretched prisoners, without seeing anybody but Mary, and the other maid servants, over whom Mary hath a kind of superiority, for she acts as housekeeper. We all dine in the great hall three days in a week; and when anyone of the inquisitors hath a mind for one of his slaves, Mary comes about nine o'clock and leads her to his apartment.

" 'Some nights Mary leaves the doors of our chambers open, and that is a token that one of the inquisitors hath a mind to come that night; but he comes so silent that we are ignorant whether he is our patron or not. If one of us happens to be with child, she is removed into a better chamber till she is delivered; but during the whole of her pregnancy, she never sees anybody but the person appointed to attend her.

" 'As soon as the child is born it is taken away, and carried we know not whither; for we never hear a syllable mentioned about it afterward. I have been in this house six years, was not fourteen when the officers took me from my father's house, and have had one child. There are, at this present time, fifty-two young ladies in the house; but we annually lose six or eight, though we know not what becomes of them, or whither they are sent. This, however, does not diminish our number, for new ones are always brought in to supply the place of those who are removed from hence; and I remember, at one time, to have seen seventy-three ladies here together. Our continual torment is to reflect that when they are tired of any of the ladies, they certainly put to death those they pretend to send away, for it is natural to think, that they have too much policy to suffer their atrocious and infernal villainies to be discovered by enlarging them, Hence our situation is miserable indeed, and we have only to pray that the Almighty will pardon those crimes which we are compelled to commit. Therefore, my dear sister, arm yourself with patience, for that is the only palliative to give you comfort, and put a firm confidence in the providence of Almighty God.'

"This discourse of Leonora greatly affected me; but I found everything to be as she told me, in the course of time, and I took care to appear as cheerful as possible before Mary. In this manner I continued eighteen months, during which time eleven ladies were taken from the house; but in lieu of them we got nineteen new ones, which made our number just sixty at the time we were so happily relieved by the French officers, and providentially restored to the joys of society, and to the arms of our parents and friends. On that happy day, the door of my dungeon was opened by the gentleman who is now my husband, and who with the utmost expedition, sent both Leonora and me to his father's;

and (soon after the campaign was over) when he returned home, he thought proper to make me his wife, in which situation I enjoy a recompense for all the miseries I before suffered."

From the foregoing narrative it is evident that the inquisitors are a set of libidinous villains, lost to every just idea of religion, and totally destitute of humanity. Those who possess wealth, beauty, or liberal sentiments, are sure to find enemies in them. Avarice, lust and prejudice are their ruling passions; and they sacrifice every law, human and divine, to gratify their predominant desire. Their supposed piety is affectation; their pretended compassion hypocrisy; their justice depends on their will; and their equitable punishments are founded on their prejudices. None are secure from them, all ranks fall equally victims to their pride, their power, their avarice or their aversion.

Some may suggest that it is strange crowned heads and eminent nobles have not attempted to crush the power of the inquisition, and reduce the authority of those ecclesiastical tyrants, from whose merciless fangs neither their familes nor themselves are secure.

But astonishing as it is, superstition hath, in this case, always overcome common sense, and custom operated against reason. One prince, indeed, intended to abolish the inquisition, but he lost his life before he became king, and consequently before he had the power so to do; for the very intimation of his design procured his destruction.

This was that amiable prince Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, King of Spain, and grandson of the celebrated Emperor Charles V. Don Carlos possessed all the good qualities of his grandfather without any of the bad ones of his father; and was a prince of great vivacity, admirable learning, and the most amiable disposition. He had sense enough to see into the errors of popery, and abhorred the very name of the inquisition. He inveighed publicly against the institution, ridiculed the affected piety of the inquisitors, did all he could to expose their atrocious deeds, and even declared that if he ever came to the crown, he would abolish the inquisition, and exterminate its agents.

These things were sufficient to irritate the inquisitors against the prince; they, accordingly, bent their minds to vengeance, and determined on his destruction.

The inquisitors now employed all their agents and emissaries to spread abroad the most artful insinuations against the prince; and, at length, raised such a spirit of discontent among the people that the king was under the necessity of removing Don Carlos from court. Not content with this, they pursued even his friends, and obliged the king likewise to banish Don John, Duke of Austria, his own brother, and consequently uncle to the prince; together with the prince of Parma, nephew to the king, and cousin to the prince, because they well knew that both the Duke of Austria, and the Prince of Parma, had a most sincere and inviolable attachment to Don Carlos.

Some few years after, the prince having shown great lenity and favor to the protestants in the Netherlands, the inquisition loudly exclaimed against him, declaring that as the persons in question were heretics, the prince himself must necessarily be one, since he gave them countenance. In short, they gained so great an ascendency over the mind of the king, who was absolutely a slave to superstition, that, shocking to relate, he sacrificed the feelngs of nature to the force of bigotry, and, for fear of incurring the anger of the inquisition, gave up his only son, passing the sentence of death on him himself.

The prince, indeed, had what was termed an indulgence; that is, he was permitted to choose the manner of his death. Roman like, the unfortunate young hero chose bleeding and the hot bath; when the veins of his arms and legs being opened, he expired gradually, falling a martyr to the malice of the inquisitors, and the stupid bigotry of his father.

Dr. Ægidio was educated at the University of Alcala, where he took his several degrees, and particularly applied himself to the study of the sacred scriptures and school divinity. The professor of theology dying, he was elected into his place, and acted so much to the satisfaction of everyone, that his reputation for learning and piety was circulated throughout Europe.

Ægidio, however, had his enemies, and these laid a complaint against him to the inquisitors, who sent him a citation, and when he appeared to it, cast him into a dungeon.

As the greatest part of those who belonged to the cathedral church at Seville, and many persons belonging to the bishopric of Dortois highly approved of the doctrines of Ægidio, which they thought perfectly consonant with true religion, they petitioned the Emperor in his behalf. Though the monarch had been educated a Roman Catholic, he had too much sense to be a bigot, and therefore sent an immediate order for his enlargement.

Ægidio soon after visited the church of Valladolid, did everything he could to promote the cause of religion, and returning home he soon after fell sick, and died in an extreme old age.

The inquisitors having been disappointed of gratifying their malice against him while living, determined (as the Emperor's whole thoughts were engrossed by a military expedition) to wreak their vengeance on him when dead. Therefore, soon after he was buried, they ordered his remains to be dug out of the grave; and a legal process being carried on, they were condemned to be burnt, which was executed accordingly.

Dr. Constantine, an intimate acquaintance of the already mentioned Dr. Ægidio, was a man of uncommon natural abilities and profound learning; exclusive of several modern tongues, he was acquainted with the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and perfectly well knew not only the sciences called abstruse, but those arts which come under the denomination of polite literature.

His eloquence rendered him pleasing, and the soundness of his doctrines a profitable preacher; and he was so popular, that he never preached but to a crowded audience. He had many opportunities of rising in the church, but never would take advantage of them; for if a living of greater value than his own was offered him, he would refuse it, saying, I am content with what I have; and he frequently preached so forcibly against simony, that many of his superiors, who were not so delicate upon the subject, took umbrage at his doctrine upon that head.

Having been fully confirmed in Protestantism by Dr. Ægidio, he preached boldly such doctrines only as were agreeable to gospel purity, and uncontaminated by the errors which had at various times crept into the Romish church. For these reasons he had many enemies among the Roman Catholics, and some of them were fully determined on his destruction.

A worthy gentleman named Scobaria, having erected a school for divinity lectures, appointed Dr. Constantine to be reader therein. He immediately undertook the task, and read lectures, by portions, on the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Canticles; and was beginning to expound the book of Job, when he was seized by the inquisitors.

Being brought to examination, he answered with such precaution that they could not find any explicit charge against him, but remained doubtful in what manner to proceed, when the following circumstances occured to determine them:

Dr. Constantine had deposited with a woman named Isabella Martin several books, which to him were very valuable, but which he knew, in the eyes of the inquisition, were exceptionable.

This woman having been informed against as a Protestant, was apprehended, and, after a small process, her goods were ordered to be confiscated. Previous, however, to the officers coming to her house, the woman's son had removed away several chests full of the most valuable articles; and among these were Dr. Constantine's books.

A treacherous servant giving intelligence of this to the inquisitors, an officer was despatched to the son to demand the chests. The son, supposing the officer only came for Constantine's books, said, I know what you come for, and I will fetch them to you immediately. He then fetched Dr. Constantine's books and papers, when the officer was greatly surprised to find what he did not look for. He, however, told the young man, that he was glad these books and papers were produced, but nevertheless he must fulfill the end of his commission, which was, to carry him and the goods he had embezzled before the inquisitors, which he did accordingly; for the young man knew it would be in vain to expostulate, or resist, and therefore quietly submitted to his fate.

The inquisitors being thus possessed of Constantine's books and writings, now found matter sufficient to form charges against him. When he was brought to a re-examination, they presented one of his papers, and asked him if he knew the handwriting? Perceiving it was his own, he guessed the whole matter, confessed the writing, and justified the doctrine it contained: saying, "In that, and all my other writings, I have never departed from the truth of the gospel, but have always kept in view the pure precepts of Christ, as he delivered them to mankind."

After being detained upwards of two years in prison, Dr. Constantine was seized with a bloody flux, which put an end to his miseries in this world. The process, however, was carried on against his body, which, at the ensuing auto de fe, was publicly burnt.

William Gardiner was born at Bristol, received a tolerable education, and was, at a proper age, placed under the care of a merchant, named Paget.

At the age of twenty-six years, he was, by his master, sent to Lisbon, to act as factor. Here he applied himself to the study of the Portuguese language, executed his business with assiduity and dispatch, and behaved with the most engaging affability to all persons with whom he had the least concern. He conversed privately with a few, whom he knew to be zealous Protestants; and, at the same time, cautiously avoided giving the least offense to any who were Roman Catholics; he had not, however, hitherto gone into any of the popish churches.

A marriage being concluded between the king of Portugal's son, and the Infanta of Spain, upon the wedding-day the bridegroom, bride, and the whole court went to the Cathedral Church, attended by multitudes of all ranks of people, and among the rest William Gardiner who stayed during the whole ceremony, and was greatly shocked at the superstitions he saw.

The erroneous worship which he had seen ran strongly in his mind; he was miserable to see a whole country sunk into such idolatry, when the truth of the gospel might be so easily obtained. He, therefore, took the inconsiderate, though laudable design, into his head, of making a reform in Portugal, or perishing in the attempt; and determined to sacrifice his prudence to his zeal, though he became a martyr upon the occasion.

To this end, he settled all his worldly affairs, paid his debts, closed his books, and consigned over his merchandise. On the ensuing Sunday he went again to the Cathedral Church, with a New Testament in his hand, and placed himself near the altar.

The king and the court soon appeared, and a cardinal began mass; at that part of the ceremony in which the people adore the wafer, Gardiner could hold out no longer, but springing toward the cardinal, he snatched the host from him, and trampled it under his feet.

This action amazed the whole congregation, and one person drawing a dagger, wounded Gardiner in the shoulder, and would, by repeating the blow, have finished him, had not the king called to him to desist.

Gardiner, being carried before the king, the monarch asked him what countryman he was: to which he replied, I am an Englishman by birth, a Protestant by religion, and a merchant by occupation.—What I have done is not out of contempt to your royal person, God forbid it should, but out of an honest indignation, to see the ridiculous superstitions and gross idolatries practiced here.

The king, thinking that he had been stimulated by some other person to act as he had done, demanded who was his abettor, to which he replied: "My own conscience alone. I would not hazard what I have done for any man living, but I owe that and all other services to God."

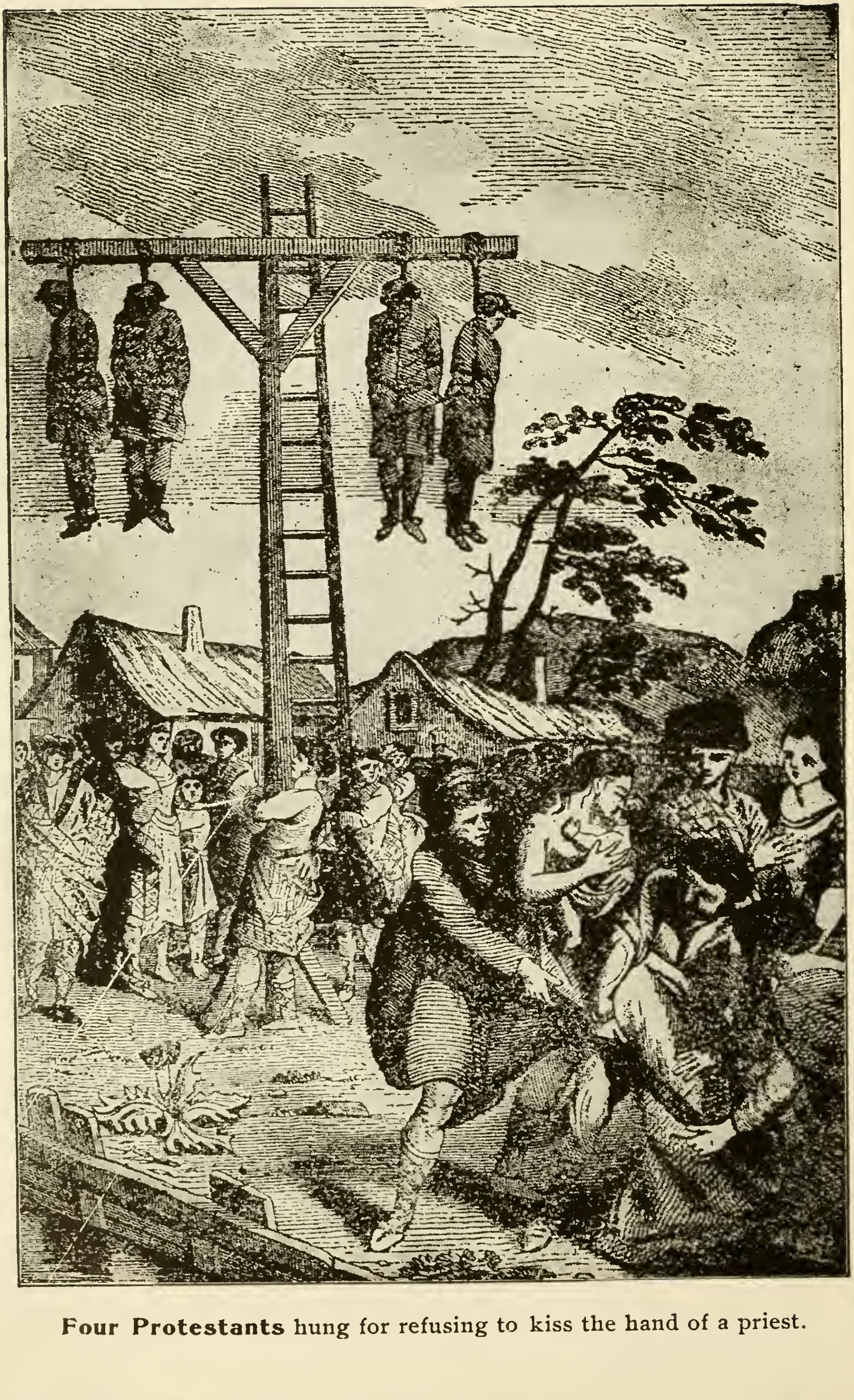
Gardiner was sent to prison, and a general order issued to apprehend all Englishmen in Lisbon. This order was in a great measure put into execution (some few escaping) and many innocent persons were tortured to make them confess if they knew anything of the matter; in particular, a person who resided in the same house with Gardiner, was treated with unparalleled barbarity to make him confess something which might throw a light upon the affair.

Gardiner himself was then tormented in the most excruciating manner; but in the midst of all his torments he gloried in the deed. Being ordered for death, a large fire was kindled near a gibbet, Gardiner was drawn up to the gibbet by pulleys, and then let down near the fire, but not so close as to touch it; for they burnt or rather roasted him by slow degrees. Yet he bore his sufferings patiently and resigned his soul to the Lord cheerfully.

It is observable that some of the sparks were blown from the fire (which consumed Gardiner) towards the haven, burnt one of the king's ships of war, and did other considerable damage. The Englishmen who were taken up on this occasion were, soon after Gardiner's death, all discharged, except the person who resided in the same house with him, who was detained two years before he could procure his liberty.

Of the multitudes who perished by the inquisition throughout the world, no authentic record is now discoverable. But wherever popery had power, there was the tribunal. It had been planted even in the East, and the Portuguese inquisition of Goa was, till within these few years, fed with many an agony. South America was partitioned into provinces of the inquisition; and with a ghastly mimicry of the crimes of the mother state, the arrivals of viceroys, and the other popular celebrations were thought imperfect without an auto de fe. The Netherlands were one scene of slaughter from the time of the decree which planted the inquisition among them. In Spain the calculation is more attainable. Each of the *seventeen* tribunals during a long period burned annually on an average ten miserable beings! We are to recollect that this number was in a country where persecution had for ages abolished all religious differences, and where the difficulty was not to find the stake, but the offering. Yet, even in Spain, thus gleaned of all heresy, the inquisition could still swell its list of murders to thirty-two thousand! The numbers burned in effigy, or condemned to penance, punishments generally equivalent to exile, commiseration, and taint of blood, to all ruin but the mere loss of worthless life, amounted to three hundred and nine thousand. But the crowds who perished in dungeons, of the torture, of confinement, and of broken hearts, the millions of dependent lives made utterly helpless, or hurried to the grave by the death of the victims, are beyond all register; or recorded only before Him, who has sworn that "He who leadeth into captivity, shall go into captivity: and he that killeth with the sword shall be killed by the sword."

Such was the inquisition, declared by the Spirit of God to be at once the offspring and the *image* of the popedom. To feel the force of the parentage, we must look to the time. In the thirteenth century, the popedom was at the summit of mortal dominion; it was independent of all kingdoms; it ruled with a rank of influence never before or since possessed by a human sceptre; it was the acknowledged sovereign of body and soul; to all earthly intents its power was immeasurable for good or evil. It might have spread literature, peace, freedom, and Christianity to the ends of Europe, or the world. But its nature was hostile; its fuller triumph only disclosed its fuller evil; and, to the shame of human reason, and the terror and suffering of human virtue, Rome, in the hour of its consummate grandeur, teemed with the monstrous and norrid birth of the INQUISITION!



Four Protestants hung for refusing to kiss the hand of a priest.

Chapter XXIV.

Why a President of the United States Should Not Treat with Pope Leo nor Any Other Catholic Dignitary.

In the beginning of the Spanish-American War, of course it was to be supposed that the representatives of other nations were to be consulted as regards the wishes of the nations they represented, but it was not supposed that President McKinley should hobnob with the representatives of Pope Leo of Rome, who did not represent anyone but the selfish wishes of an overbearing and decrepit mortal who had never shown any disposition to even favor America or any of her institutions. But it is a fact, *to the shame of this Republic,* that Archbishop Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons had free access to the private and secluded chambers of the White House at Washington, and also the President considered and weighed the demands and wishes of the Pope with as much care and consideration as though he had been the head of some powerful nation. Reader, are you a Protestant? If you are, does it not cause a blush to mantle your cheek when you are stared in the face by these facts? Does it not make you feel as if the America of bygone days had lost her independence? Some may say that the writer is a Democrat, or else he would not be chronicling these facts; but permit me to say that I never voted for a Democratic Presidential candidate in all my life, and I also voted for McKinley, but if the good Lord will forgive me, I will never do it again. I am an American Protestant, and I do not believe that any true American can cast a vote for any man who in every move of his public career, where it is possible, shows his willingness to favor a secret, oath-bound body (as the Catholic Church is) and a body of persons who are banded together for the purpose of paralyzing every interest of Protestants.

It was Spain's ungodliness that brought on the Spanish-American war, and who is Spain but the most unrelenting Catholic country that exists. The West India Islands were the progenies of Spain, and her unbearable and inhuman treatment of her subjects caused them to rebel against her tyrannical treatment, consequently you can trace the cause of this war right to the door of the Vatican. These are facts, and since they are, what reasons can the President of the United States give for consulting the very ones who forced this nation to give up her brave sons, that Catholicism might be punished. We desire to go back to the history of the West Indies long, long ago, that the American people may see that Catholicism is the only one to blame for the Spanish-American war, and that they may also see the inconsistency of President McKinley spending the nation's money in cabling to the Vatican in order to impress the Catholics of America that he is eager to show respect to the Pontiff. We have historical facts that no Methodist can contradict, let him be either

Republican or Democrat, and this chapter of persecutions was heaped upon Methodist missionaries in the West Indies by the sanction of the same power that spilled the blood of our American youth in the Spanish-American war.

The exertions of Christians to spread the truths of the gospel among the West Indies, have met with much opposition from the Catholic population. Missionaries, at first, sold themselves as slaves, and labored with the negroes on the plantations for the purpose of preaching the gospel during the intervals of labor. The Methodist missionaries have been treated with much indignity, and have had their lives endangered by the violence of the Catholic mob. In 1878 the rabble of Barbadoes collected together and totally destroyed the Methodist chapel. The destruction of the chapel occupied two successive nights, and so listless were the authorities, that no attempt was made to prevent it. And when the governor issued a proclamation, offering a reward to any person who should apprehend the leaders in this outrageous proceeding, the mob immediately issued a counter proclamation, threatening with death any one who should dare to comply with the governor's orders.

In August, an insurrection took place at Demerara, among the negroes, which was most unjustly attributed to the efforts of the missionaries. The principal events in relation to this affair are detailed in the subjoined account from the Missionary Herald.

Various accounts have, from time to time, appeared in the public prints, of the insurrection of the slaves in the colony of Demerara, and of the condemnation of the Rev. Mr. Smith, a missionary from the London Missionary Society, on an accusation of having been accessory to the plot. We have collected and embodied such of the leading facts, relative to these transactions, as have come to our knowledge.

The slaves of many plantations on the eastern coast of Demerara had formed a conspiracy to obtain their freedom. The plot was disclosed by a servant to his master on the 18th of August, not till the conspiracy was thoroughly organized, and arrangements made to secure simultaneous movements, and only a few hours before the time appointed for action. Information was immediately communicated to the commander-in-chief, and the most efficient measures taken; but before a sufficient force could be assembled to resist a large body of negroes, who were immediately under arms, the evening, which was the time for executing the first grand enterprise, had arrived. This was simultaneously to seize upon the whites at the different plantations, confine them in the stocks, and take possession of their arms. This was effected on nearly fifty plantations, containing, including women and children, 10,000 or 12,000 negroes. The whites, to the number of about 250, were imprisoned. In some places an ineffectual resistance was made, and several lives lost on both sides.

On the morning of the 19th, the governor issued a proclamation, declaring the colony under martial law, and ordered all who were capable of bearing arms, without distinction, to be immediately enrolled. The most vigorous measures were pursued; and in the course of a few days, after several skirmishes, in which a considerable number of negroes lost their lives, the insurrection was subdued.

A court martial was then constituted, and many of the negroes brought to trial, condemned and executed. Subsequent accounts state that more than 1,000 had suffered death, in consequence of the insurrection, and that many of their heads had been fixed up on poles in various parts of the country.

We might easily be more particular in regard to the circumstances of the insurrection, but our object is chiefly to relate what concerns the missionary who was accused of having a part in the scheme, and the other missionaries in the colony. On these points we have to regret that the information which has yet been received is very scanty and in many respects indefinite.

The extract which follows is from the Missionary Chronicle, and was published in the name of the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

The insurrection, it should seem, manifested itself first in Mahaica, the district to the east of that in which Mr. Smith resides. Its appearance on the Le Ressouvenir estate, where Mr. Smith resides, was on Monday, the 18th of August, in consequence of an order to take into custody two slaves belonging to an adjoining plantation, whom the negroes of the Le Ressouvenir, as the prisoners had to pass over it, rose to rescue. Mr. Smith was at home. He successfully used his endeavors, on perceiving the tumult, to rescue the manager from the negroes, and continued his exertions to induce them to return to their duty, till he himself was driven with violence, and with a weapon held to his body, from the estate.

Mr. Smith was taken into custody on the evening of the 21st of August, and all his papers seized. He is kept a prisoner in the Colony-house, and has, since the 24th of August, had a guard stationed over him.

Mr. Elliot, another missionary, who labored about 20 miles from Mr. Smith, was also taken into custody, on the ground of disobedience of orders, "which he had not understood to be such," in visiting Mr. Smith in his confinement. He was kept about ten days, and then released. No charge was preferred against him. The estates on which he labors had been quiet, and none of the negroes under his instructions were implicated in the rebellion.

In a letter to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, Mr. Elliot writes thus:

Numerous false reports have been sent forth against Mr. Smith, but assure yourself and all the directors, that whatever reports you may hear, the only crime the missionaries have committed is their zeal for the conversion of the negroes. *They have neither been so weak nor so wicked as to excite the negroes to rebellion.* The missionaries want justice only; they have no favor to ask; they have nothing to fear. The missionaries have not degraded their holy calling, nor dishonored the society of which they are members, by sowing the seeds of rebellion instead of the Word of Life. The real causes of the rebellion are far, very far from being the instructions given by the missionaries.

On the 13th of October, Mr. Smith was brought to trial before a *court martial.* All the accounts which we have yet seen of the charges brought against him are very obscure and imperfect. The January number of the Missionary Chronicle, from which we have already quoted, says:—

The public papers have stated four charges as forming the indictment against him, but of their accuracy the directors are not enabled to judge. They trust that, under the direction of

Divine Providence, he has been able to prove himself *guiltless* of them all.

It is not, however, to be concealed, that he will have had much to contend with from the violence of public prejudice in the Colony, and it is to be feared from the false assertions of some of the unhappy negroes, whom the hope of favor toward themselves may have led to bring against him "things that he knew not." Indeed, the directors are informed, upon authority on which they can rely, that some of the condemned negroes, finding the hope of life taken away, had in the most solemn manner declared that they had been induced so to act; and that others, on being questioned whether they had not been induced to rebellion by Mr. Smith, had in the strongest terms which their broken language could supply, denied the imputation. It is stated by the writer of one letter, that he has often heard charges circulated against the missionaries, as if spoken by the negroes at the time of their execution, which he knew (for he was a near spectator) that they had never uttered.

We can as yet learn little more respecting the evidence which was produced before the court than that some of the negroes testified that the instructions of Mr. Smith had a tendency to make them dissatisfied with their condition, and that he knew of the plot before it was carried into execution.

He was condemned, and sentenced to *death*. The sentence was, however, transmitted by the governor, to England, for the consideration and ultimate decision of the king. What we know of the decision will be seen in the following paragraph, copied from the New York Observer of March 27th.

It appears from the London papers, that "the king has remitted the sentence of death of the court martial on Mr. Smith, the missionary of the London Society in Demerara (which sentence was accompanied by a recommendation for mercy on the part of the court,) but was given orders that he should be dismissed from the colony, and should come under obligations not to reside within any of his majesty's colonial possessions in the West Indies." The charges against Mr. Smith appear to have originated in the perjury of some of the negroes engaged in the insurrection.

In the meantime Mr. Smith was languishing under the influence of disease, which rendered the stroke of the executioner unnecessary to remove him from the earth. He died in prison, before the intelligence had arrived that his sentence was reversed. The following notice of his death appeared in the Demerara Courant:

Died.—In the Colonial Jail, at Demerara, February 9th, where he had been confined, as a state prisoner since the 26th of November last, on the termination of his trial by the general court martial, on a charge of high treason, sentence thereon having been transmitted to his majesty for his final decision—JOHN SMITH, missionary; he had been in a poor state of health, and had been attended regularly by skillful physicians. We are happy to state, from personal inquiry and inspection, that this unhappy man had the utmost attention and kindness shown to him, by the humane keeper of the prison (Mr. Padmore,) all the time of his confinement. His apartment was airy and commodious, he had always at his command every comfort which his taste fancied or his necessities required. He has left a widow to deplore his fate, and mourn his loss.

The conviction which results from the present state of our information on this subject, is that, through prejudice and exasperated feeling, Mr. Smith was condemned, being innocent. The directors of the society under which he labored, have, however, given us reason to look for further intelligence in a future number of the Missionary Chronicle, which we hope will soon arrive.

It appears that none of the negroes under the instruction of any missionary, either of the London or Wesleyan Missionary Society, except Mr. Smith, were implicated in the insurrection. Respecting the Methodists in the colony we quote the following statement from the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine:

We stated in our last number, that Messrs. Mortier and Cheesewright, our missionaries in Demerara were safe, and that *only* two of the members of our society there had been apprehended on suspicion of being implicated in the late revolt. We have received a second letter from Mr. Mortier, dated Demerara, September seventeenth, which communicated the gratifying intelligence that these two persons, who were servants of the governor, had been liberated upon full conviction of their entire innocence, and that *no one* of the members of our large society of twelve hundred and sixteen, chiefly slaves, had been in the least concerned in the revolt: and that the slaves of another estate, under the care of Mr. Cheesewright, had not only refused to join the rebels, but had conducted their master to a vessel, by which he reached Georgetown in safety.

The London Missionary Chronicle for March contains a statement respecting Mr. Smith's case, occupying, with accompanying documents, nearly twelve pages, which confirms the impression that Mr. Smith was innocent. The Directors of the

London Missionary Society, after stating some circumstances relative to his trial, says:

The Directors having stated these points of serious objection (and more might easily be found,) to the proceedings on the trial, conclude that the members of the society, and the candid beyond its circle, will approve of their declaring that they retain the conviction formerly expressed, of the moral and legal innocence of their missionary, Smith; that they do not withdraw from him their confidence; and that they are "not ashamed of his bonds." They regard him as an unmerited sufferer, in the diligent and faithful, and it may be added, useful discharge of his duties, as a missionary; and they earnestly wish the Divine forgiveness may be extended to those who may have been instrumental in causing his sufferings.

The Rev. Mr. Austin, a clergyman of the Church of England, and Chaplain of the Colony, thus expresses his opinion in a private letter:

"I feel no hesitation in declaring, from the intimate knowledge which my most anxious inquiries have obtained, that in the late scourge which the hand of an all-wise Creator has inflicted on this ill-fated country, nothing but those religious impressions which, under Providence, Mr. Smith has been instrumental in fixing—nothing but those principles of the gospel of peace which he has been proclaiming—could have prevented a dreadful effusion of blood here, and saved the lives of these very persons who are now (I shudder to write it,) seeking his."

The following extract of a letter from William Arrindell, Esq., of Demerara, Mr. Smith's counsel, addressed to Mrs. Smith, after the trial, is also inserted:

"It is almost presumptuous in me to differ from the sentence of a court, but, before God, I do believe Mr. Smith to be innocent; nay, I will go further, and defy any minister, of any sect whatever, to have shown a more faithful attention to his sacred duties, than he has been proved, by the evidence on his trial, to have done."

The Directors had resolved to take further measures for obtaining, in England, the reversal of his sentence.

This subject was brought before the English parliament, and after a full and fair discussion, the innocence of Mr. Smith was established beyond a question. The following from the London Christian Observer gives an account of the proceedings in Parliament:

A debate of two days' continuance on the case of the missionary Smith has taken place in the House of Commons. A motion was made by Mr. Brougham, to express the serious alarm and deep sorrow with which the house contemplated the violation of law and justice, manifested in the unexampled proceedings against Mr. Smith in Demerara, and their sense of the necessity of adopting measures to secure a just and humane administration of law in that colony, and to protect the voluntary instruction of the negroes, as well as the negroes themselves, and the rest of his Majesty's subjects from oppression. This motion was supported by Mr. Brougham with a power of argument and eloquence which has seldom been equaled; and he was followed on the same side by Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Lushington, Mr. J. Williams, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Denman, and Sir Joseph Yorke. The motion was opposed by Mr. Horton, Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Tindal, the Attorney General, and Mr. Canning, on the ground, not of the legality of the proceedings, or of the justice of the sentence, but that the motion went to condemn unheard the governor of Demerara, and the court that tried Mr. Smith. On this ground the previous question was moved and carried by 193 to 146, the largest minority in the present session. The division, under all the circumstances of the case may be considered as a triumph. Not an individual attempted to defend the proceedings. In short, nothing could have been more decisive of the innocence of Mr. Smith, and the injustice of his condemnation.

We extract from the publications of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the following account of the aggressions committed upon the Protestant population of Hayti, by the Roman Catholics of that island, during the year 1824.

The following extracts from the journal of Mr. St. Denis, and letters of Mr. Pressoir, members of the Methodist Society at Port au Prince, we copied from the Wesleyan Magazine. The first extracts are from the journal of Mr. St. Denis.

On Sunday, Feb. 2d, our assembly was held at Belair. During the morning service several stones were thrown.

Feb. 4. Whilst we were singing, a shower of stones was thrown, but no one received any injury.

That evening (Feb. 7th) we had a small assembly of thirty-two persons. A plan had been laid for apprehending us, which was put in execution. We had time to sing a hymn, read a chapter, and a homily; but whilst singing the second hymn, the noise of the soldiers was so great in approaching our house of prayer, that we were obliged to cease singing. Wishing, however, to continue our meeting, an officer of the police said, "In the name of law, leave off that prayer!" Then we left off. Not finding J. C. Pressoir, they made me his second. We were taken to General Thomas, who pretended to be ignorant of the matter, Colonel Victor pretended to be ignorant also. When we reached the house of the *Juge de Paix,* we were ordered to halt for a moment. Colonel Victor knocked at his door, the *Juge de Paix* asked who we were, and was answered, "A band of Methodists." The *Juge de Paix* said, "Ha! ha! take them to jail!" Colonel Victor replied, "Yes!" We were led to prison, and each of our names was taken. The sisters were put in the debtor's place, and the men were shut up in close confinement.

The next morning, the person who keeps the keys of the prison under the jailer told us, that the Juge de Paix would not allow our door to be opened; but the jailer went and spoke respecting it, and our door was opened about nine o'clock. A moment after, the Juge de Paix came to visit us, and addressed himself to me in anger. I wished to reply; he would not listen to me; but began to blaspheme religion, despising the Lord. He withdrew in anger, without being able to do anything with us. A moment after he left us, we were taken into the debtor's prison, near to the sisters, in a separate chamber.

When Mr. Pressoir heard of this event, he visited his brethren at the prison. The following extract is from one of his letters:

I would not run into prison of my own accord, but having waited, and finding nothing was said to us, I went to see my brethren and sisters. I found there were thirty-two, and St. Denis preparing to write to the president, which he did, and I carried this letter to his excellency, by which we requested him to cause us to be judged, and punished, if we were found guilty by the law. When I arrived under the piazza of the palace, I asked an officer on duty if I could see the president, who answered, Yes. I entered the hall, where I found the president seated, and surrounded by a circle, as well of officers as civilians. After saluting them, I presented the letter to the president, who asked me from whence it came. I replied, "From the Methodists who are in prison." His good humor was immediately changed. "Methodists," said he, "I did not know that." Colonel Victor, who was present, thinking that through fear I would wish to conceal myself, addressed himself to the president, saying, "President, this is a Methodist," as if the president did not know it. Immediately the president replied, "You are fanatics." "Pardon me, president, we are not." "Why, you have changed your religion." "If I have changed my religion, president, it is the government which has made me do it." "How is that?" said he. "It was the late president who sent for the missionaries. I heard the letter read, and saw the late president's signature; this is what I can tell you." "Enough, enough," said he, "I will send an answer." I went to the prison and waited till it was late; but hearing nothing, and being ill of the fever, I returned to my mother's.

The next day orders were given for the brethren and sisters to appear before the chief judge. A dollar was demanded of each on leaving prison, and they were conducted by a single sergeant. On their arrival the chief judge forbade them, in the name of the president, to assemble together again. "No one can hinder you from worshiping God as you please; but let every one abide at home, for as often as you are found assembled you shall be put in prison; and if you unhappily persist, I have received orders to disperse you everywhere." Several wished to reply, but he refused to listen, saying, "It is not for me; it is not my fault; these orders are given me." All our brethren and sisters went out, animated with a holy zeal, determining not to abandon their assemblies. The next day we were assembled. After an exhortation we sung a hymn which being finished, we kneeled down to pray: a shower of stones came, as if they would have demolished the house, and have stoned us like Stephen. With one accord we commended ourselves to our faithful Creator, and continued in prayer till they had ceased.

In a subsequent letter, dated July 31st, he writes:—

Since the Lord has granted us the favor of meeting again, we have continued our assemblies without intermission, although forbidden to do this under pain of prison and exile. The only interruption we meet with is bad words, and a few stones now and then; and I am become so marked, that I cannot go out without people crying after me, "Methodist! Parson!"—with a contemptuous sneer, and a thousand other things not fit to write, but which serve only to strengthen my faith in the promises of Him who is faithful; till last Sunday some foolish young women came to revile us; and on Tuesday evening, whilst reading, stones were thrown, and whilst we were at prayer a great number rushed in, armed with sabers, sticks, and, if I mistake not, with stones, crying out, "In the name of law," as if they had been authorized by the heads of the people to arrest us. This band consisted of boys, led on to commit disorders by a set of idle, good-for-nothing persons, of the worst class, who had armed themselves with sabers, and were disguised with old cocked hats; trying thus to show their bravery over those who would make no resistance. But the hairs of our head are all numbered; nor have they been permitted to hurt any of us to the present. It would be useless for us to ask or hope for the protection of the law; and we are thus led to place all our confidence in God, who can and will deliver us in his time. And if the Lord is for me, of whom should I be afraid? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for me, will He not with him freely give me all things? I have already experienced that all my sufferings for His name are great blessings to me. All my care is about His church; and what wisdom does it require to conduct so many persons of such different dispositions! I feel new wants daily.

The following brief view of the persecutions of the Methodists, in Hayti, is taken from "Missionary Notices," published by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. This account gave some particulars in addition to those narrated in the details inserted above:

We regret to find,—say the committee of that society,—from the following letter received from Mr. Pressoir, that our poor persecuted society at Port-au-Prince, so long the object of popish rancor, has again had to sustain the brutal outrages of an ignorant mob, incited it would seem, in another place, by persons calling themselves "respectable," and without experiencing any protection from the local authorities. The committee have endeavored to obtain for them the common protection of the laws of their own country, by applications through various quarters, and hope they may be ultimately successful. In the meantime this excellent and suffering people are entitled to the special sympathies, and earnest prayers, of the friends of missions. We trust that they may yet, by their meek and patient suffering, and heroic perseverance, obtain that liberty of worship which they so earnestly desire.

The letter from Mr. Pressoir is dated about a year since. The following extracts describe the violence of the mob:

I have read of many instances of martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus Christ, but I have not yet read a passage which relates that the people of a city rose up like murderers, with a very few exceptions, to stone a few persons met together in a house, as our fathers, mothers, brethren, and children have done unto us not long ago. O, cruel people! They began to throw stones at us at five o'clock in the afternoon, and continued their assaults till ten o'clock, committing all kinds of violence. They broke down the doors, broke open the windows, destroyed the first and second partitions in the upper chambers; in a word, everything that was in the house, and beat with their cow-skin whips the brethren and sisters there, without showing compassion for either age or youth or even infancy. I believed I suffered the least of any. Only a great emissary of Satan, seized my left hand, and lifting up his whip declared he would knock me down, if I did not say "Almighty God, the Virgin Mary." My only answer was, turning my back. Several times he even brought his whip to my neck, and afterwards laid it on my shoulder, raging and abusing me with all the fury of Anti-christ. But he that numbered my hairs did not allow one of them to fall to the ground. Thanks be to Him for confidence in His holy word, which is firmer than heaven or earth. When the populace entered to knock down our sisters I was in the first chamber, and hearing their cries, I tried to force my way to them, to try if I could render them any assistance; then the tyrant persecutor struck me several times on my hat, but I received no injury. But we were torn, outraged, and brought back to the house, where they exercised their dark cruelty. It appeared as if Satan was unchained, in great danger; those who wished to go out were stoned, beaten, and had come forth to make war against those whom the truth of the gospel had made free, and to crush those who had believed the testimony of the Son of God.

I ask, then, by whom have we been protected, and delivered unto this day? Was it by magistrates, judges, and police officers? Or by the other guards appointed to appease riots and defend the law? It is true, they were present in great numbers, but it was rather to advise and direct others. Some brought barrows full of stones, and others threw them, and said to the cruel populace, that, since we were so obstinate, the government had given us into their hands, and they might do to us whatever they pleased; and they did treat us with inhumanity and the greatest violence.

It was impossible to go out without being beaten, stoned, dragged, abused, and covered with dirt, and in the end we could neither buy nor sell without being dragged before a magistrate, beat, and covered with spitting and mud, and all kinds of outrages. They went beyond Porte Marchant to brother Floran's, Sister Claire's, and J. P. J. Lusant's. At brother Floran's they destroyed everything in the garden and treated his wife, already broken with age, with the greatest inhumanity; dragging Sister Claire by her feet out of the house, as also her god-daughter. And at J. P. J. Lusant's what disorders have they not committed amongst those poor persons, who have fled from the town to have some tranquility. I must tell you one circumstance which J. P. J. L. told me, to show you the cowardice of persecutors:

five or six of them entered his gate, concealing their swords, making up to him with loud vociferations; seeing them coming, he went into his house, took an old rusty musket without flint, and leveling it at them, they all instantly fled with all speed, saying, "The Quakers don't carry arms, and see this old Quaker here intends killing us."

Alluding to the letter of Mr. Pressoir, above noticed, and to other communications received about the same time, the Wesleyan Committee remark, in their publication for July:

In a recent number we laid before our readers some extracts of letters from our afflicted and persecuted society at Port-au-Prince, Hayti; from which it appeared that several of them had again been called to suffer bonds for the cause of Christ; that the house in which they were in the habit of assembling for religious worship was demolished; and that they themselves were delivered up to the will of a blind and infuriated populace, the magistrates refusing to afford them any protection against the outrages to which they were daily exposed. From later communications we learn, that, on an appeal being made by letter to the president, those in prison were set at liberty; and that a proclamation was made by his excellency's orders, forbidding any one to stone, injure, or otherwise persecute the Methodists, but at the same time prohibiting all meetings of our society for religious worship, on pain of being arrested.

Notwithstanding the above proclamation, our people have still to suffer, in various ways, the insults and persecutions of the rabble. They continue, as they are able, and can find opportunity, to meet together for prayer, etc.

The letter to President Boyer shows very clearly the pacific character and object of these Protestants. It is too important a part of these documents to be omitted.

President,—You are acquainted with our society, formed here six years ago. The end of our meeting together is, to invoke the blessing of God, not only on ourselves, but also on the government, its magistrates, and even on those who evil entreat us without cause; for we do not hate them, nor render evil for evil. This is what our religion commands. It is not that we wish by our meetings to disobey our president; but our desire is to obey God our sovereign, and His law requires that we should love the head that He has placed over us.

We know that your excellency will not approve the conduct of those who have stoned and evil entreated us without cause. We have been treated as enemies to the government, yet are not such. Yesterday we were arrested and put in prison, by order of General Thomas, who at once without examination, pronounced our sentence. And we know this was not by order of the president, which renders it our indisputable duty to give you information thereof.

President, let our society be narrowly examined, and if fault is found in us, we are willing to suffer the punishment we merit.

Confidently expecting your favorable reply, we have the honor of saluting you most respectfully.

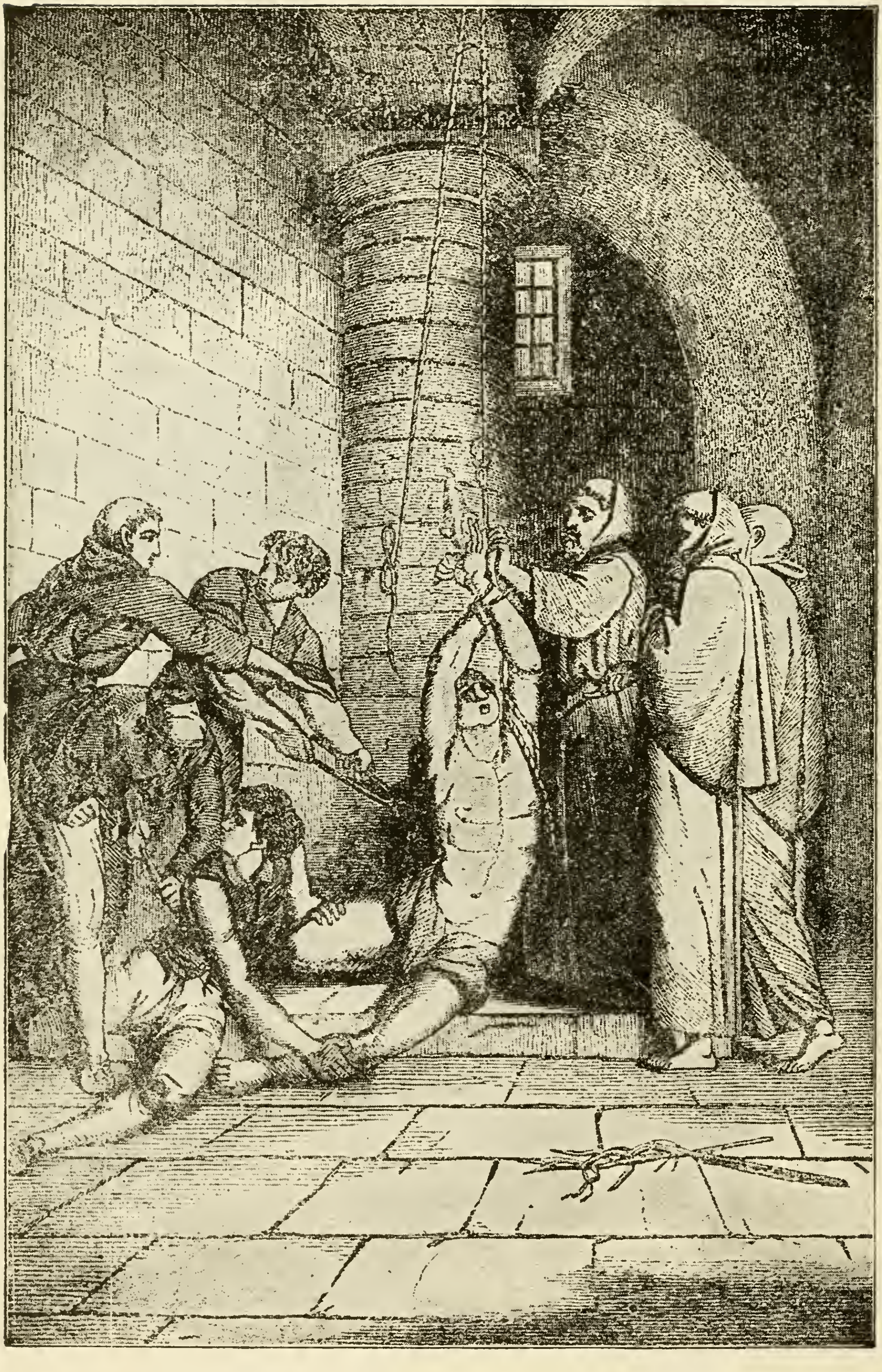
To this letter the president did not reply, but ordered those, who had been arrested, to be set at liberty. Ten days after the date of the letter to the president, a letter was written, from which the following paragraphs are taken. The concluding sentences open the way for putting a favorable construction on the intentions of the president.

A proclamation was made in the name of General Thomas, commandant of the place, to prevent any one from throwing stones at the Methodists, forbidding every one to evil entreat them, or to go before their houses to insult them. But by that proclamation we were also forbidden to meet together, and informed that should we meet, the police are ordered to arrest us; but as for the people, they ought not to interfere, nor throw stones, because we are citizens of the republic. This is the substance of the proclamation.

Although this proclamation was made, yet the people did not cease to ill treat us, and cry after us, as we went along. General Thomas gets out of that affair by saying, that they only made use of his name when he had nothing to do with it. "But, take care," said he, "if that continue, that it do not cost the life of some one."

One of our sisters visited the president, to whom she made her complaints, and informed him that it was said, that it was by his order that these things were done. He received her very politely, assured her that this was not so, but that he was exceedingly sorry that we should be improperly treated, and that he had written to General Thomas to that effect, and if the general did not attend to his orders he could not hold any command in the republic. In consequence of this the general made the above proclamation. The president also told her, that he could not allow us to hold our meetings, because we were not in peace; that France was proposing to march upon us, etc. Since the last persecution, we enjoy, by the grace of God, the means of praying, when several of us meet together.

Now, dear readers, we quote historical facts regarding the early history of the West Indies that you may see that Spain is and always was a most cruel and ungodly nation, and that she always was, and still is, a Catholic nation, and that her treatment towards Protestants has always been just as the powers of the Vatican chose. The Papal church declares that it is a fundamental right given by God to that church to destroy and persecute Protestants, and claim by destroying them, that they lessen their punishment in hell; therefore, it is the duty of the Catholic Church to destroy all Protestant heretics. Now, kind reader, if you believe this book to be true, which you most surely can not doubt, as the facts stated are historical, then do you not think it is about time to put on the armor of God and wear it to the ballot box and see that your next vote is cast for a *pure American Protestant.* May the good Lord help you to ponder this matter day and night until you arrive at a proper and definite conclusion. *Don't* be a politician; *Don't* be a *Democrat, Republican or Populist,* but in the name of America, be an *American,* and a *Protestant-American* at that.



Poor John Mallott being punished for refusing to kiss a cross that stands in front of St. Anne's church.

Chapter XXV.

Has Congress Any Right to Set Aside Vast Sums of Money for Catholic Schools?

Has Congress the right to set aside vast sums of public moneys for the benefit of *class* educational institutions? This is a subject that is of vital interest to the American people If Congress has this right, why is it that other religious denominations do not make a demand to have an equal amount for the support of their schools, as the Catholic denomination has received at the hands of the Congress of the United States? Have not the Baptists, the Presbyterians, the Christians, the United Brethren, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Lutherans, and all other religious denominations the same right as the Catholics? Most assuredly you would not go to the Catholic Church to find the brain and brawn of this country. Catholic schools, *are not schools,* they are nurseries of Catholicism; they are hot beds that sprout dissensions; they are volcanic mounds that spout dogmas and superstitions, and educate their scholars to despise Protestants and their free institutions; they are schools that do not teach the young the love of country, but teach them to look upon the Pope as God, having the power to damn the soul long before the Judgment Day. Catholic schools teach everything that is hateful to Protestants; they teach that the flag, that grand old emblem of liberty is to be hauled down and trailed in the dust at the bidding of an Italian pontiff. Catholic schools teach that your children and mine are bastards, simply because your dear old father and mother, and mine, were not married by a lustful priest of the Romish faith. These are facts; these are truths that make the heart of every American sick; then in the name of the Declaration of Independence, in the name of America, and in the name of a living God, why should an American Congress vote public moneys for the support of an institution that has been grasping at the throat of American liberties ever since Columbus discovered America and made it possible for the oppressed of Catholic-cursed countries to flee to "A land of the free." Catholic schools are schools that Protestants cannot send their children to without having them insulted, and the memory of fathers and mothers vilified. What are Protestant schools? Ah, they are schools where the American eagle perches upon the desk of every little cherub; they are schools where the Declaration of Independence is held in reverence; they are schools where the folds of the American flag twine about every branch of instruction; they are schools where you find future presidents, and boys who will clamber to the dizzy heights of fame in the future, and will look down upon the polluted walls of the Vatican with the disgust that fills the soul of every true, pure, loyal Protestant-American. The public schools of America, God bless them, are where the tiny mind begins to soar, and where the great men and good women of this country first learn the alphabet that leads to fame. The public schools of America are where the boys and girls are taught to love their government for its manifold blessings, and where "Yankee-Doodle" and "Dixie" sets the little hearts aglow and causes shouts to echo and re-echo from the hills and dales wherever "the little red school house" is found. Search the records of Catholic schools and tell me of what advantage their scholars have ever been to America, and then begin at the old country school house, and you will find paths leading in every direction that meander to the crest of the mountains of fame. Learn of your Congressman how much money belonging to the government has been voted to Catholic institutions within the past twenty-two years, and if he tells you the truth he will say over $17,000,000. How much to Protestant schools? *Not a dime.* Think of it, $17,000,000 given to a sect that despises American institutions and detests everything that is Protestant. How long will you stand it? How long will you seal your lips, simply because you "are afraid you will make the Pope or some of his followers mad?"

Catholic schools are only institutions that teach ignorance, for their followers after leaving these schools that the American Congress appropriates money for, grope all their lives in dense ignorance. Catholic schools are only preparatory institutions, that the children may grow up to make obedient and hoodwinked Catholics, to be led about at the will of lustful priests.

The following will give you some idea of the products of parochial schools, that our office-holders vote our public moneys to, in order that they may flourish. The confessional box comes from Catholicism, so the remainder of this chapter will plainly show you what the confessional box is, and what public moneys are used for, in order that the priestcraft, through the orders from Rome, may spread her black wings over our fair land:

"Through the confessional, an unfathomable abyss has been dug by the Church of Rome between the heart of the wife and the husband. The confessor is the master, the ruler, the king of the soul: the husband, as the grave-yard keeper, must be satisfied with the corpse.

"In the Church of Rome it is utterly impossible that the husband should be one with the wife, and that the wife should be one with the husband. A monstrous being has been put between them both, called the confessor. Born in the darkest ages of the world, that being has received from hell his mission to destroy and contaminate the purest joys of the married life,—to enslave the wife, to outrage the husband, and to cheat the world. The more auricular confession is practiced, the more the laws of public and private morality are trampled under foot."

It is recorded that the anaconda takes its victim to its place of retreat, covers it with slime, and then swallows it. "I now declare, most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so much to be shunned and loathed and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest or bishop who practices the degrading and demoralizing office of auricular confession. Auricular confession is nothing but a systematic preparation for the ruin of the soul of the guileless and guiltless scholar." So said William Hogan. "Let me," said this converted priest, "give American-Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest asks those females who go to confession to him, and they will become convinced that there is no poetry in what I say.

"First let the reader bring before the mind a picture of a young lady between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly close pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who, in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years of age. Let it be remembered that the young priests are, as a rule, extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them:—

"CONFESSOR. What sins have you committed?

"PENITENT. I don't know any, sir.

"CON. Are you sure you did nothing wrong? Examine yourself well.

"PEN. Yes; I do recollect that I did wrong: I made faces at school at Lucy A.

"CON. Nothing else?

"PEN. Yes; I told mother that I hated Lucy A., and that she was an ugly thing.

"CON. (scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl so innocent). Have you had any immodest thoughts?

"PEN. What is that, sir?

"CON. Have you been thinking about men?

"PEN. Why, yes, sir.

"CON. Are you fond of any of them?

"PEN. Why, yes! I like cousin A. or R. greatly.

"CON. Do you like him very much?
"PEN. Oh, no!
"CON. How long did these thoughts about him continue?
"PEN. Not very long.
"CON. Had you these thoughts by day or by night?
"PEN. By ——

"In this strain does this reptile confessor proceed, till his half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession, until this wretch has worked up her passions to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot detail the whole process by which a Romish confessor debauches his victims in the confessional; but if curiosity, or any other motive, creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars, I refer them to Dens' treatise, '*De Peccatis,*' which is taught in Maynooth College and elsewhere. In this, and in Antoine's 'Moral Theology,' they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and bishops of the Romish Church to all women, young and old, married or single: and if any married man, father, or brother will, after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife or daughter or sister ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the heathen or the Turk."

Protestants think that confession is a dread to Romanists. Far from it. It is, with many, a time for love-making, for prurient scandal, for plotting against the peace of the community. The very idea of it is made a delight, rather than a dread.

The Children's Confession, which occurs about the middle of Lent, illustrates very truthfully the way in which Rome sweetens the pill that is to poison the soul.

"Notice is given to the congregation the Sabbath before, that every father of a family may send his children, both boys and girls, to church, on the day appointed, in the afternoon. The mothers dress their children the best they can that day, and give them the offering-money for the expiation of their sins. That afternoon is a holy day in the parish, not by precept, but by custom; for no parishioner, either young or old, man or woman, misseth to go and hear the children's confessions. For it is reckoned among them a greater diversion than a comedy, as you may judge by the following account."

"The day appointed, the children repair to church at three o'clock, where the priest is waiting for them with a long reed in his hand; and when all are together (sometimes one hundred and fifty in number, and sometimes less) the reverend Father placeth them in a circle round himself, and then kneeling down (the children also doing the same) makes the sign of the cross, and says a short prayer. This done, he exhorteth the children to hide no sin from him, but to tell him all they have committed. Then he strikes with his reed the child whom he designs to confess first, and asks him the following questions:"—

CONFESSOR. "How long is it since you last confessed?"

BOY. "Father, a whole year, or the last Lent."

CON. "And how many sins have you committed from that time to now?"

BOY. "Two dozen."

Now the confessor asks round about:—

CON. "And you?"

BOY. "A thousand and ten."

"Another will say, 'A bag full of small lies, and ten big sins;' and so one after another answers, and tells many childish things."

CON. "But pray, you say that you have committed ten big sins: tell me how big?"

BOY. "As big as a tree."

CON. "But tell me the sins."

BOY. "There is one sin I committed, which I dare not tell your reverence before all the people; for somebody here present will kill me if he heareth me."

CON. "Well, come out of the circle, and tell it to me."

"They both go out, and with a loud voice he tells him that such a day he stole a nest-full of sparrows from a tree, of another boy's, and that if he knew it he would kill him. Then both come again into the circle, and the Father asks other boys and girls so many ridiculous questions, and the children answer him so many pleasant, innocent things, that the congregation laughs all the while. One will say that his sins are red; another, that one of his sins is white, one black, and one green; and in these trifling questions they spend two hours' time. When the congregation is weary of laughing, the confessor gives the children a correction, and bids them not to sin any more, for a black boy takes along with him the wicked children. Then he asks the offering, and after he has got all from them, gives them the penance for their sins. To one he says 'I give you for penance to eat a sweet cake;' to another, not to go to school the day following; to another, to desire his mother to buy him a new hat; and such things as these; and pronouncing the words of absolution, he dismisseth the congregation with Amen, so be it, every year."

These are the first foundations of the Romish religion for youth. From seven to fifteen there is no extraordinary thing, unless some girl begins at twelve years a lewd life, and then the confessor finds business and pleasure enough when she comes to confess.

A private confession of a child is described by Father Chiniquy. "On the Sabbath previous the priest had said, 'Make your children understand that this act of confession is one of the most important in their lives, that for every one of them it will decide their eternal happiness or misery. Fathers or mothers, if through your fault or his own your child is guilty of a bad confession,—if he conceals his sins, and commences lying to the priest, who holds the place of God himself,—this sin is often irreparable. The Devil will take possession of his heart; he will become accustomed to lie to his father confessor, or rather to Jesus Christ of whom he is a representative. His life will be a series of sacrileges; his death and eternity, those of the reprobate. Teach him, therefore, to examine thoroughly his actions, words, and thoughts in order to confess without disguise."

"At last the moment came. Young Chiniquy knelt at the side of his confessor, and repeated the prayer. 'I do confess to Almighty God, to the blessed Mary, always a Virgin, to the blessed Archangel Michael, to the blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the saints, and to thee, O Father, that I have too much sinned by thought, word, and deed, by my fault, by my greatest fault. Therefore I beseech the blessed Mary, always a Virgin, the blessed Archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the saints, and thee, O Father, to pray to God our Lord for me. Amen." This done, the penitent raises him from his prostration to his knees, and touching with his lip either the ear or cheek of the spiritual father, begins to discover his sins by the Ten Commandments. And here we give a translation of the Ten Commandments, word for word. "The commandments of the law of God are ten! the three first do pertain to the honor of God, and the other seven to the benefit of our neighbor.

I. Thou shalt love God above all things.
II. Thou shalt not swear.
III. Thou shalt sanctify the holy days.
VI. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother.
V. Thou shalt not kill.
VI. Thou shalt not commit fornication.
VII. Thou shalt not steal.
VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness, nor lie.
IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.
X. Thou shalt not covet the things which are another's."

"The last commandment is divided into two to make out the number. The sixth with Rome is the seventh in the Bible. The second is dropped out.

"The commandments of the Holy Mother Church are seven. 1. To hear mass on Sundays and Holy days. 2. To confess at least once a year, and oftener if there be danger of death. 3. To receive the eucharist. 4. To fast. 5. To pay tithes, besides the tenth, one-thirtieth part of the fruits of the earth, towards the repair of the church and the vestments."

The seven sacraments are: "1. Baptism. 2. Confirmation. 3. Penance. 4. The Lord's Supper. 5. Extrme Unction. 6. Holy Orders. 7. Matrimony. Amen."

Then came the confession of sins. Young Chiniquy had laughed at the priest. He confessed it. He says, "When I had confessed all the sins I could remember, the priest began to ask me the strangest questions on matters about which my pen must be silent. I replied, 'Father, I do not understand what you ask me.'

" 'I question you on the sixth commandment [seventh in the Bible]. Confess all. You will go to hell if through your fault you omit any thing.' Thereupon he dragged my thoughts to regions which, thank God, had hitherto been unknown to me.

"I answered him, 'I do not understand you,' or 'I have never done these things.'

"Then skilfully shifting to some secondary matter, he would soon slyly and cunningly come back to his favorite subject, namely, sins of licentiousness. His questions were so unclean that I blushed, and felt sick with disgust and shame." Remember, young Chiniquy had doubtless been converted when a child. He had read the Bible, despite the priest, through again and again and had committed to memory vast portions of it, which he was accustomed to repeat in the hearing of his neighbors. He was trained by a noble Christian mother. He said, "More than once I had been, to my regret, in the company of bad boys; but not one of them had offended my moral nature so much as this priest had done. Not one of them had ever approached the shadow of the things from which that man tore the veil, and which he placed before the eye of my soul. In vain did I tell him that I was not guilty of such things; that I did not even understand what he asked me; he would not let me off. Like the vulture bent upon tearing the poor bird that falls into his claws, that cruel priest seemed determined to defile and ruin my heart.

"At last he asked me a question in a form of expression so bad that I was really pained. I felt as if I had received a shock from an electric battery; a feeling of horror made me shudder. I was so filled with indignation that, speaking loud enough to be heard by many, I told him, 'Sir, I am very wicked; I have seen, heard, done many things which I regret; but I never was guilty of what you mention to me. My ears have never heard anything so wicked as what they have heard from your lips. Please do not ask me any more of those questions; do not teach me more evil than I already know.' He gave me a short penance, and dismissed me."

Chiniquy left the confessional humbled, disgraced in his own eyes, and outraged. He went to his uncle's house, who had the name of being a Roman Catholic, yet who did not believe a word of the doctrines of the Roman Church. He laughed at the priests, their masses, their purgatory, and especially their confession. He did not conceal that when young, he had been scandalized by the words and actions of a priest at the confessional. "He spoke to me jestingly: 'You will now be a good boy. But if you have heard as many things as I did the first time I went to confess, you are a very learned boy,' and he burst into laughter.

"I blushed, and remained silent. My aunt who was a devoted Roman Catholic, said to me, 'Your heart is relieved, is it not, since you confessed all your sins?' I gave her an evasive answer, but I could not conceal that sadness overcame me. I thought I was the only one from whom the priest had asked these polluting questions. But great was my surprise, on the following day, when going to school, I learned that my fellow-pupils had not been more fortunate than I had been. The only difference was, that instead of being grieved, they laughed at it. 'Did the priest ask you such and such questions?' they would demand, laughing boisterously. I refused to reply, and asked: 'Are you not ashamed to speak of such things?'

" 'Ah! ah! how very scrupulous you are,' continued they. 'If it is not a sin for the priest to speak to us on these matters, how can it be a sin for us?' I soon perceived that even the young school girls had not been less polluted and scandalized by the questions of the priest, than the boys. I should be misunderstood were it supposed that I mean to convey the idea that this priest was more to blame than others, or that he did more to fulfill the duties of the ministry in asking these questions. He was obeying the Pope and his theologians. He was, as I have been myself, bound hand and foot at the feet of the greatest enemy that the holiness and truth of God have ever had on earth: *the Pope.* The priest of Rome is an automaton,—machine which acts, thinks, and speaks in matters of morals and of faith, only according to the order and the will of the Pope and his theologians. He had read Liguori, Dens, Debreyne, authors approved by the pope, and he was obliged to take darkness for light."

Can Americans realize that the children of Romanists are exposed to this demoralizing influence, and not feel that something ought to be done to let in the light upon this terrible night of darkness and of death?

Two methods are practiced, because there are two classes of people to be confessed,—the learned and the unlearned: The learned confess by these three general heads, thought, word, and deed, reducing them into all sorts of sins. The unlearned confess by the Ten Commandments, discovering by them all the mortal sins which they have committed since their last confession. Venal sins, or sins of small matter, are washed away by the sign of the cross or by sprinkling the face with the holy water. To the discovery of the mortal sins, the father confessor doth very much help the penitent; for he sometimes, out of zeal, but most commonly out of curiosity, asks them many questions to know whether they do remember all their sins or not. "By these and the like questions, the confessors do more mischief than good, especially to the ignorant people and young women; for perhaps they do not know what simple fornication is; what voluntary or involuntary pollution; what impure desire; what simple motion of our hearts; what relapse, re-incidence, or reiteration of sins; and the like; and then by the confessor's indiscreet questions, the penitents learn things of which they never had dreamed before, and they go home with light, knowledge, and an idea of sins unknown to them before."

Take this as an illustration of the method and the mischief.

A Young Woman Enters the Confessional.

Confessor, after asking Mary to give the commandments of the holy Church, and the sacraments, then taking up the commandments, asks, "How long is it since you last confessed?"

Mary. "It is two years and two months."

Confessor. "You see in the second commandment of the Church and in the third among the sacraments that you are obliged to confess every year. Why, then, have you neglected so much longer time to fulfill the precept of the holy mother?" She gives a reason, a shameful act with a man now dead, and she now determines to retire to a monastery.

The confessor urges her to make a clean breast of her sins, which she does.

CON. "Have you constantly frequented the assemblies of the faithful, and heard mass on Sundays and holy days?"

MARY. "No, father. Sometimes I have been four months without going to church."

CON. "You have done a great injury to your soul, and you have given a great scandal to your neighbors." Her sin in living in adulterous intercourse with Don Francisco is not even referred to.

CON. "Did it come into your mind that God would punish you for your sins?"

MARY. "Yea, father; but the Virgin Mary is my advocate. I kept her image by my bedside, and used to address my prayer to her every night, before I went to bed, and I always had a great hope in her."

CON. "If your devotion to the Virgin Mary is so fervent, you must believe that your heart is moved to repentance by her influence and mediation, and I charge you to continue the same devotion while you live, and fear nothing afterwards."

MARY. "This is my design."

CON. "Go on." The confessions of the several commandments are trivial.

The sixth commandment (the seventh in the Bible) was broken. Speaking of her friend, she said, "For two years we loved in innocence; but at last he discovered to me one day, when our parents were abroad, the great inclination he had for me; and that having grown to a passion, and this to an inexpressible love, he could no longer hide it from me; that his design was to marry me as soon as his father died, and that he was willing to give me all the proofs of sincerity and unfeigned love I could desire from him. To this I answered that if it was so, I was ready to promise never to marry another during his life. To this he took a sign of the crucifix in his hands, and, bowing down before an image of the Virgin Mary, called the four elements to be witnesses of the sincerity of his vows, nay, all the saints of the heavenly court to appear against him in the day of judgment, if he was not true in heart and words, and said, that by the crucifix in his hands, and by the image of the Virgin Mary, then present, he promised and swore never to marry another during my life. I answered him in the same manner; and ever since we have lived with the familiarities of husband and wife. The effect of this reciprocal promise was the ruin of my soul, and the beginning of my sinful life; for ever since I minded nothing else, but to please him, and myself when I had an opportunity."

Con. "How often did he visit you?"

Mary. "The first year he came several times."

Con. "Did any effect of these visits come to light?"

Mary. "No, father. It would, had I not been so barbarous and inhuman as to prevent it, by a remedy I took which answered my purpose."

CON. "And how could you get the remedy, there being a rigorous law against it?"

The answer introduces the reader to a friar, a cousin by relation, who gave her the medicine, and because of her obligation to him she was compelled to take it.

CON. "Do you design to continue the same life with your cousin for fear of being discovered?"

MARY. "No, father, for he is sent to another convent to be professor of divinity for three years; and if he comes back again, he shall find me in a monastery, and then I will be free and safe from his wicked attempts."

CON. "Have you transgressed the fourth commandment of the Church?"

MARY. "Yea, father."

CON. "Have you taken the bull of indulgences?"

MARY. "Yea, father."

CON. "Have you visited five altars, the days appointed for his Holiness to take a soul out of purgatory?"

MARY. "I did not for several days."

CON. "Now, to show your obedience to God and our mother the Church, you must perform the following penance: You must fast every second day, to mortify your lusts and passions, and this for the space of two months; you must visit five altars every second day and one privileged altar, and say in each of them five times Pater Noster, etc., and five times Ave Mary, etc. You must say, too, every day for two months' time, three and thirty times, the Creed, in honor and memory of the three and thirty years that our Savior did live upon the earth; and you must confess once a week; and by the continuance of these spiritual exercises, your soul may be preserved from several temptations, and may be happy forever."

MARY. "I will do all that with the help of God."

CON. "Say the act of contrition by which I absolve you."

MARY. "O God, my God! I have sinned against thee, I am heartily sorry."

CON. "Our Lord Jesus Christ absolve thee; and by the authority given me, I absolve thee."

Here we see forms and words take the place of repentance, and acts of the individual do away with faith in the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ; and this is Romanism at its best.

Take now this story as told by a Jesuit priest. It is the private confession of Father Garca, a Jesuit: "A woman of thirty-three years of age came to confess to me, and told me that from sixteen years of age until twenty-four, she had committed all sorts of lewdness, only with ecclesiastical persons, having in every convent a friar, who, under the name of cousin, did use to visit her. At last she dreamed that the Devil was free with her, and she was delivered of a boy, and that she knew no man for fourteen months. This so distressed her that she threatened to lay hands on herself. The inquisitors sent for the woman and her maid, and discovered the story. It was this. Father Canchillos, Victorian friar, was in love with the woman, but she could not bear the sight of him. He gained the maid, by putting some opium into her mistress's supper; she fell fast asleep, and it was learned that her child was not the son of the Devil, but of Father Canchillos. The friar was put into the Inquisition for having persuaded the maid to tell the mistress that it was the Devil; for she had been under the same fear, and really she was in the same condition."

This private confession of a priest is an eye-opener for those who believe in the immaculate character of the priesthood.

Don Paulo says, "Since God Almighty is pleased to visit me with sickness, I ought to make good use of the time I have to live, and I desire of you to help me with your prayers, and to take the trouble to write some substantial points of my confession, that you may perform, after my death, whatever may enable me to discharge my duty towards God and men. When I was ordained priest, I made a general confession of all my sins. I had served my parish sixteen years, and all my care has been to discover the tempers and inclinations of my parishioners; there are in my parish sixteen hundred families, and more or less I have defrauded them all some way or other.

"My thoughts have been impure ever since I began to hear confessions; my words have been grave and severe with them all, and all my parishioners have respected and feared me. I have had so great an empire over them, that some of them, knowing of my misdoings, have taken my defense in public. I have omitted nothing to please them in outward appearance, but my actions have been the most criminal of mankind; for, as to my ecclesiastical duty, what I have done has been for custom's sake.

"As to the confessions and wills I have received from my parishioners at the point of death, I do confess I have made myself master of as much as I could, and by that means I have gathered together all my riches. As to my duty towards God, I am guilty to the highest degree, for I have not loved Him; I have neglected to say the private divine service every day. I have procured by remedies, sixty abortions, making the fathers of children their murderers, besides many others intended, though not executed, by some unexpected accident. I confess that I have frequented the parish club twelve years. We were only six parish priests in it, and then we did consult and contrive all the ways to satisfy our passions. Each had a list of the handsomest women in the parish; and when one had a fancy to see any woman remarkable for her beauty in another's parish, the priest of the parish sent for her to his own house. Our method has been, to persuade the husbands and fathers not to hinder them any spiritual comfort, and to the ladies to persuade them to be subject to our advice and will; and that in so doing they should have liberty at any time to go out on a pretence of communicating some spiritual business to the priest. And if they refused to do it, then we should speak to their husbands and fathers not to let them go out at all, or, which would be worse for them, we should inform against them to the holy tribunal of the Inquisition. And by these diabolical persuasions they were at our command, without fear of revealing the secret. I have spared no woman of my parish, whom I had a fancy for, and many other of my brethren's parishes; but I cannot tell the number. I have sixty nepotes alive of several women; but my principal care ought to be of those that I have by two young women I keep at home since their parents died. Both are sisters, and I had by the eldest two boys, and by the youngest one. The one I had by my own sister is dead. Therefore I leave to my sister five thousand pistoles, on condition that she enter St. Bernard's Monastery, and upon the same conditions I bequeath a like amount to the two above mentioned."

A Female Inmate's Statement.

"An hour in the confessional was but a criminal *tete-a-tete*. I perceived that my confessor was as depraved as myself. When the course of my convent instruction was finished, my parents called me back to their home. I was really glad of the change of residence, for I was beginning to be tired of my criminal life. My hope was, that, under the directions of a better confessor, I should reconcile myself to God, and begin a Christian life. Unfortunately for me, my new confessor, who was very young, began also his interrogation. He soon fell in love with me, and I loved him in a most criminal way. I have done with him things which I hope you will never request me to reveal to you; for they are too monstrous to be repeated even in my confessional, by a woman to a man. It is my fault. I believe he was a good priest before he knew me; but the questions he put to me, and the answers I had to give him, melted his heart,—I know it,—just as boiling lead would melt the ice on which it flows.

" 'You understand, I have given up my last confessor. I have two favors to ask. One, that you will never seek to ascertain my name; second, that you will never put to me any of those questions by which so many penitents are lost, and so many priests forever destroyed. Twice I have been lost by those questions. We come to our confessors that they may throw upon our guilty souls the pure waters which flow from heaven to purify us; but, instead of that, with their unmentionable questions, they pour oil on the burning fires which are already raging in our poor simple hearts. Oh, dear father, let me become your penitent, that you may help me to go with Magdalene, and weep at the Savior's feet! Do respect me, as he respected that true model of all the sinful but repenting women! Did he extort from her the history of things which a sinful woman cannot say without forgetting the respect she owes to herself and to God? No! You told us, not long ago, that the only thing our Savior did was to look at her tears and her love. Well, please do that, and you will save me.' " Cannot Romanists see this? Christ, without a priest, is the Savior. Father Chiniquy encouraged her as best he could, and went to his confessor, afterwards Archbishop of Canada, and asked if he might forego the questions. His reply was in the negative. "Such cases as the destruction of female virtue by the questions of the confessors is an unavoidable evil. Such questions are necessary. . . .

"You must not be discouraged when, through the confessional or any other way, you learn the fall of priests, into the common frailties of human nature with their penitents. Our Savior knew very well that the occasions and the temptations we have to encounter in the confessions of girls and women, are so numerous and irresistible that many would fall. But he has given them the holy Virgin Mary, who constantly asks and demands their pardon; he has given them the sacrament of penance, when they can receive their pardon as often as they ask for it. The vow of perfect chastity is a great honor and privilege; but we cannot conceal from ourselves that it puts on our shoulders a burden which many cannot carry forever. St. Liguori says that *we must not rebuke the penitent priest who falls once a month; and some other trustworthy theologians are still more charitable.*"

As a result, the young woman sought to make confession without hearing or answering the questions. As a priest, Father Chiniquy was compelled to say that it could not be done. With a piercing cry, she exclaimed, *"Then, O my God! I am lost, forever lost,"* and fainted away. She was carried home. On her death-bed Christ came to her in answer to prayer, and gave her a peace that passeth knowledge. Without the help of the priest she fought the battle, saying, "I shall not be lost." "On one occasion she calmly, but with an air of dignity, asked, 'Is it true, that, after the sins of Adam and Eve, God himself made coats and skins, and clothed them, that they might not see each other's naked-ness?'—'Yes,' I said. 'This is what the Holy Scriptures tell us.'

" 'Well, then, how is it possible that our confessors dare to take away from us that holy divine coat of modesty and self-respect? Has not Almighty God himself made, with His own hands, that coat of womanly modesty and self-respect, that we might be to you and to ourselves a cause of shame and sin?" '

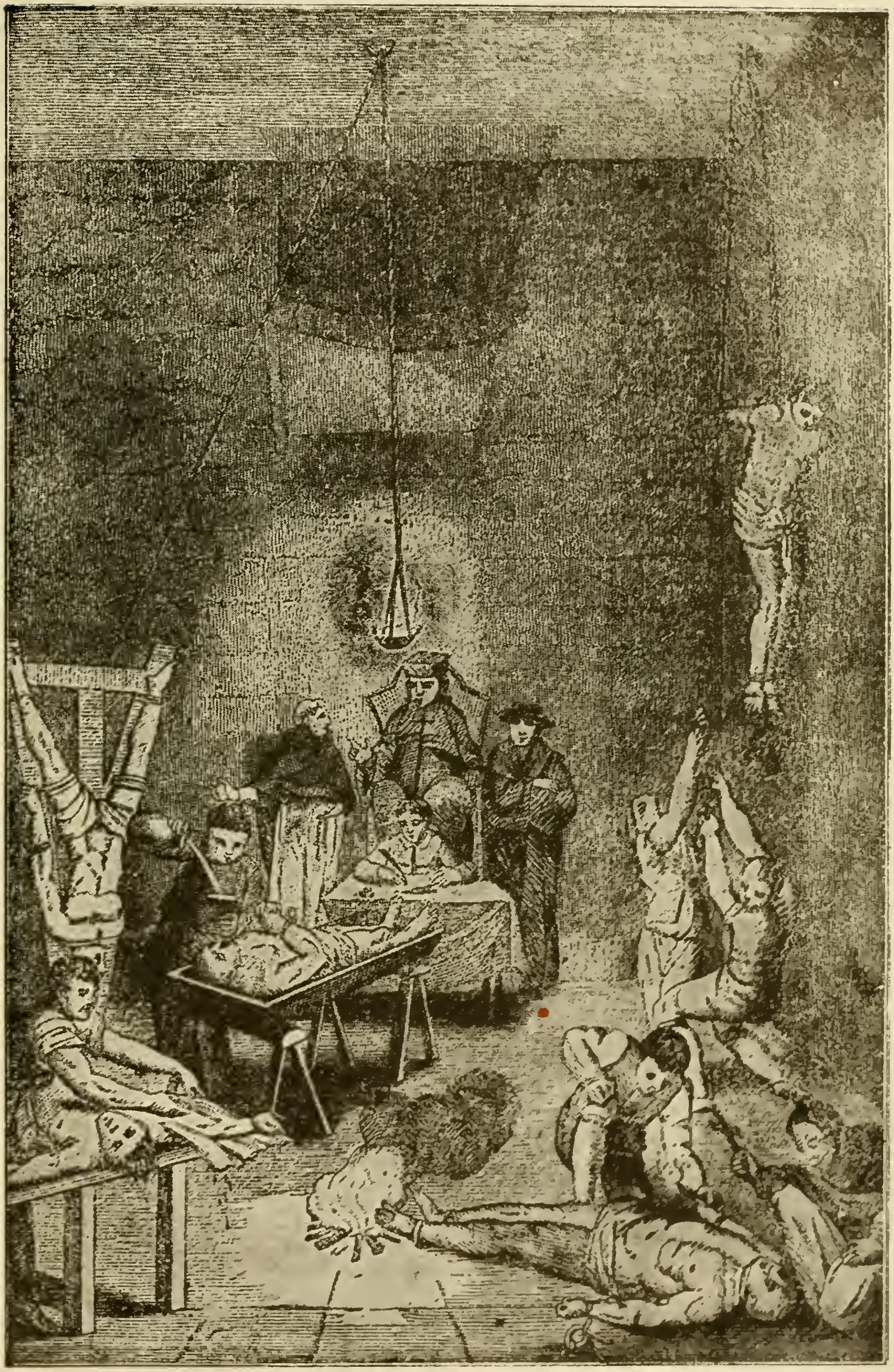
Her words demolished the traditions of the Church, and pulverized the doctrines of her theologians.

"After a time she continued, 'Twice I have been destroyed by priests at the confessional. They took away from me that divine coat of modesty and self-respect which God gives to every human being who comes into the world, and twice I have become for those very priests a pit of deep perdition into which they have fallen, and where I fear they are forever lost. My merciful Father has given me back that coat of skins, that nuptial robe of modesty, self-respect, and holiness, which had been taken away from me. He cannot allow you or any other man to tear again and spoil that vestment which is the work of His hands.'

"The revelation of the unmentionable corruptions directly and unavoidably engendered by auricular confession, had come to me from the lips of that young lady, as the first rays of the sun which were to hurl back the dark clouds of night by which Rome had wrapped my intelligence on that subject.

"Had this young person been the only one to tell me that, I might still have held some doubt about the diabolical origin of that institution. But thousands and thousands before and after her have shown me that auricular confession, with very few exceptions, drags both the confessor and his female penitents into a common and irreparable ruin." Hence a law ought to be passed making auricular confession a crime, and then woman in the Roman-Catholic Church would be emancipated.

Americans! the foregoing class of scoundrels are the ones who handle the money that your and my Congressman vote the public money to. Do you like it? If you do not then be men and demand of your office-seekers whether or not they expect to cater to Catholicism if elected. Make them speak out publicly and definitely themselves on the question of Catholicism.



Torturing Protestant Missionaries in the Philippine Islands to force them to acknowledge the supremacy of Catholicism.

Chapter XXVI.

A Home Ruined, a Husband Crazed, a Wife Disgraced, a Priest Unpunished.

A NEBRASKA EPISODE.

[Romish degenerates make history so rapidly that it is a Herculean task to chronicle their putrid deeds as committed. This chapter is a supplement to this book as the book had been completed before the ruin of this home had been added to the long list of the disgraceful deeds of Priests].

In the little village of Steinauer, Nebraska, a man and woman whose every thought was love, lived happily. They were poor, but honorable. They were Catholics. In this little village dwelt Joseph Rheinhart; he was a Catholic priest. Adam Schmit was married; he loved his wife,—loved her with a devotion that any woman might be proud of. Their home was humble, but happy. On July the 5th last, we see poor Adam Schmit take up his dinner pail to go to his day's labor, but before going he tenderly embraces his wife, and impresses upon her lips a kiss that fairly burns with love,—we see him as he reaches the top of the hill tenderly look back at his little home, in hopes of again obtaining another sight of Anna. Little did he dream at that very moment, instead of his wife tenderly watching his receding form, that Priest Rheinhart, with lustful eyes, was watching him vanish from sight that he might, without fear of a husband's wrath, enter that home, and there with one withering stroke blight every hope, every pure emotion of that happy home, and paint the character of a poor wife as black as midnight in hell, and crush to earth the fond hopes of a loving husband. Six o'clock, and the day's work is done,—Adam Schmit joyfully picks up his dinner pail and starts for home, little dreaming what awful anguish, and heart-aches awaited him at his little home he left that morning. He reaches the top of the hill, and looks down upon the peaceful village, his eyes rest upon his vineclad cottage, but he fails to see his darling wife in her accustomed place on the porch to wave him a signal of recognition, but, poor husband—he sees his brother-in-law, Michael Steinauer, come galloping towards him at break-neck speed; his heart stands still, for well he knows that something terrible has happened at home or he would not be tearing towards him at this terrible rate. He draws nearer, the blood in the veins of poor Schmit chills with fear, as his brother-in-law draws near his breath comes in gasps. Michael Steinauer thunders forth on his foaming steed like the madness of a hurricane. He draws rein and dismounts by the side of Schmit. They gaze into each other's eyes, but not a word is spoken, as it seemed to both that to speak was to forever put in motion a wave of sadness that would eternally weigh their souls with a burden that nothing this side of the grave could tear away. With quivering lips, and cheeks that were as colorless as a slab of marble, and limbs trembling like a reed tossed by a winter's gale, he frantically pleads with streaming eyes, but motionless lips for an explanation.

Kind reader, just for one moment go back in your mind's eye to the tortures this poor soul must have gone through during these moments of suspense while gazing into the maddened eyes of his brother-in-law, for well he knew that this awful ride and the anguish depicted upon every feature must mean something dreadful to the wife of his bosom. Husbands, the wealth of the world scattered in abundant profusion at your feet would not tempt you to pass through the experience of this poor mortal; but what must have been his feeling when his brother-in-law had gained sufficient composure to speak, and with heart-rending sobs, exclaimed: "Anna is gone! Your wife and my dear sister is gone!!"

Nature turns the flood gates of the soul loose and copious tears flow from the fire-lit eyes of this wretched husband, and he exclaims: *"Is Anna, my darling wife, dead?"*

A silence follows, but at last Michael Steinauer sobs out from his embittered soul: "Oh, a thousand times better were she dead! Yea, were she peacefully sleeping beneath the sod in yon little churchyard, it would be a pleasure, and a relief to our sorrowing souls to go forth at eventide and sit beside the mound that marked her resting place, and dream of the happy past, and strew flowers she was fond of through life upon her grave, but alas, alas, this has been denied us, for at this very moment your wife and my sister is now in the company of the priest whom you and I had implicit confidence in, and whom we have revered as a child does a father."

Could the little hillslope near this Nebraska town reveal the scene and the same could be transferred to canvas, this picture would paint the Catholic creed a million shades darker than the most polluted regions of hell, and would cause nations to weep tears wrung forth in pity, and everlasting disgust for everything pertaining to the priestcraft.

In sadness husband and brother start for the home of this wretched mortal, but no longer can it be called home, for the flower that once shed a halo of light and joy across its threshold is gone; the wife that he would have gladly given up his life for was at that very moment speeding away with Priest Rheinhart. The husband reaches home; he halts at its threshold, he gazes at the drawn blinds.

A moment in sad and sorrowful meditation, and he gains courage to enter that home which he left a few short hours ago, so happily so far as he was concerned.

Strain your imagination, dear reader, and look down into the portals of that husband's heart, as he gazes upon the large picture of his wife hanging over the mantlepiece, by the side of which hangs the marriage certificate. He finds the home in its usual tidy condition; he finds the bunch of flowers he had plucked for his wife the day before with his own hands still sitting upon the dresser; the aroma of these flowers maddens his brain as the flood-gates of his soul were gradually drying up, and his soul was rushing from crazed sorrow to the dangerous incline that leads to a whirlpool of anger, and the world has never witnessed anything so great as the sweeping, unsubdued anger of a wronged husband. In vain does this distracted husband search for one line from his wife, thinking, perhaps, that she might have left one word to indicate where she had gone; thinking it might be possible that she would indicate in some way that she still loved him; but not a line, not a token, not an indication left to lead him to believe that she left her happy home with a pang of remorse. We hear him moan and exclaim, "Oh, had she but indicated that this rash step gave her pain, my soul would be relieved partially of this unbearable burden, then I would know that my ever consuming love and my mad infatuation had not been ruthlessly tossed aside." At this moment he discovers that his picture, which he gave her when sweethearts, was gone; his eyes sparkle with the same ardent love and affection as of old, and visions of betrothed days flit before his eyes, dim with weeping, and the true God-given spirit of forgiveness spreads her velvety wings over his manhood, and as a drowning man grasps at a straw, he grasps the tangled net of her flight, and begins to unravel the possibility of undue persuasion over the mind of his wife, knowing that she was instilled from childhood with the idea of implicit confidence in the priesthood. He holds before his mental vision the undying, unconquered love he bore his wife, and asked himself what right any man, priest or layman, had to enter the home of a loving, adoring husband and wife, and tear the vitals of their love asunder, and pollute and debase the sanctity of home. Like a flash the tears are brushed away, and the flame of maddened insanity flares and flickers in these desperate orbs; justice as far as moral law is concerned has asserted itself, human reason has been dethroned, and the vow this poor, soul-wounded mortal makes is awful, but it seems that those vows against the despoiler of his home are just, however harsh they may sound. Like a maddened beast he staggers forth with determined resolutions. The invisible fluid that overtakes the fugitive from justice is set in motion, and the spasmodic click of the telegraph instrument is put in motion, and both city and hamlet are notified that the bleeding heart of a husband in this free land of America has been torn from its throne of love and is being trampled upon by the ungodly heel of an amorous priest, given his authority through the Pope of Rome. Forced by nature this poor man who a short time ago was a happy husband, was compelled to seek restful sleep that he might be able to pursue the fleeing priest who was carrying away in his amorous talons like a vulture, the wife of his bosom. He retires, but not to sleep, for love is stronger than a thousand fatigued brains; he snatches a few moments sleep, to be awakened by a hideous nightmare in the likeness of slimy serpents with the faces of priests about the writhing form of his wife. Day dawns; he drags his desolate and lonely body from the threshold of his once happy home, and rushes to the telegraph office in hopes of news from Anna. A message awaits him; she is located. We see him tremblingly tear the message open, and with wild and dilated eyes he read, "Priest Rheinhart and your wife in Springfield, Ill." Nature has been exhausted, the world floats before him in a confused mass of bewilderment, he cries out like a wounded animal in the throes of death; sympathetic hands restore him, and he registers a vow before God that his wife shall be again restored to his affections. He vows everlasting and undying hatred to the Catholic Church and her insidious and immoral practices, and methinks I hear the angels from the battlements of heaven exclaim *Amen!* Husband and brother get together and map out a plan whereby they can bring the priest, this despoiler of homes, this slaughterer of virtue, and traducer of American institutions to a speedy and severe punishment. We will see with what success they meet, but the history of all Catholic wrongdoing will prepare you for the result, as the Catholic world at once comes to the rescue of her satin-coached priestcraft. At once the machinery of Catholicism is set in motion at Springfield, Ill., to save the carcass of this vile and debased priest. He realizes that he is caught in the act of his heinous corruption and goes to Priest Sturm of Springfield, Ill. And what do you suppose this Springfield priest has to say of the affair? It follows: "Father Rheinhart is very penitent, and is so sorry, and I advised him to return to his Nebraska home and turn Schmit's wife over to him, and I am quite sure he will do this, and I have no doubt but what he will have to go before the bishop at Lincoln.

Neb., and answer for his conduct." In the name of heaven! has Catholicism such a grasp upon the vitals of America that a priest may at his will dethrone reasons of husbands and pollute innocent virtue, and have no other punishment meted out to him, only to go before one of his own ilk and have a reprimand delivered unto him, and then be turned loose upon the public again to seduce wives and daughters. This matter was hushed up, and this priest was not punished, and is at this time forgiving sins (?) of the ignorant and priest-ridden followers of Pope Leo. Read this chapter to your children and teach them that Catholicism is anything and everything but what the Lord of Hosts teaches in the Bible. "How long, O Lord, how long" will America submit to such wickedness?

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